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The Kids of the '70s
by David Leavitt



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Susan J. Sebastiano



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Coming Next Month: The Soul of America

Esquire has sent its writers across America—from little-known towns to major cities—to discover the pulse that gives each community its life. The result is the most ambitious collective commentary ever published on the meaning of place: the place that is born in us, follows us, and makes us who we are.



A hundred years ago,
if a man wanted a good smoke, he had to roll his own.

A black and white photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a hat and a dark coat, smoking a cigarette. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, orange glow from the cigarette and a match in the foreground. The match is held by a hand, and its flame is visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

Today, you just light up a Marlboro.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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11 mg "tar," 11 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Report Mar 89

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So when you purchase Waterford crystal, you purchase a potential heirloom.

It will take a lifetime to realize that potential.

But we can think of no better way to fill that trial period than with the decanters shown here.

Waterford

Standfast in a world of warring standards.

See Reader Service Card on page 118



IT WAS
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THEN.

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AGAIN.

From the
Monday morning to the daily
thinker, America has changed a lot.
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[illegible]

NOTHING PLEASES the magazine more than the sound—that crunch—of new ground being broken. It happens when a writer steps out of the shadows and, in a voice that's clear and new, uncovers fresh ideas. It's what Michael Hane did from Vietnam, and what Solis Krupnick did when she shot off one of the early salvoes of the women's movement, "Cutting Loose," in the July 1973 *Esquire*.

Not that each piece accords us only its welcome. Every so often a writer looks out at a landscape familiar to us all but spins something the rest of us miss. Sometimes the discovery is on the horizon, sometimes it's as close as his nose. David Levitt's "The New Lost Generation" (page 85) is one of the latter kind. The essay identifies a hitherto invisible species of young Americans, neither hippie nor baby-boomer, but the Big Chief's younger siblings, raised under the stars of Greenwich, Conn.

Leavitt calls these men and women in their early to mid-30s the "in-between generation" because the counter-culture have grown up with computers and not so much about a crisis as about the absence of one.

A product of Palo Alto, Stanford professor, Leavitt, 39, left three. After graduating from Stanford to New York and for nine unsolicited manuscripts at home. Then, last fall, he collected stories, *Family Dancing*, Knopf. The reviews were: Leavitt was acclimated a bit a new land, he set himself

[illegible]

Also search for a subscription: Dr. Williams and David Lerner

JAY McIVERNEY is thirty, born on the cusp of the baby boom and the in-between life, too, a hot literary property these days, the author of one of the most cited debut novels of the year, *Bright Lights, Big City*. Like Levitt, McIVERNEY served time in editorial offices, principally as a fact checker at *The New Yorker*. The book is a journey through the late-night madness of New York: the dance clubs, restaurants, and the first rooms (therein where McIVERNEY's attraction came as a result for women).

Mick Jagger, among others, loved *Driftin' Lapis*. Says Millerberry, whose piece on Jagger ("Jagger Wench") begins on page 204, "When we first met, Mick asked me, 'Where'd you get the title of your driftin' book?' I told him it was inspired by a Rolling Stones bootleg album

"Bright Lights, Big City," an old Jimmy
Rand name. Not that I was a skidding
Stoner, I liked the Burton better when
I was younger. But Jagger's an interesting
my Adonis. The name. You can't really

terview him, he's so good at feeling what's private, so reticent about the real things. It's very hard to catch him off-guard. He's divided. His physique is adolescent, but his face is lined. He throws you outrageous lines, which is part of his Bad Boy image. Still, he's intelligent and witty, and that he'd read my book made me quite comfortable around him.

NO NEWCOMER to our pages is contributing editor George Leonard, who for the second year straight in *Esquire's* master-at-residence. Last May, Leonard produced our "Ultimate Fitness" cover story. Readers might be interested to know that the fitness section has been expanded into a book, *Esquire Ultimate Fitness*, which features not only Leonard's expertise but a new workout program by Deborah Crocker of Chicago's East Bank Club. A companion video tape is also available. *Ultimate Fitness* is joined by two other titles in our health library. Also a part of the season-to-be-published as *Ages*, both from *Esquire* line books.

its finest special is devoted to us we play. Says Leonard, "it's a collection of pastas on these pages, a collection of facts. The section is the correction that someone is called of the Righties, but surprisingly human. To say that racism is like saying that thinking and even if racism doesn't any longer, it does make you

personal vitality is impressive—one year's old, six foot four, and, he leads a vigorous existence in the San Francisco Valley, California. When not attending to his duties as a minister, he teaches aikido and trains twice a week, runs three to six times a week, and "plays any free I can."

—Le. *Eximius*



The New Turbo Math.

(Ford's turbo gives four cylinders the power of eight)

**By Jackie Stewart,
Consultant to Ford Motor Company**

When the four-cylinder car was thrust upon America by the energy crisis, it looked for a while as though the American driver was going to have to put up with limp-wristed performance to get gasoline economy.

But technical finesse triumphed. The turbocharger was tuned for the street-legal car, and the four-cylinder engine got the power of an eight.

When I was racing, I never drove a turbo. You never knew when their extra power was going to kick in. In race traffic, that's extremely disconcerting.

Ford engineers found that civilizing the turbo demanded a technical triple play. You start with the turbocharger... which packs a denser mixture of fuel and air into the cylinder. Then you add two more elements: multiport fuel injection and electronic computer control. The computer is capable of taking 250,000 commands a second, so there is always split-second monitoring of your exact fuel and spark needs. Together, these three reduce the surprise rushes of power that less sophisticated turbos bring to the unwary.

But Ford's biggest power play is the intercooled turbo. Turbos turn at 120,000 revolutions per minute. That means heat

Cooling the air that goes out of the turbocharger results in a cooler, denser air charge, more efficient combustion and an increase in power 30% over an ordinary turbo and double an engine without a turbo.



Mustang SVT is the only American production car with an intercooled turbo.

Proven in race cars, the intercooled turbo is now in the Mustang SVT, the only American production car to have this kind of turbo. Ford is in the forefront of this new turbo technology.

Get it together—Buckle up.

Jackie Stewart



Have you driven a Ford... lately?

*In order sport the four-cylinder turbo has literally taken over Toled's normally aspired eight-cylinder Formula One Grand Prix engine: you almost have to come to a museum. Jackie Stewart revisits his 1971 Tyrrell-Ford at the Museum of Transport in Glasgow, Scotland.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WHAT PRICE SUCCESS?

THANK YOU for your "Success" issue (February). Having recently taken a sabbatical to grapple with issues of these very same "success" questions, I found it comforting that there are others out there with the same concerns—grapefully, why is everyone determined to own to much?

Maybe it's because they feel they have to. They get their self-esteem from others' approval of what they own, where they've been, and how they earn their living. I hope not, because you can't have enough to feel good about yourself—it has to come from within.

Perhaps of John Martineau ("On the Edge," by Joe Kessel) tries getting cars, he can conduct workshops teaching yuppies how to relax. Who knows, he could probably bring in \$250 per hour—provided he also served those wine and cheese nobody ever heard of!

Bob Hughes
Atlanta, Ga.

IS FRANK ROSE ("In the Grip," February) kidding or what? He goes on as with the story of T.J. Rodgers—a blond California jock who attended a rich Ivy League college, became a first-class grad during the war, a devoted party animal on the weekends and had no qualms about joining the G.I.I.C. at the height of the war in Vietnam. Rose then seems to regard it as surprising that Rodgers has since developed into a reformed, go-getter capitalist. Given his background, what else would you expect? This article epitomizes the most recent attempt at the media to give legitimacy to the myth of the yuppie turned yuppie, the idea that Soviet skeletons have become corporate skeletons in the Eighties. In every era there have been those who've obtained the success ethic, and the baby-boom generation is no exception. Not everyone was marching fifes at twenty years ago, by the same token, not everyone is drooling his life to microchips and Comcasts today.

Philip Berni
Elmhurst, N.Y.

THE HARRIED executive on your cover, his hair and clothing as if he's never to a meeting, represents modern man's obsession with the accumulation of wealth. The magazine's issue, however, concerns success.

I would have enjoyed hearing from some of those to whom success involves more than the hyperactive chase after power and the bank balance. To many, and even less toward—achieving the inner balance that opens the avenues of love, appreciation of life, and service to others.

Andrea Pindick
Slovak City, Calif.

HURRAY FOR John Martineau! He is in the great American tradition of Hack Fin, Dean Moriarty, R. F. McMurphy, and Holden Caulfield.

To have been a free spirit in the Soviet Union is of course, to be John Martineau in the Eighties demands rugged individualism.

James P. Brennan
Rocky Point, N.Y.

SINCE WHEN does *Esquire* go ahead and print an article about someone who has absolutely no redeeming qualities? What has this guy John Martineau done except to be a complete flop? He and his friends sound like a bunch of prima donnas. Some people in the world actually work for a living. Sure, I'd like to sit around all day, sip cappuccino, and read the sports page four or five times, but unlike this crowd, I've got better things to do with my time. It's sad and sad for this great country when it becomes cool to be a failure.

James Keller
Vero Beach, Fla.

WHO SAID there are no more heroes? I've always had Fowler Hight, but now there appears to be a real live hero, John Martineau. As a thirty-nine-year-old former practicing for fifteen years, I can unequivocally say that when I grew up, I want to be just like him.

Lee H. Waldman III
Detroit, Mich.

I READ with much interest the article entitled "On the Edge." It was a confused tangle and the age of terror, and boys to me were baddest, constant competitors. John Martineau changed all that. Our modern era have been looking forward, and I remember when his family arrived for a much-heralded visit. Kicking up the back story, I came to a screeching halt outside the bathroom door. Standing in front of the mirror was John Martineau. He turned and looked at me, those green eyes, that clear,

clear, that smile! This was no-buddy. It was my first encounter with love. I will remember it always, though he never loved me.

Our paths crossed again during our college years. By coincidence, we both ended up working at the same store resort during summer vacation. My roommate and I spent every day on the beach fantasizing about John, as only nineteen-year-old girls can do. What a crush I had on him!

I never met John again, though the details of his inside life come to me through our medium. On my padlock, the memories of John tucked away in my heart are worth far more than all the semiconductors that T.J. Rodgers can turn out in a lifetime.

Anna Swarthick English
Hagerstown, N.Y.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH

THE ARTICLE "The Whole Tooth" (by Ron Rosenbaum, *The New America*, February) contains some statements that could seriously mislead your readers. Rosenbaum is right when he asserts that there is no evidence to back up the claim of "holistic" dentists who treat "TMJ" with appliances, but he is dead wrong about the alleged toxicity of silver amalgam fillings. Silver amalgam fillings have been used for more than 150 years. More than 150 years is actually acceptable studies have shown them to be safe; there are no scientifically acceptable studies showing them to be dangerous. P-10 is not a potent alkali substance but a composite plastic, much safer to amalgam as a posterior filling material. The removal of silver fillings in order to replace them with inferior plastic constitutes, in our opinion, a malpractice, not a treatment.

Rosenbaum mentions the *Journal of Orthomolecular Psychiatry* as his reference. The field of orthomolecular psychiatry has been denounced by major mental-health organizations. The *Journal of Orthomolecular Psychiatry* seems to us as a scientifically reliable as the *National Enquirer*, although possibly not as entertaining.

Maryann J. Schmitt, D.D.S.
John E. Duden, D.D.S.
Woodbury, N.Y.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Broomfield, N.Y. 11560. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

BY PHILLIP MOFFITT

THE SOUND OF SOUL

On clear nights, WLAC reached out from Nashville with 50,000 watts of pain and comfort

ONCE AGAIN it happened. I couldn't believe it, but there it was, printed in bold letters across a close-up photo of jazz singer Sarah Vaughan on the cover of her re-released Philips album: the lead song of the album—and my song—"After Hours."

IT WAS 1972, the beginning of the worst recession since the Thirties; along with several friends, I was trying to launch a magazine company, and it just not going well. I was in Chicago on business, alone, depressed, and needing some kind of a lift. I walked along the streets, my mind filled with my failures, my disappointments. I worried about the money we were losing, how to raise more, the state of my life. I was lonely, and the love relationship that had sometimes gotten away from me in the midst of all the pressure. Getting was much on my mind. I stopped in a restaurant, and there it was: an old black man playing requests from the customers. After a short while I asked him if he knew "After Hours."

"He gave me a surprised look and smiled kindly. I knew he was thinking, 'What's a white boy doing asking for this song?' As I listened I suddenly remembered how it was I had gotten myself in such a hard place. The crippling depression over my situation gave way to great sadness for what was lost, and I was able to go on.

THE FIRST time I heard "After Hours" was in 1958. I was a thirteen-year-old boy growing up in a sacred southern town when I discovered a radio station that was to become a force in my life. It was WLAC from Nashville, Tennessee. Back in those days it was one of the few stations with a powerful 50,000-watt broadcast beam, which reached, on a clear night, as far as New York, Texas, Illinois, and Florida. Such stations played a major role in the cross-fertilization of culture in the days



before the dominance of television, carrying the big-city sound to the "satellite." It is important to remember that during the Fifties, Jan Crow was still king at the South and blacks had little opportunity to hear their own music on the radio. There were almost no black-owned or black-formatted radio stations anywhere, and few record stores carried black music, even when they allowed blacks in the room.

In 1950 a disc jockey at WLAC named Gene Nobles began playing some boogie-woogie tunes on his late-night *Dance Floor Show* in response to requests from black World War II veterans attending Negro colleges in Nashville. Nobles and his white colleagues at the station were astounded at the audience reaction, as listeners from all over the South wrote in letters for more.

They did in fact play more. Nobles first set aside Wednesday and Saturday nights

for what used to be called "cotton field" or "delta" blues. Then, finally, he went to a completely black late-night format. As such things went, Nobles had a friend in the little town of Galatin, Tennessee, named Randy Wood. Randy, also white, had recently become an up-and-coming dancer, substituting as part of the show inventory three thousand or so The Byrds releases. Randy and Gene decided to try advertising these records on the radio and asking them by mail. It worked quite well, and suddenly the black format was a commercial success, with Randy's records more joined by coal-order advertisements from Kresch and Mackley's record stores and a series of black products such as Blue Magic and White Kream hair cream and Royal Crown Cola.

Of course in 1958 I know none of this. One night, while searching the dial of my radio, I came upon a station called John R., who sounded black to me and who played wonderful music in between mail-order records and hair gel ads. It was as though I had tuned into another world—a world of genuine expression of true feelings, in which life had no facade, and hurt and loneliness were the natural price for being alone. Such a world was in total contrast to my school, where my peers were entering that white-washed phase of either totally imitating adults or rebelling against them. I could not relate to either peer group as well as I could to "The Hostman" (on deputy Bill Allen was called in those days, and I eagerly waited for his program to come on the air after midnight).

The theme song of the show was a piano version of "After Hours."

Then it was that a young man named on country and white gospel music came to think that B.B. King was the real thing, and that B.B. King played music that was the truth, and began to learn about Buddy Waters and T-Bone Walker.

The white pop music of the day seemed full of pathos to me, while the new music somehow captured the genuine content of inner feelings—what it was like being affected by a woman, what it was like not having my money, being lonely, having a good time. There was an authentic spontaneity at that music that could only have come from the black experience. By being excluded from the mainstream of society, blacks were free of the pressure to pretend, they were free of the self-consciousness that created a false social persona for the whites and stood in the way of the inner feelings coming through in the music.

Within a few years white youths began to find that racialist success along that same music—groups like the Paul Butterfield Blues Band in Chicago and the Allman Brothers in Georgia. But finally, it was my own music "After Hours" which

Blew I loved listening to that music. It was my music. Moving black music, not black music. Not the rhythmic direct music that young whites everywhere were discovering, but the down-and-out music, the laid-back, no-we-thinks, jumping with lust and yearning, music the studios usually reserved for after midnight. It fed my fantasies about what real life offered. It could both soothe and comfort me, because in developing with a rich and free.

Like everyone else, I had difficult teenage years. I'd dropped at a situation with out training or experience, I felt somehow denied the comforts of learning and the escape of an active social life, although both by my own willful choice. I could not understand why I was making such a choice, but I did know that my love of the music was somehow related to my situation. The more I felt my life at home would be dragging in my father's old Chevy late at night, listening to the music on the station, with the windows down, the wind on my face, I felt in harmony with the music. My spirit would soar, and I would believe there would come a day when my life would be different.

Who can guess how many other white boys in the South listened to the same stations and had similar feelings? Whatever it is about music that touches a person's soul, it has a magical transforming power that allows the mindless to escape the oppression of his inbred self.

I am convinced that the music helped me build it together so that I could stumble through high school and enter a large university. I sold clothes in 1966 through 1968 with the music of those years. In my mind, I existed as a free spirit, a poet-adventurer, while in fact I was leading the most ordinary of lives. To this day I believe that I somehow dreamed that some inner spirit, while so many of my peers lost their own sense of themselves

kept most of the old crowd of druggies left. Today The Mainman, now sixty-two, is doing a 1:30 to 3:30 A.M. black gospel show sponsored by Randy's Records, which now sells black gospel music through the mail.

I changed along with my peers. I discovered first a joy in learning and then a sense of accomplishment in swimming. I made a new friend by Randy's Records, which now sells black gospel music through the mail. I tried to take my music along with me, but it often seemed out of place to my new friends, and I found it difficult to explain why it was so special to me. As for my system of finding soul mates, I discarded it as possible and shallow, only to realize years later that I had done a foolish thing. I had vented forth into the land of worldly accomplishment without a strong bond to the inner spirit I'd valued so dearly. It was like dying a pleasant at night without rain—when the sky is clear one can find one's way, but when things get cloudy, trouble is at hand.

By that night in Chicago in 1972, I had relaxed my attitude, but I did not know how to turn back. The Sixties had ended, and I had made deep adult commitments to others in the very different world of the Seventies.

So I have proceeded, dragging along with me the ever-wearing album collection of my early days. As I've grown more reflective in the mid-Thirties, I find that my taste has become equally divided between classical and blues jazz, but that the spirit of personal advance is only as the blues.

One night last winter, while in London, I listened to Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers in a little nightclub and watched Blakey, now a very gray, wrinkled old man, still pounding those drums with the boppy that knows no age. When Blakey, a living testament to the power of the music, I felt that at last I was coming home. Maybe once again I can become a man who has his "After Hours" to nourish the inner spirit that has languished so long in the land of accomplishment.

One thing is certainly true: It does not often provide opportunities for a person to make a clean choice, create a new personal format. When such a time comes, it can be the most foolish or self-destructive of human acts not to listen to the sounds from the soul and anchor oneself in that most powerful of all broadcasting agents.

Diet Quiz#1

Which has less calories and alcohol:

1. ☐ 5 oz. white wine?
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According to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data, a 5-oz serving of white wine contains 128 calories. It has an alcohol content of about 12½%.

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Enjoy it
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RW
RAYMOND WEIL
 GENEVE

See the other National Council after page 112

MATERIAL VALUE

A Feel for the Funnies



1. *Journal of Management Education*, 2000, 24(1), 10-19.

Palmer's New York World cartoon with a protagonist who appeared as prominently every time we're asked of doing, and occasionally a cartoon that joined dialogue scenes that the cartoonist had to work on a breakthrough was the use of both elements together, work after work. This was the sort of thing the World needed a go-to with William Knickerbocker, who was the first to work on the World's cartoon with Horatio, and with the cartoonist's broadness, he later years and he purchased Danforth, and of Palmer's work a hefty amount, but Horatio topped his price for the cartoonist's work. Palmer topped the price for George Luks—who was the cartoonist who later worked with William Knickerbocker—so he created a red ribbon. The spectacle of two mighty news papers struggling to outpace each other in the cartooning world was a sight to behold, the sober matter. Thus the terms, "joke journalism."

The Germans have esteemed the visual language of the low arts long, and not only in the works of Pop and postfigurative practitioners. Lovell Frumke, for example, authored the *Chicago Tribune* in 1906 and 1907 with his *War With The Winders (Wind)* and *The How-de-Do*, but he's better remembered for his German expressionist caricatures. Indeed, as with many American art forms, it's only obvious that the grand traditions have been nurtured to this day: in Europe governments sponsor academic contests, commissions, and in Japan cartoons in the mass media include anime, manga.

Some strips branched off into satirical cartoons in the *Times* and into comic books during the Depression, and it seems those two forms have since recovered the most massive attention. Dan Thompson, who coedit the *Comics Buyer's Guide*, estimates that fifty thousand Americans collect comic books, while five thousand collect strips. Others put the number of hard-core strip buffs at 160 hundred or so.

Comics, on the other hand, were thought of as disposable by their attitude syndicates, and readers—they were the cheap thrills we and our kids got off on—and since they're a little thing, they're the cheap when we stock them and then that they should appreciate with time. Old Hearst papers are available in these dollars a section, or original drawing for a daily Krazy Kat worth fifty dollars two years ago, must be good for \$250. The first issue of the *Flamingo* and *Flamingo* Flash Florida sport bought last year for thirty dollars in a yard sale, worth for \$8,000 a few weeks later. Comic-book franchises have been known to reach heights greater than the \$100,000 commanded by a *Jeopardy!* original bid. The comic-book sense, comic-book temper sense, elegant, that's it.

The paper has something to do with it. "When I give a class I'll toss a cartoon section from 1944 across the table," says Rick Marchant, whose collection of cartoons, one of the world's largest, overflows his Connecticut home. "Espe-

Man At His Best

body shape, but it's a better shape than last week's *New York Post*. In fact, the older the newspaper, the better shape it's likely to be in, because it's going to have a higher circulation. On the other hand, you can pay \$15,000 for the last *Superman* and not be able to turn the pages."

Of course the arguments for both books and strips were dressed in barely veiled loathing. But it's not just comic-book paper that's composed of pulp—so are crime-book stories. Most truly unsavory heroes, crime incidents, or sleazy chases are really for their effect. There's something wonderful about pulp style, and newspaper strips have certainly shared in it. But the strips also offer more contemplative delights. Let your eyes wander over a *Gastby* diary from 1930, for instance, in which Frank King has Nick Wak and Slovicke strolling through an autumn landscape reminiscent of a Breuer woodcut. Or listen with your mind's ear to George Horowitz's singing cow in a 1938 *Army Kid*. "The toots grinder! He does sound so beamy—(He toots grunderly) how sweet my pease!—(He toots my eye, my eye, my eye...)" Is *Cliff Stripes*'s psycho-bitch Polly and *Her Pals*, every window and staircase might have trembled from the Cabaret of Dr. Caligari.

STRIPPING DOWN

Reprints of these and other first-edition strips appear in *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics*, 636 pages, \$15.95, a book that will help you follow the ebb and flow of comic-strip art, which is *find not what you like*.

"We have to have a feel for it before you start spending big money," says Chuck Gerni, executive director of the Museum of Cartoon Art in Fort Chester, New York. The museum houses sixty thousand "treasures" in the world's first reinforced-concrete building (Way's Castle, constructed in 1972). It's the best place in the East to immerse oneself in comics; in the West, there may be a specific field museum

make an appointment with the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art. The academy is run by Bill Blackbeard, who co-edited the Smithsonian book. He started collecting in 1967, in the course of investigating that work, at least count his big Depression-era house was bulging with 4.25 million printed strips, as well as comic books, pulp novels, and rare old newspapers.

The comic-strip treasure-trove only on a working Blackbeard, for example, trades near sheets (some paired with Rick Marschall, who lends them to Chuck Gerni in Fort Chester, last year all those sent material to the corner of a cartoon-art show at Manhattan's Whitney Museum. Though strip collectors don't have the copious credit as the three thousand strips enjoyed by comic-book fans, their informal trade patterns crisscross the country. And those patterns largely depend on Dan and Maggie Thompson's weekly *Comics Buyer's Guide*, out of Soli, Wisconsin. The guide, available at comic-book stores and by subscription, is where everybody advertises to buy, sell, or swap comics. Another indispensable periodical is *News*, a beautifully illustrated strip, put out by Rick Marschall's company in Weston, Connecticut.

A handful of galleries nationwide deal in originals, but the real rewards will come from a few obscure venues. Try writing to comic artists; a few will send you whatever you please, a man to charity. Call small-town libraries that might just now be tossing out old newspaper as they convert to microfilm. Sellers can come later—for now, serendipity is the word.

But you can get a jump on serendipity if you heed the lesson of the pharaoh's cat: start using tomorrow's treasures today. Garfield comics are peeling the wallpaper right now," says Chuck Gerni. "That just isn't. Every Garfield is going to be valuable in fifty years, because it's such—but it's true." —Kenneth Miller

CLASSICS The Eisenhower Jacket



Kay Summerhayes credited in her memoirs that she used to feel loved every morning when she put on her Eisenhower jacket. Miss Summerhayes was General Eisenhower's duchess in Europe during the war. More than that, she was his mistress, her Eisenhower jacket had been present from the breast, custom made for her by the personal tailor.

Millions of American GIs also wore Eisenhower jackets, which were loquacious windbreakers, knee-length on top and snug at the waist. Under assembly, the troops weren't quite as impressed by them as Miss Summerhayes was, but in a funny way they did regard the jackets with something that approached affection. In pockets were a lot more comfortable than the longer, bulkier service coats they accepted, and anything that made a GI's life easier in those days was enough to make him feel good at all.

Eisenhower had complained for years that the American combat uniform was inadequate and stupidly said that it was virtually impossible for soldiers to look "neat and snappy" in them. He suggested that the quartermaster design "something as the order of the British but-

dress," and this is exactly what the quartermaster set about doing. The jacket that resulted might as well have been called the Mighty, because it was a dead center for the one Field Marshal Montgomery wore, though cut along slightly altered lines and made of a lighter-weight wool.

Eisenhower jackets were issued to the troops in Europe and North Africa in November 1944. Obviously, they were designated Wind Field Jacket, M-1944. They were also called the E77 jacket. But to the troops they were Eisenhower jackets, or Ike jackets, because they'd seen her wearing something like them for years. Generals have always had the privilege of modifying their own uniforms, and Eisenhower liked to have his jackets made to resemble the British style. Eisenhower even tampered with the Eisenhower jacket. He was given one of the first ones off the assembly line, and he thought it looked terrible—too long and no shape. He immediately called for his tailor, Sergeant Pyvo, and had him shorten it and take it in a little.

Once the Eisenhower jacket became official, other generals had to be outdone, took theirs straight to their own tailors to give them a personal

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Man At His Best

own: George Patton was his jockey, with huge ornate brass buttons. Oliver Buckley had his meals with pork perfect rather than porch perfect. Eisenhower himself wore five different versions of the Eisenhower jacket.

The Arnie played out the life picture to the 1950s, but the style lives on in civilian clothing. Basically in Euro-better than in Euro-better, there is a way to better than in Euro-better, there is a way to better than in Euro-better.

are countless examples, in many memorable moments from American history. In 1950, Bobo Cohen (later Perry Ellis), for instance, made contemporary versions and they changed contemporary prices. (Ellis is still). The alternative is to show around in any surplus stores, like Kaulman's on Fort-streeted Street in New York, where the also drab original can still be found for a mere twenty-five dollars.

—John Berendt

THE SEASONED COOK A Burning Passion



I had my first green chile a dozen years ago the day I moved to Santa Fe. I was born in Berkeley, a nice down-eastern, not far from the bay straits. I was always and ordered the Mexican cauliflower plate. The waiter asked if I wanted red or green chile, and like every green before me, I assumed the green would be milder and ordered that. She smiled.

When she brought the burrito, each lady, the red, and I pined myself in chopped green chile sauce, she also brought a glass of water. I took one bite, then drained the glass. She and the cook just laughed.

I ate that plate of food because I was truly hungry, but when I finished, I never. I'd never try green chile again. Four hours later I was searching for more.

Most people who fancy pep-

pers will agree on about their fiery chile. Jalapeños are enjoying enormous popularity simply because they are better than hell. It's an act of will to eat them, a macho rite of manhood. But it's not the heat that made green chile (larger than the jalapeño—usually five to seven inches long—and a pale green more like the color of pale beans) so irresistible. Those grown in New Mexico's famous Hatch/Mexico Valley can be hot, of course, but there's a heat that lacks to with a brief sting. It sears through the sinews, it can steam down your ears, but it leaves the taste buds unscathed, able to savor the flavor of the chile.

And what a flavor that of fresh and green—crisp, slightly sweet, and full of sizzling goodness. Chile anoints any the pepper is picked with more delicious A and C than

any other vegetable. New Mexican want it as a sauce for the common chile and considered for everyone. Why, in Santa Fe, even McDonald's will sell you a cup of green chile to accompany your Big Mac.

During the six years I lived there, I ate green chile so often I might wake up one morning and find they were no more. And when I finally, reluctantly, moved back out of the Southwest that's what I feared would happen. Not, in those new years I'd been stuffing myself in the West, a gastronomic mission, but anger over the rest of the country. Flakes over, related to due on country-food snark or the Gallofey chicken discovered the delights of eating Mexican. Suddenly there were chiles in even the most austere of supermarkets. There they were in the frozen-vegetable sections, their conical green shapes peering out coyly between the Jerusalem artichokes and bok choy.

HITTING THE SAUCE

Now, the chile available in the East are almost never the finest. New Mexican ones must come from California, and a long experience has much milder than their fiery cousins from the Land of Enchantment. This makes them eat quite satisfying as a dish, but less satisfying as a chile. This desirable plate, perfect chile, like the jalapeño. But I have a recipe for exquisite sauce—the chunky tomatillo sauce, that green sauce you'll find in New Mexican saloons, in which it is possible to add the heat with crushed jal chile and still get the fresh, fragrant taste of the green.

You will need about a dozen fresh green chiles. Gained just will not do because they have an unaccountably metallic taste. Pick chiles that are firm and plump, and have no blemishes or brown spots. You can keep them in the refrigerator for three or four days, but not in a plastic bag, since that will make them sweat and rot.

When you are ready to make the sauce, spread the chiles on a cookie sheet and roast under the broiler, a few inches from

the flame. You want the skins to blister and pop, even char a bit, but be careful to turn the peppers often to keep the flesh from charring. When the skins are roasted, place the peppers in a plastic bag and let them sit for five or ten minutes. This loosens the skins.

If you have nimble hands, peel the chiles by rubbing each lightly between your palms to loosen the skin. Then slide it off. Do this over a bowl to catch all the juice. If your gloves are more sensitive, hold them over a cool running tap and peel. I thank you for some flavor when you do this, however.

Put all the skins and tomatoes, the seeds and the veins, become these are the parts responsible for indigestion. Dice the chiles into pieces about the size of your index finger.

In a heavy skillet, sauté one medium onion, chopped fine, and one garlic clove, minced until the onion is transparent. Sprinkle with a half teaspoon ground cumin and the same of ground coriander. Add a can of tomatoes, chopped into small pieces, include the juice. Toss in the chiles and sprinkle with a teaspoon of vinegar. Taste the sauce, then add good-quality crushed red chile—get them from a Mexican food store. I use between one and two teaspoons, depending on the intensity of the green chile. I like my salsa hot but not scorching.

Along the whole mixture in a quick boil, then turn down the heat immediately and simmer for ten minutes. The sauce can be chile-free, or mixed with chile, but the most wonderful way to eat it is but like this: Sauté two corn tortillas by heating them very quickly in a lightly oiled frying pan. Arrange, overlapping, on a plate two eggs—your preference—then put them in the center of the tortillas and smother with warmed salsa. Top with grated cheese; all over, then run under the broiler until the cheese melts. For an old-fashioned, add a dollop of sour cream. Dig in, but remember that it is the start of a beautiful obsession.

—Russ Landy

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Man At His Best

FIRST-RATE The Keys to Your Dreams



A if your status might double, or, at the very least, as you are making this important, the bonus may be deciding you should skip the formality of being a partner and more directly hold board decisions. Then what do you do? All that money could back up on you pretty bad if you weren't ready. The wise professional shuffles through his sophisticated allies to others, patching out the expenses and updating the laptops.

This would be a good time to get the man's Rolodex to the Ferrari card and prepare a new entry. A good entry needs have a Ferrari card in the appropriate section, it's the speed-up Ultimate Car—either that or a Rolls-Royce, depending on your personality. But if you're under Social Security age, the good usually goes to Ferrari. That's because the Ferrari reputation has been painstakingly built over the last thirty-five years on pure winched success, engine veritably powerful, sports exclusively luxurious styling veritably sleek; price excessively high; pure veritably red...you got the idea.

When you find the Ferrari card, go to the top of the model list. If you've updated it since the last decade years, it should say Benetton Testarossa. (Ferrari isn't one of those car makers that change models the way some people rearrange their furniture.) Make the the boxer and write in Testarossa.

Admission among you to recognize this is a veritable same thing back to the fifties, when Ferrari used a first on a pure racing sports car. Testarossa means "red-head." The cylinder-head covers on Ferrari engines are typically black, but on that racing car—and on the new model—they are red.

The idea behind the new Testarossa is distinctly European and something of an understatement in this day of executive jets. This is a car for the guy whose schedule says floors for breakfast and London for dinner. European roads are typically not as good as our own, but still relatively recent times the Continental attitude about speed has been taken there: do what you can, when you can. European don't flinch at the thought of scenery blurring by at 180 mph, even 180 or 120 if the car is made for the job. The car is what they worry about, obviously the driver is responsible for his own mortality.

The Testarossa is made for 180 mph. And it looks the part, a capsule for two people and a few changes of clothing. It's high-backed and rather broad, yet tapers in a compact's waist. Apart from the modest payoff, everything within its dimensions is given over to the machinery that produces speed. For such a speed the maintenance is considerable. The engine resides behind the

cockpit. It's a glorious sculpture in light alloy with twelve cylinders arranged horizontally in two opposing banks of six. It's not large as engines go—just under five liters—but it is undeniably intense: double overhead valves, four valves per cylinder, and fuel injection. Even breathing through catalytic converters to meet U.S. emissions requirements, it produces 260 horsepower at 5,750 rpm. Over the years it has been such a success, not the outward appearance of the car, that have made Ferrari famous—exclusively powerful engines and the kind of liberation they produce. Gravity is defied; distances shrink; sports untamed.

A machine of such capability is obviously more than the sum of its parts, yet even the Testarossa's parts have an air of precision. The car is a three-produced beauty about there. Ferrari are not really manufacturers, hand-built is a better description. A year's effort in the workshop at Maranello may produce 250 Testarossas. Beneath the skin is a space frame of steel tubing. The five-speed transmission is fitted in a mid-engine position, a layout which the differential is a firm's trademark. At each corner, a massive, vented brake is on call to burn off speed for

reentry into polite society. The body's sleek and sleek and all. What you see is an exquisite bare exchanger, meant to track the combustion heat of that fuel for velocity.

Going with the best in fact, you control the car's design. Contrary to normal road-car practice, the radiators are located in the rear, where they are cooled by air through ducts in the doors. No having to pump hot water forward, and not having hot air blowing back, will make only a modest difference in the air-conditioned cockpit, but this should be the first Ferrari in years that isn't a heater oven for your luggage. Beyond cool, though the Testarossa also has room. In the old mid-engine Ferrari you could store whatever luggage would fit in a space capsule.

In the new model there's room for, say, six pieces of fitted luggage cradled in leather by a small shop in Milan. Everywhere you look on this car you see a lack of restraint that doesn't stop at the price tag. But some things are beyond price. You might think of the Testarossa in this light: for only \$87,000, a few Ferrari's—maybe 135 this year, give or take—will achieve their objectives.

—Patrick Bezdant

GOOD THINKING HouseCalls

The telephone has a long history of suspense and glamour. R. D. Ewing takes his calls at a poolside table, Clark Kent becomes Superman as he chases bad guys, and James Bond lets it ring. To encourage more glamorous communication in the office, Nick Nicholas installed phone jacks in each of the

lender books at his Chicago restaurant, Nick's Faber-Castell. That way, Nick's presently porting clientele can call their offices over a dry martini and exotic Russian fish. They can also dial Wall Street, Capitol Hill, or Paris on their way between 11:30 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. customers are af-

fired a five-minute phone call to anywhere in the continental U.S.—on the house. It's possible as well to receive calls at each table, a service that was a big hit at Beverly Hills (Nick also used to own a restaurant there), where a ringing telephone is more startling than a waiter's smile.

Nickolas is pleased to make business convenient for his clients, but he is especially grateful to the spontaneous and beautiful telephone call. He is moved by buyers who use his long-distance deal to call old Air Force buddies, by stockholders who are buying up their high school sweethearts. Certainly, but somehow it rings true. ■

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CHANEL



Man At His Best

PRACTICAL MATTERS Checking into Cottages



At the Royal Oak, perhaps Shakespeare's model pub, the emperor is always paid.

Tight little island though it is, England does not only yield up its charms to the hard-chattering traveler. You can amuse Hamlets, the Elton Marbles, and the West End theaters and not begin to dent Landsey. You can expect to splotch the secrets of the English countryside by basking around the Home Counties by car or train. The answer is to rent a cottage and enjoy your bit of a week or two and slowly adapt to the timeless rhythms of country life. With a cottage as home base you learn the village from the inside out, grub with the butcher and innkeeper, get to know the pub-keeper's favorite drink, and wake up in the morning to find long-necked bottles of milk at the front door.

My wife and I find that year for a fortnight, in a renovated farmhouse without a telephone, a half mile up a country lane from a Shakespeare basket called Cardington. If that sounds all too rustic, be assured these were comforts we know to us city dwellers. Best of all was the kitchen, an airy room with a huge oak table, modern fridge and range, electric sink, two kettles, and beautiful view of the patchwork Shakespeare built. There were a bath and a toilet, a TV in the parlor, and throughout the two-story house, care-

fully placed antiques, potted plants, dried flowers, and Laura Ashley fabrics, all at it beside a flower garden. When I jokingly told Jerry Bensen, the head of North Hill Cottage, that she had neglected to provide an outdoor barbecue for her first American customers, she was back two days later with a top of the line Danish grill and insected items. For this more than adequate lodging I there were four to discover the mid-July rent was £213 a week—about \$238 at recent exchange rates.

Though we'd had visions of making overnight trips and covering all of Wales, which by a fine mile was, at the end we confined our wanderings to a narrow band within Shropshire. That little-known county, named from obscurity by the poems of Huwarch (who wasn't even a Shropshire, but himself proved constantly interesting when seen at close range). We picked a different village or diversion each day and were off by midmorning in a rented or hired car, leaving down country lanes inside our sampler by sunset's growth.

To the north was the market town of Shrewsbury whose citizens held meetings at the George C. Street had and visited to make a Christmas Carol, for which the half timbered streets were doused with blue snow. To the south by Ludlow,

HOW TO BOOK

We landed in Shropshire because relatives had set us onto the Shropshire and North Hill Cottage, but of course there are many excellent ways to book a cottage. You can use a local agency, such as English Country Cottages, which lists North Hill Cottages among its thousands of listings all over England. There are separate brochures for Wales and Scotland. This firm lists cottages on a scale from A (the cheapest) to S according to size, attention, and location. A R, for example, is the Old Inns, pasted the banks of the River Avon and circles away from the Beaconsfoot beaches. The Dorset cottage sleeps four at a most for a standard of £120 in the high season (July and August). Near the other extreme is a F. Birn Hill, a "portly medieval" house on twelve acres with a dozy pond and shooting rights—

£267 in high season but more than £300 in early summer. English Country Cottages (Chapel Lane, Farnham, Surrey, NH20 8AS) has a dense concentration of rentals around the home office in East Angles. This is an appealing region of tidal beaches, ancient wool towns, Cotswolds and the River Cam, the Newmarket race track—and it's only a twenty-minute train ride from London's Liverpool Street Station.

Perhaps the most desirable rental region is the counties southwest: Devon and Cornwall, with their verdant moors and gentle gardens, have the mildest of English weather—the same even palm trees—and white stone cottages overlooking a rocky coast reminiscent of the Mediterranean. Another ideal rental spot—and one I can vouch for, having spent six months in a cottage there—was Somerset's West Saxon. There in the chalky South Downs, I found the neighboring villages of East Dean, Chatham, and Sopleham both perfect and rustic. You can visit the Pinewood and Goodwood houses, see top-drawer racing at Goodwood, take in the theater festival in the cathedral town of Winchester, and still pop up to London in about ninety minutes.

Another cottage-finding agency is Heritage of England Country Houses, with nearly nine hundred listings. Write Roger Moore, Area Publisher, West Sussex BH20 1PQ. Countrywide Cottages (Bosley Court, Sharnbrook, Dorset SP7 8EJ) specializes in properties in the Cotswolds and southern England. Summer Cottages (Northbrook House, The Grove, Dorchester, Dorset DT1 1UL) rents out seven hundred lodgings all over England and Ireland from coach houses and townhouses' cottages to hunting lodges and manor houses.

Another way to find down your dream cottage, often at a discount, is to see the adverts in the *Landmark*, *Country*, *The Times*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, or the magazine *The Lady*.

—David Batwin

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Man At His Best

THE DRINKING MAN Getting Stung



In the drinker's world, as in the world at large, there are pretensions. For example, Irishmen have decided that there are masculine drinks and feminine drinks, and though modernity has blurred the dividing lines between the habits of the sexes—drinking habits included—in some quarters a woman might still cause a few eyebrows to wrinkle at a lift Scotch on the rocks, and a man risks sending his image by indulging publicly in a granddaddy, too, at a while Russian.

New, more pretensions are plainly foolish, and of course it's true—in drinking, as in elsewhere—that what's good for the gender is good for the goose, and vice versa. But should you nonetheless feel leery about crossing gender lines, get some of a little of what your opposite number's enjoying, a seltzerina makes the stinger, which in changing times means what it's always been, an aggressively taily compromise, not only acceptable but welcome in both camps. Like the best of men, the stinger is substantial and assertive, yet with an undeniably American twist, or, if you prefer, it's not only elegant and alluring, but possesses of an underlying shyness of character, like the best of women.

The stinger is an after-dinner cocktail, often a nightcap, the traditional recipe calling for equal measures of brandy and white crème de menthe. (White is a must—green crème de menthe will taste the same, but mixed with amber brandy, it makes a concoction that looks like sewage.) Of course, each party of ingredients in anachronistic, the custom of an era when coeducation was held in higher esteem than it is now. Such a proportion yields a portion of considerable—if not overbearing—sweetness. Crème de menthe, for all its appeal, is not infallible in flavor, and it doesn't take much of it to disturb, or even bury, the understated and restrained qualities that give brandy its character. For starters, try a mixture of two parts brandy and one part crème de menthe, then make adjustments according to your palate's preferences.

If you consider the name of the cocktail, you may want to increase the shyness; the stinger calls for a heavily-based drink, brandy (not—*not*—a, saying—with most. Whatever into your taste approves, a well-mixed stinger ought to afford both comfort and satisfaction on the tongue, like sugar sprinkled on a lemon, or a nice low-keyed not-so-distinct occasion. Stingers are served on ice in a short glass, or chilled and up in a stemmed martini glass.

Recipe books and bar guides list a host of stinger variations, in which things like vodka, Scotch, Amaretto, and Galliano are substituted for

brandy. Nevertheless, there's something exotic about these complications. Brandy is the stinger's foundation, and replacing it is like changing the bones desert into grapes (fruitless, superficially tasty maybe, but bogus without the special character that made a lemon to begin with. Vodka stingers were done by the unreflecting "Ladies Who Lunch," in Stephen Sondheim's musical send-up of the old suburban housewife.

What you won't find in recipe books—and it's too bad—is the stinger with alternative stings. That is, you begin with brandy, but instead of crème de menthe, top the drink with a different clear and pungent liquor. Here are a couple of recipes you won't find anywhere else. Be advised, however, that they're more alcoholically potent than an ordinary stinger, which is strong stuff to begin with.

Orange stinger—brandy and Galliano. Very potent and very rich, a do-it-yourself ver-

sion, more or less—which is to say, hapless subtlety and a more concentrated flavor—of the famous Grand Marnier.

Louche stinger—brandy and Sambuca. Sambuca gets its louche flavor not from anise but from the berry of the elder bush, and it's sweet and syrupy. In a stinger, the sweetness is subdued by the brandy, which for its own part tastes as if it's been jet-cooked. The combination is lovely (tasteless), about as the louche with brandy.

The stinger is a cocktail standard precisely because it brings opposites together—it brings bawdy, and brandy and slick, very crude de canine, like men and women. It's a rewarding analogy of contrary qualities, a profound, flip, brassy, breezy, challenging, appealing drink that serves both as stomach sadder and palate soother, as digestant and dessert. Like love (the best of human compromises), the stinger makes adversaries into complements. —Bruce Weber

BIBLIOPHILLA Invitation to the Dance

You've read your way through *The Pallbearer* (Novels, The Riverside Books), maybe even *The Porcine Saga*, and there's light at the end of the tunnel of *The Age of Wonder*. Somehow, just out of nowhere, more. Well, get ready for the big one: Anthony Powell's twelve-volume masterpiece, *A Glaston of Affairs*, is strong enough to make the most important post-war British-fiction acceptance. The series is now being reissued one volume a month by Popular Library, starting in May with *A Question of Identity* (11821). So, as late as the own course is concerned, consider your fiction menu twice over for the next year.

Dance is an expansive chronicle that follows a central group of characters from their pub-school days in the early 1930s to the late 1960s, all seen through the unblinking

eyes of the series' indispensible narrator, Nicholas Jenkins. Chance and coincidence weave their own pattern in this ambitious undertaking, with familiar figures disappearing for long stretches, only to pop up in unexpected places, generally under peculiar circumstances. Powell is a superb delineator of character and a wicked satirist. Like Frost, of whom he's fond, Powell is an avowed cynic, with an insatiable curiosity about human behavior and motivation. The honest it shy and understated, the prose style rich, arch, misanthropic. And there is one certainly unusual creation—the ubiquitous Widdowson, literature's sole example of an endlessly fascinating bore. Powell's contemporary Evelyn Waugh had it right: "I feel each volume of the sequence a great succession of Melville's *Compromising with the Recurring* novel and *Big Apple*." —Benjamin

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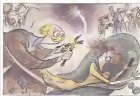
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GOOD FORM Mind over Manners



Focusing on the big picture, keeping your eye on the bottom line, and making sure you don't miss the bus for the times take so much time and energy that the little things sometimes trip you up. Here's how to handle some of them.

Unless she's bigger and stronger, the man should always precede the woman off a bus or train, so that he can turn back to offer a helping hand. Reverse positions when getting on—you hold back, ready to catch her should she slip and fall. That's the way it's always been, and there's no good reason for changing. This holds true, of course, only if you are accompanying the woman in question. If she's a stranger, it's every man for himself (so to speak). Nothing looks dumber than manhandling back while a dozen or so women push their way onto a crowded bus, particularly if you're wearing a top hat. The overriding rule of transportation etiquette: Keep the traffic moving.

The custom regarding the man to walk on the outside when strolling with a woman on a sidewalk probably had its origin in the eighteenth century, when people in upper floors disposed of their garbage by throwing it out the window. If the man was on the outside, he could presumably bear the

name when meeting someone for the first time, even if your surname abounds in syllables and consonants and has to be repeated twice. If a third party handles the introductions and names you hold a menial—"Jack, I want you to meet Jill"—finish the job with a "Well, I'm Jack Spratt." The practical reason for using both names—to the one you find your name in the telephone book lists—is less critical here than what you project about yourself by your choice. First names suggest a specificity, lack of seriousness, domesticity, and spontaneity. Given-ages use both names.

You're in her living room, she's in the kitchen whipping up an elaborate supper for two, the phone rings, she asks you to answer it—and a man's voice at the other end of the line asks to speak to her. "May I tell her who's calling?" is fine for the office but out of bounds here too, by the way, was your "Hello"—you should have answered, "Mary Smith's residence," in your most cultured, butterlike voice. "One moment, please" is the correct response, unless she's hand-beating the holloman, in which case "Could you call back in fifteen minutes?" will do the trick.

The first thing to check out when entering a strange saloon is whether there's a money bag in the bar. No money means the establishment can't be trusted, so be paid upon departure. Bills and coins in front of patron glasses mean that you should toss down some cash after you order your drink, but before the bartender returns with it. Chances are you'll feel more at home quickly in a saloon if you pay first than in a club place, so long as you don't expect to pay with a credit card. The bartender will collect what's due, when he serves you, and will continue to do so as your thirst requires. Herpleman the cork pile as needed, but don't touch a off-course until you're ready to leave. Picking your change just to visit the men's room, for

example, is tantamount to saying that your drinking companions right and left are thieves.

If you're bringing a date to a party at the home of friends, and she doesn't know them, it's up to you to crack the drive code and brief her accurately, unless the nature of the event clearly dictates the proper attire. There's no need to spell out what she ought to wear to a Sunday afternoon barbecue, for example, if she can't handle that one, you'd better call it sick. But lots of social functions, particularly dinner parties, could call for anything from jeans to long dresses. "I don't know, you look great in everything" won't help her choose which to do, so don't be crafty if she fails to rock at the complement. The solution is simple: ask your companion how to achieve your companion on appropriate attire. The best claim is what the husband himself is going to wear.

Keep your answering-machine messages short and direct. Don't apologize for not being home, don't promise to call back, as soon as it possibly can, and suggest the telephone to be certain. No answered messages. And positively no autoanswergrams ("Hi, this is Charles. Peter's out. If you'll give your message after the beep tone, I'll let him know he's in. He'll call you back as soon as he returns. Miss"). A process of less imaginative souls gives great answering-machine but leaves others a frustrated caller must endure embarrassing auto-answers, off-key songs, and badly scripted playlets just for the privilege of leaving a name and number. Drop your message, and leave it more precise than high, as any time. If you absolutely cannot resist an occasional exception to good telephone-machine form, go whole hog: mount a real production number, complete with sound effects. The perfect message? "Hello, you have reached 978-1533. If you'd care to leave a message, you may do so after the tone." That says it all.

—Glen Waggoner

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GOODYEAR

AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

A TESTING TIME

Twenty years later the questions still seem tough

FOR A couple of years, I had been having a nagging feeling. The feeling was that I was dumber than I had been in high school.

This feeling hit me at all kinds of times, but usually when I was trying to add up a column of figures without using a calculator, or attempting to do some elementary math division or multiplication in my head. Something had definitely happened to me, and I suspected that it had happened to a lot of other and smarter kids like me who had been out of the high school classroom for twenty years. The mental exercises that used to be so simple now seemed almost impossible; there were plenty of social notes that I had learned in the real world, but a lot of cerebral skills that I had owned as a high school senior seemed to have gone with the wind.

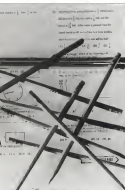
Rather than brood as thus, I decided to do the only logical thing.

I would take the SAT's again.

THE SAT's—it stands for Scholastic Aptitude Test, but the shortened version is always used in the plural—are administered by the Educational Testing Service, and, of course, are the most intimidating thing that happens to a boy or girl entering or near high school career. The SAT's measure verbal and mathematical abilities; the results of the tests, figured against a scale of eight hundred points, are sent to university admissions officers, and play a significant role in determining whether a high school student will get into a particular college.

I was a pretty smart kid in high school. I did well on my SAT's, scoring a 748 on the verbal part and a 708 on the math part. That, though, was in 1964, so I have no faded. I was convinced that I had become considerably dumber during the ensuing years.

So I decided that I would be one of the 1.6 million people a year—virtually all of them high school juniors and seniors—who



take the SAT's. I had only vague memories of the test; the memories involved pain, clutter, and last-minute panic. I was not expertly looking forward to going through with it again, but it seemed like something that had to be done.

I APPLIED for the SAT's. It turned out that these weren't any age limit, so long as I sent in my checkbook, I could take the test.

I filled out my application form. These were spaces to list the colleges to which I wished my test results sent. I thought about it for a minute, then wrote in Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and Ohio State.

I RECEIVED my admission ticket in the mail, along with an orientation booklet. The ticket informed me that I would be taking the test at Evanston Township High School in Evanston, Illinois, on a Saturday morning.

The orientation booklet was very two

pages long, and I didn't open it until the night before the test. Just trying to read it made me dizzy. I got only to page 6, there was a section headed "The Day Before the Tests," and it said, "You'll accomplish little by worrying about the next day. Read a book, watch a television program, go to sleep, or do anything you find relaxing."

I took the booklet to a bar that I like and laid it on the wood surface in front of me. I hesitantly attempted to read the section called "Test-Taking Tips," but the music and the conversation around me were too loud and smoky enough I gave up.

SHORTLY AFTER 8:00 on a crisp Saturday morning, I walked into the lobby of Evanston Township High School. There is something about high school on a Saturday morning that lends the same after all these years. I went to the school office and was directed to a study hall on the first floor. About twenty boys and girls were already there, lined up.

They weren't being allowed inside yet. I joined the line.

The two girls in front of me were showing each other snapshots from the previous spring's prom. One of the girls displayed her two pencils—the orientation booklet had instructed each of us to bring "two No. 2 pencils with erasers." The girl said, "My mother is so bogus. She said me, 'You'd better bring those. One was one of them pencils.' I said, 'Mom, did you ever hear of pencil sharpeners?'"

I sleepily looked down at the front pocket of my shirt, where I had stashed my sharpened pencil, just in case one of them broke.

WE WERE allowed into the room. There were three adult proctors there, all women. One of them sat at a desk and made each of us present ID cards with photos on them. The cards had to verify that we were the same people whose names were on our admission tickets. That was new. I did

ONE DAY THERE THE ENVELOPE WAS, IN THE MORNING MAIL, I KNEW IT WAS RIDICULOUS TO FEEL NERVOUS, THESE RESULTS WEREN'T GOING TO HAVE ANY EFFECT ON MY LIFE. I WAS ALREADY A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

not recall having to do a twenty years ago. Apparently it was to discourage students from taking the tests for their honors.

We were instructed to sit in vertical rows, leaving an empty row between each row of us. I heard a snort; it was one of those desks that are attached to the chair, and I slipped into it as my mind flooded with high school memories.

I looked around the room. There were approximately fifty-five of us taking the test. I had expected to be the object of curiosity—after all, these kids were seniors, and I was only thirty-seven—but no one was paying a bit of attention to me. These boys and girls were so used to death I could have been Keanu Abdul-Jabbar and they wouldn't have noticed.

The chief proctor said something that was new: "Calculators or wrist-watches with calculator functions may not be used."

Then, reading from a manual, she said a series of sentences that began with the phrase "Do not worry." "Do not worry if you do not complete a section by the end of the allotted time." "Do not worry if you do not know the answer to every question."

His. Bay for her to say

ANOTHER ONE of the proctors began reading out the answer forms. I looked around the room.

There was total silence. Whatever was going to happen to students might affect during the school work were gone, these were the SATs that were heading their way, and nothing in the world was more nervous than that.

The boy sitting closest to me had on a white jersey that said LAS VEGAS on the front and featured colorful drawings of playing cards and dice on the back. Another boy, sitting a couple of seats to my left, made a snoring-whistle noise to a friend of his over by the window; the friend nodded yes. He had driven to school, he would give the other boy a ride home.

The tests were handwritten. They were handwritten. The chief proctor said that there were no sections; we were to have thirty minutes to complete each of them. If we completed a section early, we were to sit quietly at our desks with the test books closed.

It was just after 9:00. The proctor looked at her watch. Apparently she was waiting for the second hand to hit the twelve. After what seemed to be an interminable wait, she said:

"You may begin."

The covers of fifty-five booklets were pulled open, fifty-five of us looked over our answer sheets.

IT BECAME evident right away that for me, the verbal part was going to be pretty easy. I had assumed that I would have to do some strange tricks and that I had long forgotten the terms for, but the test wasn't like that at all. Most of the verbal questions were commonsense things. I have been writing every day for a lot of years now, talking to copy editors as a matter of course, and I wasn't having any problem with the verbal stuff.

The math was another story. With the math, much of the time I didn't even understand the questions. There was a line drawn, the furthest point to the left was marked P , the midpoint was marked Q , the farthest point to the right was marked R . The space between P and Q was marked $x + y$. The space between Q and R was marked $2x - y$. The questions were "Segment PQ is divided into two segments with lengths as shown above. If Q is the midpoint of PR , which of the following statements must be true?" We were asked to choose one of five: "a = 0," "a = xy ," "a = $xy/2$," "a = $y/2$," "a = $2y$."

I developed a terrible headache doing the math questions. There was one pretty simple stuff that you could figure out using basic logic but a lot of it was truly impossible for me to deal with. I kept thinking that, twenty years ago, I had come very close to totally mastering questions like these, now I was stumped. I hoped on, with very little mathematics, and even less hope.

AT THE end of the first two test sections—I was lost on the morning—the chief proctor said that we would have precisely five minutes to go out into the hallway and relax. We munched on them. All of us looked dazed and disoriented, although I believe that I was the only student to pass the entire five-minute test and take it home for his blood pressure.

WE WENT back into the room. There was something vaguely comforting about being there. Maybe a window clear, outside line of the restrictions in the test booklet. In the real, grown-up world, so much is left up to individual interpretation. Here, at the end of every page, there was a bold arrow ruckled with the words GO ON TO THE NEXT PAGE. And that drew my attention, a repeated word, emphasized it to me. And the last one, emphasis, if you finish before time is called, you may check your work on this section only. Do not work on any other section of the test.

The chief proctor was just as definite about what she was doing. At the end of the fourth section of the test—the second hour—she said, "We will now have a one-minute

stretching period. You may stand and stretch by your desks." When one boy started out into the hallway, the proctor said, "The stretching period is to be conducted by your desks only. You may not leave the room."

The rules, the feeling of sitting in that confinement desk chair, the sounds I was hearing—the grin behind me peeping her past, the fluorescent lights above me humming softly—the hum of the pipes—I didn't know why, but I liked it a lot.

WE FINISHED the test a little after noon. Many of the boys and girls knew each other from school; they talked about the questions on the way out of the building. As I left, the chief proctor said to me: "Do you mind if I ask you a question?" I thought she was going to ask me a question: What was I doing there? But she said: "Why did you choose to wear a tie this morning?" I was so startled that I could only answer, "If you don't look sharp, you're not going to feel sharp."

WEEKS WENT by. I was aware of a vague sense of apprehension, occasionally I was alert at what it might be about, and then I remembered: my SAT scores were going to be coming.

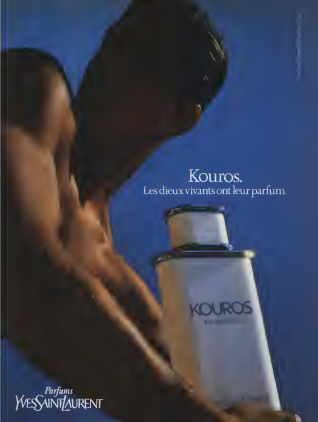
One day there the envelope was, in the morning mail. The return address said it was from the College Board. I knew it was addressed to his name, these results weren't going to have any effect on my life. I was already a college graduate, these scores weren't going to get me in or keep me out of nowhere.

But my hands were suddenly shaking as I ripped open the envelope. And there they were: my scores. Verbal—730. Math—560.

MY INSTINCTS while I had been taking the test had been correct. In the verbal section, I had actually gone up more than fifty points since high school. But in the math section, I had dropped more than two hundred points.

That was sort of depressing to me—being two hundred points dumber in math than when I was seventeen years old. I sat it at myself, though. How could I blame people with my problems? My contemporaries were walking around worried about making partners at their law firms, about getting a mortgage for a new house, about deciding whether to accept a transfer that would move their families halfway across the country. When they asked me why I was so down in the mouth, I just couldn't say it: "I screwed up on my SATs."

AND GREENE is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine. The paperback edition of his book *Good Morning, Mr. President* will be published this month in Penguin.



Kouros.
Les dieux vivants ont leur parfum.

Parfums
YVES SAINT LAURENT



SPORTS SCENES

BY PETE DEXTER

BY PETE DEXTER

Marvin Haggler's not nostalgic: Marvin Haggler's mood

ALL RIGHT, let's start with the head.

Say check-out time is 1:00 and everybody who needs that magazine is stuck in a room at a Holiday Inn somewhere in Louisiana because nobody can figure out how to unlock the security chain, and there's a snoring messmate in the bathroom—the water down there doesn't taste too good anyway—and there's nothing in the room furniture-wise that's substantial enough to break down the door.

And as you're filing out one of those would-you-take-a-moment-and-help-improve-our-service cards, you happen to look over at the bed and there is Marvin Hagler's head lying on a pillow, staring like the Hope Diamond. It is, of course, the perfect thing to splinter a Holiday Inn.

The question is, though, how are you going to ask Marvin if it's all right to use his head to break down the door? Even if you didn't happen to know who Marvin was, you'd know you have to ask

There is just something about him that tells you not to touch anything without permission.

Marvin Singer is the undisputed mid-dleweight champion of the world. This means that all the lit boys who run the organizing bodies of housing—which is a busy and contradictory collection of human beings on the planet—have to either have all somehow agreed on Marvin as the best 150-pound fighter in the world.

He has been the official champion for more than four years—since he broke Alan Martin's record in London in 1980—but for at least three years before that he was the best fighter in the division, one of the two or three best in boxing.

And, understandably enough, for a long time nobody wanted to fight him. It is a matter of boxing, and I suppose of life itself, that it is more fun to be champion of the world than to have Marvin Hagler change your liver and kidney functions on Howe Road Office. Marvin didn't see it that way.



was against Vito Antonicello, the scariest-looking man alive. To make another fighter—the heavyweight Randall Cobb—"Vito looks like everything you've ever been afraid of about New York City."

That night Hagler slowly wept, but the fight—unexplainably, as with most everything in boxing—was scored a draw. And Hagler was on his feet about that too. He said, "What do I have to do, kill him?"

And when the caseros went back to Antioqueño, you couldn't help wondering if what you saw could be killed.

BUT THAT was five years ago.

Ten months later Hagler took the title from Mosier, and he has defended it ten times since. He has made millions of dollars; he has been called the best fighter, pound for pound, in the world. He's had his name legally changed to Marceino Marvin Hagler, and as I write, he is beginning something that will earn him at least \$5.3 million: "Hit Man" Heavens

All that, and he gets the "good" plane for the promotional tour, the one with the Papi-Mini machine. As champion, he feels he's earned it.

And even so, there is something missing.

Because Hagler is still on fire. It takes a little longer to see it than it used to, but it's still there.

IFITED Marvyn is a ring on the third floor of a gym in Brockton, Massachusetts, leaning against the ropes in monogrammed blue velvet tracks, while a man from a European country where they speak English without vowels walks back and forth behind him, carrying a smoke machine. There is a red light over Marvyn's head and a photographer from a high-gloss magazine kneeling on the other side of the ropes, taking roll after roll of pictures.

though, and he was on fire about it the whole time.

Sweated in sweat, he would stand in line of the television cameras after every fight, barely acknowledging congratulations, and ask what he had to do to get a title shot. Sometimes you'd see him a dozen guys behind him, wearing towels around their necks and Q-Tips in their teeth, getting the cameras' heads as they went.

Hagler would be looking into the camera, saying: "What have I got to do, kid, somebody?"

At least once it looked like it might have happened. A fighter named Louis Herman lay unconscious through the postfight interviews, and for several minutes after that. Hagler says, "I remember I was walking around the ring with my hands up, and Bob Arum [who promotes Hagler's fights] was asking the sports after me, 'points of' Herman, and he's screaming, 'Look, you motherfucker, look, he's still here!'"

In 1979 Hagler got his first title shot. It

She poses him "thoughtful" and "mean" and "determined" and "triumphant." She has him fix his arm muscles, both at once and then one at a time. Every two or three minutes she stops, and one man reloads her camera, and the other one winks behind Marvin, making new clouds of smoke.

"That's great," she says. "Oh, that's great. Great, great. It keeps getting better all the time. That's it, but this time, Marvin, could not level of cause both shown up over your head? Great, that's great..."

Marvin coughs and disappears in smoke. "Could you put your hat up on the ropes?" she says. I see what she is after here—it's that person of Ernest Hemingway standing on some wires he just shot—and Marvin tries, but the ropes give and even the photographer sees this is not great. The accompanying silence is enough to break your heart, but Marvin sees everybody's feelings. He puts his hands on his hips and looks hard at the camera. "This right here's my 'superior' look," he says.

"Oh, that's really great," she says. It goes on for an hour. The poses repeat themselves, over and over, but Marvin is patient. "Do you put anything on your body to make yourself sweat?" she asks, looking through the camera.

"Er, rich," he says. And that's that, guys. And the thought occurs to me, somewhere in the middle of

this, that Marvin will stand here in a cold gym, in a cloud of artificial smoke, wearing unadorned poses, in velvet shirts far as long as the woman will take pictures and say "great."

And it suddenly occurs to me that a man who takes the time and trouble to have his name legally changed to Marcelous might not have been smiling when he did it.

WHEN the photographer has finished, I follow Marvin back to the locker room. He dresses carefully, without a mirror, looking but he and careful to make sure they are straight. I ask him about fighting Hemingway. "I look at all these guys," he says.

"Geezy, Holmes, Heming. I been out there longer than any of them, but it took me so long to earn any money. Not like them. Heming, he a hook. Tall and slinky like that, they call him the del even. That's where the money come from for him."

"It took me a long time to even get on TV. I was the first black fighter from Brooklyn ever got out of this state—none of them had to do what I did. When I look at it now, it just make me work all the more harder, knowin' what I did to get here."

"What about the fight?" I ask.

Hagler, in my mind, is the more complete fighter, but there is something almost mechanical about him that a fighter as quick as Marvin can take advantage of. On style, I think Hagler is so far in long night.

He shakes his head. "He can't fight back up," he says. "I fought people all better than him, and I fought better boxes. He can't do nothing. He's a hook, so he that call and slinky, make all the money. All the things I had to do to get what he's got."

I ask whether he saw Heming knock out Roberto Duran last June. Heming crushed Duran that night, in two rounds. In late 1983 it had taken Hagler fifteen rounds to beat him by decision. "Did some little voice in the back of your head say something is you when you saw that?"

"Like what?"

"Like, 'Fuck me, let's run away.'"
Hagler shakes his head. "All the things I had to do to get here," he says. "I forget about what scared me." And I believe that a little bit. Over the years he's never scored scared, he doesn't seem to have considerations about what can happen to the next. He talks about fights like somebody's manager. *What's the money?*

"I forget about fun. I forget about scared," he says. "It's a serious business now."

"Don't you ever play in the ring?"

He shakes his head.

"What about sparring? You must like some of those guys if you're working with them every day..."

I kind of like the ones that hang in," he says. "But there's no friends in the ring. No friends, no blood [Hagler's brother is the middleweight Robbie Jones]. It's the same thing with [Sims] as anybody else. They're just fresh meat."

I know there are P-Towns on an airplane and they're out on the Gaylord if they don't earn what I pay them. Eat up [in Promacrow] to get money. The harder the fight, the harder I work, the more I get. It's business."

And business is good.

And Marvin is still on fire. "The more money you make," he says, "the more harder you have to work. I don't know why. The more money you make, the more people you got want to be your friends. You walk away and hear them complain behind you."

"When I started, I used to fight to get my way out of here. But my mother lives in this town. I like it, too. So what you want don't don't always turn out to be what you want now."

And I ask Marvin what he wants now. He tricks his face into his go-to and also into his suit coat. "I want for all these years," he says, "couldn't get any shot, couldn't make no money. I never forgot what that was like."

But as far as he's come and as big as he's gotten, Marvin Hagler can't get the years back and make them right.

And as far as he's come, he can't let them go.

PETE DEATER is a columnist for the Philadelphia Inquirer. He is currently completing *Decisions: An Inside Look*.

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ALL YOU NEEDSM



A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS SMART MONEY

The Investor Covering Your Bets



TOP: A GUY GOING TO PROBABLY THE STOCK EXCHANGE (BOTTOM)

It would be hard to find me, but when my friend Marvin came to me with his latest proposed scheme to make a lot of money, there was a glimmer of knowledge in his eye that I couldn't ignore. "I have," he said without the slightest hesitation, "a guaranteed way to make \$20 million."

His plan to win the \$20 million being offered that week in the Massachusetts Megabucks contest. Like similar lotteries around the country, the Megabucks contest involved picking a combination of six numbers, whoever picked the right combination would win the pot. Marvin had it all worked out. He would simply buy a ticket for every combination of numbers that existed. "There's only about two million possible combinations, at one dollar a ticket," he explained, "and so that could mean a guaranteed return of \$20 million—that's ten times the original investment!" No one could argue that Marvin wasn't a wizard at the multiplication tables.

But when it came to the practical matter of executing the scheme, Marvin had it some at the racing quads.

"No, I will not lend you \$750,000," I told him flatly. But the fact is, Marvin's plan makes a lot of sense. Not only that, it helps to prove a theory I've always had, which is that if investing is a gamble, then so's gambling also an investment?

Most of us, as Marvin quickly discovered, don't have the kind of money needed to make his plan pay off. However, there is a place where you can play the same kind of odds with \$25,000 or so, and give yourself reasonable odds of doubling, tripling, or even quadrupling your investment in less time than it takes

your stockbroker to process a buy order. And that place is known as the racetrack.

As I see it, the racetrack is a better place to make money than the New York Stock Exchange, for two reasons. The first is that if you put your money in a stock, there's no mathematical way to figure out your chance of getting any money back. But if you put your money on Roadway Baby in the ninth at Aqueduct, with three-to-one odds against her, you can calculate precisely how much of a chance you have to win, and bet accordingly.

The second is that at the track they also serve beer and hot dogs.

"The key to this sort of investing is something I call 'expectancy,'" explains Ken

Brodie, a Philadelphia sports trader who heads up a group of racetrack investors. "If you know that it'll cost you \$25,000 to bet on every possible outcome and that there's \$100,000 to be won, then you can expect to win a healthy amount of money, a good return on your investment."

"If there's more money to be won from the bet than you'd have to bet to cover most of the options, then there are no bad bets. Even if I lose on a particular round, I'm won—it was a good bet. If I keep making good bets, I'll win before long."

Brodie is master of what is known at the track as the simple. The rules are simple: there's a race of between eight and twelve horses, and the winner has to pick, in proper order, the horses to come in

first, second, and third. Brodie makes the picks at a series of racetracks around the country on behalf of his betting group. It's their official handicapper, which means that they put money in an investment pool and he bets it, at the end of the group picks the proceeds or losses and pays Brodie a salary based on the horse's history. There are a limited number of combinations—and, with enough money, you can bet all of them and guarantee a "win."

A few months ago Brodie heard about a huge trifecta pot shaping up at Suffolk Downs in East Boston—\$180,000, to be exact—so he assembled up his investors and took off for the track. What made the Boston race special, aside from the historic pot, was that it was a "twins trifecta," meaning that if you had the winning combination in the first trifecta race, you'd have a "free" ticket for the second; a winner would have to be right in both races. The Philadelphia Boys were up for the challenge.

On the first day, the Boys showed up with \$50,000 to invest. They went the first round of the trifecta and ended up with more than \$20 in tickets, that came from allowed handicapping on Brodie's part. It helps to know the horses so you can get more money in the more likely combinations—making it potentially an easier win than the lottery. Also, the Boys didn't pick a winner in the second race, but they won back \$50,000 and decided to wait for the next day, when the pot would be more than \$400,000.

By that time, word around the track was that the Philadelphia Boys had arrived. This was the largest pot in the history of Suffolk Downs, and

If there's more money to be won from the bet than you'd have to bet to cover most of the options, then there are no bad bets.

they were a loose fit to make such a bet. The track commissions were in fact quite played with the Boys, the \$86,000 they'd won came from other betters' pockets, so the track—which takes almost 26 percent from the bets—was thrilled to have them around.

So on Day Two, the Boys arrived with their winnings, plus another \$15,000 to sweeten the deal. It took them two and one-half hours to choose combinations and place \$3,418 bets. Their bets covered all possible combinations of winners, in varying concentrations. The clubhouse managers protected the Boys from curious onlookers and provided them with plenty of free food and drink. The grand total of their bets, at a private window set up just for them: \$103,418.

But then the crucial race started—and ended less than two minutes later. The Boys had only seventeen winning tickets, which paid a total of \$5,750. None of their two tickets won the main trifecta, which meant a loss of over \$95,000.

But does this mean that such betting is likely to fail? Hardly. It merely shows what is true of all investments—that there is a chance of both success and failure. The two tickets is an awesome gamble that even Brode wouldn't recommend, but if you're not going to stand around of chance, then you've won the odds were working in his favor. "A couple more weeks at my computer," Brode says, "and I'll have a program that will tell me exactly how much money I have of winning, and how, before I even go out to the track."

It would be noted for the record, that one winner of the top trifecta at Suffolk Downs that day was a gentle man who had brought only one three-dollar ticket. Marvin had tried to convince me that that was his bet; I know for a fact that Marvin won that afternoon's movie.

—David Riazan

The Tax Adviser Has the Company Car Stalled?



The tax advice in this column comes from Eugene Scherer, partner in charge of tax and financial planning for the New York office of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

Tooting around in the company car as wheelwads at a way of life that may soon become a lot more expensive. Now that Congress is heavily clipping away at a variety of fringe benefits in an effort to raise revenues, it is no longer inclined to look the other way at the many corporate perquisites that have long been taxable in principle but seldom in practice.

The new law has established a strict standard for calculating the amount of income a person receives in using a company

car for private purposes. Moreover, any company that does not restrict employee use can now be subject to a tax penalty. According to the new rules, if a percentage of the car's use is personal, taxes must be paid on that percentage of the car's value, based on comparable leasing rates. For example, the IRS's tables say that a \$15,000 car has an annual lease value of \$4,250. If 50 percent of its use is for personal trips, taxes must be paid on \$2,125 through withholding from your company paycheck.

The provision that is causing the most controversy is the record-keeping requirement. The Tax Reform Act of 1984 required that companies keep a log of every use of every business trip in a company car.

This suggestion didn't sit well with the executive set. The IRS has since modified some of the rules. If you drive a company car, though, you'll have to maintain a log of business use, noting the mileage and purpose of the trip, and the records must be turned over to the company every quarter. A tax preparer will not be able to sign a tax return claiming car expenses unless the company has certified in writing that the car is business use.

Recently the IRS announced several exceptions to the record-keeping rule. If the company car is used only for business and kept in the premises during off hours, no log is required. Also, employees who spend most of the business day calling on clients or customers can choose to use a "simplified" log to substantiate a larger, typically applicable 30 percent of the costs to personal use.

The situation is also complicated for small businesses and the self-employed, where the company car or truck is often the one driven home at the end of the day. In the past they took deductions on part of the cost of a personal car as a business expense. Now those deductions won't be guaranteed. But the IRS devised a special rule for cases in which the company car is used only for business and to commute to work—now the company car or truck is often the one driven home at the end of the day. In the past they took deductions on part of the cost of a personal car as a business expense. Now those deductions won't be guaranteed. But the IRS devised a special rule for cases in which the company car is used only for business and to commute to work—now the company car or truck is often the one driven home at the end of the day. In the past they took deductions on part of the cost of a personal car as a business expense. Now those deductions won't be guaranteed. But the IRS devised a special rule for cases in which the company car is used only for business and to commute to work—now the company car or truck is often the one driven home at the end of the day.

Congress's crackdown on this cherished executive privilege has sent waves of corporate lobbyists to Washington, as far as possible the revised record-keeping rules will be repealed. But with the government estimating that such the company car could generate about \$1 billion in revenue, the days of the fringing benefits are drawing near.

—Reported by Janet Conant

ILLUSTRATION: TONY COX



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Money Terms

If James Bond turned corporate head, the poison pill would be the anti-takeover weapon worked up by "00" in the company lab. The "pill" is really a request to let the world's Money Terms, which are the business finance version of blood sport, in which armed soldiers lay into a company in order to be bought out by someone management. The poison pill is a sort of financial booby trap set by the company in order to discourage any unwanted attempts at merger and acquisition. Here's an example of how it works: The company gives its stockholders the right to buy preferred stock at extraordinarily low prices in the event of a takeover. Any hostile acquisition is an extraordinarily expensive, or "poisonous." The money raised by such tactics are currently being debated in the courts. Supporters see it as a necessary evil—an act of financial self-defense. Opponents believe it represents a wrongful interference that gives management way too much power. We can't see what's so dirty about such lockups. After all, Caligula-Palantine does it.

—David Riazan

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The left is architecture's blank page, a half-brain, mid-brain space waiting for the signature of its occupants. It can take on any look, from art deco to colonial to baroque. In other words,

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as Chicago, Boston, Denver, Seattle, young professionals are moving into lofts to give their imagination more room, as well as to own real estate with extremely flexible rules.

This left is a warehouse on the waterfront. The owner bought the entire building in 1983 for \$78,000; today it's worth \$750,000. He rented out the first four floors, gutted and renovated the top two for himself, then added two half floors above that. The result is a four-level collage of architectural styles and interior designs. The first floor has an office, a woodworking studio, and a grand bedroom. The second floor has living room, dining room, and kitchen; the left—cathedral ceilings, factory windows, exposed beams. An octagonal staircase leads to the third-floor dining room, bedroom, and bath.

BRUCE W. ANDERSON, ARCHITECT

This left is on the top floor of an old warehouse in Porter's Row. In 1983 the owner bought 1,500 square feet of space with "nothing in it but lofts." He paid \$100,000 and spent \$50,000 on renovations. An academic physician who grew up as a rancher, he wanted a space with freedom to roam. Here he has one main room, with a ceiling as big as a Montana sky, oversized windows, and hand-crafted woodwork. The curved glass block wall between the living room and bath reveals a corner of continuous rather than clear. An open staircase leads to a three-bedroom-square-foot bedroom.

PERNELL D. STONE, ARCHITECT

A financial consultant owns this thousand-square-foot loft in a warehouse in inner downtown. Built around 1920, the warehouse was once part of a five-story complex, now much of the two buildings is separate, with a commercial space on the first floor. A staircase from the front door leads directly into the loft. The main living area has a fireplace, exposed brick walls, and a skylight in the center of the ceiling. It also has built-in bookshelves and a stained-glass window, which was installed by the owner. He paid \$250,000 for the space in 1980; today it's valued at about \$150,000.

JOYCE COHEN

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SMART MONEY

The score: *Horrible*. Arguably, following a long flight from New York, Hardy and waiting was my Hertz contract for a four-day Toyota with child seat at an agreed-upon price of \$34.99 a day. One formality remained: The clerk required me to initial three spots before I walked to accept the optional coverages offered by Hertz (and most other leading rental companies).

I had no qualms about rejecting the Personal Effects Coverage at \$1.50 extra a day, because I knew my home-owner policy (like most) automatically extends to wherever I travel. Nor did I need the Personal Accident Insurance at \$2.50 extra a day, since my family has excellent medical coverage. But what about the Collision Damage Waiver, commonly known as CDW? (The first print said "Customer declines or accepts at rate shown below.")

CDW of Customer's responsibility for the first \$2,500 of accidental vehicle damage due to collision or upset, as per Part 4 on Reverse Side." It also said "CDW is not insurance."

Business or not, in plain English, this meant, unless I agreed to cough up an extra \$9.50 a day, plus tax, Hertz would hold me accountable for the first \$2,500 in collision damages to the car. I had a truck and drove a lot of miles. And I've heard talk of smaller companies that hold you responsible for collision damages up to the full cost of the car.

So what is your choice? About half of all car renters can safely decline the CDW, as they are probably already covered by their own car policies. Before renting a car, study your agent carefully. Use talk to your agent. For more information, call



the collision waiver; and even those without a contract often feel that, given the number of employees covered, the cost of an accident is not worth the cost of the coverage. But personal travelers face a dilemma. If you are renting the car for only a day or two, \$9.50 extra may not sound like a lot. But for a two-week vacation, you are talking \$27.30 per day.

To complicate matters, Hertz, Avis, National, and Budget have rented their collision damage coverage at \$2.50. And I've heard talk of smaller companies that hold you responsible for collision damages up to the full cost of the car.

So what is your choice? About half of all car renters can safely decline the CDW, as they are probably already covered by their own car policies. Before renting a car, study your agent carefully. Use talk to your agent. For more information, call

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Insurance Covering the Miles

policy. This means there will be no deductible or "cop," you should get the full amount up to the \$1,500 or \$2,500, whenever the rental policy takes care.

What if you leave your car parked and come back to find it damaged? In most states, companies using an ISO form will not pay for liability arising from a rental, although most limit payments to \$1,000, or in New York, \$2,000. Even if you weren't at fault, the fact that you didn't own the car at the same condition you rented it makes you legally responsible for the damage.

In other states the collision coverage at your own car extends to a rental at a situation where you are not clearly negligent. Your own insurance would make up the extra CDW deductible for which you are responsible, minus your own policy deductible. And now, in a move to simplify matters, all ISO-form policies now include a provision that if October 1, 1985, will apply collision coverage in such cases. This means you now have to worry about a liability cap, but you'll probably have to pay a deductible.

The bottom line is that there is no easy answer. But there is a movement also to force regulation of CDW fees. A California law firm has filed a class action suit against Hertz, Avis, National, and Budget alleging that the car rental companies are selling insurance without the proper authority and at an excessive cost, plus regulation prior to the American National Association of Insurance Companies. The suit has been agreed to consider whether CDW fees should be considered insurance and, if so, how to regulate them.

—Peter J. Lawrence

with Michael Lerner, a criminal lawyer. "We protect our clients from frauds and scams of all kinds, and in many cases from just very inexperienced gamblers."

Entrepreneurs getting plush firms to strike out to new areas, armed with only a faint list and great expectations, may be in for a rude awakening. The suit of down business is a shock, high, and setting up a fully utilized office one chess up the heels meant to be a

are company through its first year. Headquarters Computer, a nationwide network of business centers, offers instant offices—including an arsenal of computers, clock radios, and the latest in high-tech communications equipment. HQ has more than eleven thousand offices, renting them Fortune 500 companies to get start-up firms, who rent space and pay for the variety of a la carte services that fit their particular needs. Hanging your hat in one of HQ's offices now cost an \$150 a month in some of the company's city locations nationwide, or up to \$5,300 in their New York center at 237 Park Avenue. But the freedom from any long-term commitment and capital investment may be a bargain for the entrepreneur in a hurry. "Anyone can come in and be in business the next day," says an HQ representative. "The phone lines are ready; we even provide the paper clips." For more information, write Headquarters Computer, 3 Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, California 94111; or call 800-227-2604.

For Apple users who have been tapping for eagerly national of these financial affairs, there is a powerful new software package called Apple that IBMers have to head about. Lotus Development, the creator of the best-selling business programs Lotus 1-2-3 and Symphony (which is available on Apple computers), has now developed a spreadsheet package called Jazz (\$995), which was exclusively on Apple's 512K Macintosh personal computer. Jazz provides the same sophisticated word processing, worksheet analysis, data base management, business graphics, and communications capability as Lotus's other integrated programs, but uses the Mac's special features to keep it all from becoming too complicated for the weekend user to comprehend.

When the advent of the personal computer, holidays include telephones, access book 900s, telephone lines, and spare spare gear. But even everyone is third-deep in computer equipment—some at it collecting dust and getting older by the second—and it is about time someone laid an easy way to untold unwanted machines or just spruce up old ones. A new reference guide for evaluating and selling used computer components may become the equivalent of the used-car guide's famous Kelley Blue Book. The Buyer's Guide to Computers from Data Research (\$19.95) will include a brief description of the equipment and price lists for computers in mint condition as well as for those that have seen better days.

—Robert Conrad

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Financial HOTLINE

A scan brief of private eye in business world and low-costing tax shelters and other high-risk ventures for corporate and individual clients who are in the market for investments are secure. Orizer investigations, a financial sleuthing firm in Oxnard, Park,

Ken Brown knows he is an entrepreneur, because Harvard Business School told him so. But until a Harvard co-senior did an intricate forty-two-page, two-chart case study of his business last year, Ken Brown saw himself this way: a self-updater with a slightly bizarre sense of humor, a great Cambridge apartment, a supportive girlfriend, a means for collecting twentieth-century artworks (some taken out of garbage cans), a paycheck for darning with pen and ink, and a desire to be what he calls "a refrigerator door artist." Harvard Business School saw Ken Brown another way: a successful entrepreneur who perfectly illustrated the recent explosive growth in self-employment, especially in creative fields, now where business had grown to ten million times its original size, whose net income was thirteen times that earned eight years ago, and whose future prospects appeared exceedingly bright.

In the end, both versions came down to the same thing: Ken Brown makes postcards.

He started back in 1976 with drawings of a woman carrying a suitcase, selling down a road toward a place called Berkeley, and with one he named "The Jesus Mentimeter Chart," of a man pouring coffee directly into the lake on the top of his head. Within three years, Brown would be leading the postcard away from the souvenir with post-men-here-nerdy that dominated the market into a nationwide phenomenon: a form of communication and a piece of affordable art. But he hardly appears to be the pioneering sort: a thirty-something forty-one, he is diminutive and shy and almost unworldly by the clutter he

The Entrepreneur Something to Write Home About



BROWN IS THE MAN BEHIND ONE OF THE MOST ADDICTIVE OF POST CARD ADDICTIONS

surrounds him: a clutter of his various equivalent of bumper cars.

In the beginning, business was lean. He made \$5,000 a year, took a job as superintendent of his building to cut the rent, and mailed crates of his postcards from store to store on the back of a bicycle. For a few years he had only two dozen outlets, mostly in New York and Boston, and all the money he made went right back into drawing and printing new cards. Then he jumped into the fray in 1979 for a country store to build his initial base. "I looked for stores in upwordly mobile neighborhoods, where people might be likely to make impulse purchases," he says. "Basically, any place with someone who looked good." He chose carefully and well: of the hundred places he visited, seventy-nine bought his wares, and he paid

for his trip in postcard sales. Then the boom came: card distributors all over the country began calling. Brown was easy to find because he had thoughtfully printed his address on the back of all his cards. United, the premier purveyor of postcards based in New York's SoHo neighborhood, featured him in the window of the store. Good Department Store in Boston, a sort of toy store for adults, devoted an entire section of their card rack to Ken Brown cards, and although these featured just customers regularly walked in saying, "Let's get a few more, say, now Ken Brown cards."

There always were he began showing them at the rate of forty a year, buying his organization back and forth until it yielded such eagerness as "Seventeen Post-Teaser Weeklies Up in Wollert," a comparative address preparing for "Winter Town, Finally,

N.J.," and his most famous line yet—drawings of unlikely couples, such as "Bea and Tim" (Dwight Eisenhower and Tina Turner), "Tanna and Joe" (the ageless and John Fodor), and "George and Martha" (Bey George and Martha Washington). A rubber-stamp company in Vermont scored a line of Ken Brown stamps, a T-shirt printer put Ken Brown images to cloth. Harper & Row is publishing a collection of his drawings. Artcard competitors also spring up, but initial sales report that Brown's cards sold 40 percent better than anyone else's. Hearing that, Brown recently felt confident enough to raise the wholesale price of his cards from twenty cents to a quarter.

Meanwhile, Brown was, and still is, running his postcard business out of his kitchen and a closet space under the eaves of his apartment. He sits on a stool, sees some strips of blank cardstock material, and by the hold of a flickering lamp built resembles a dozen or so packages of cards to mail out every week. Three hundred stores in the United States and Canada now carry his work, and together they will send about two hundred thousand of his cards this year. He had to hire his late-in girlfriend to manage the distribution and bookkeeping, but his life-style hasn't changed much—the only new buying habit, drives the van he drove eight years ago, and lives in the same \$350-a-month apartment.

His net income is now \$20,000 a year, a figure he is content with but one that the Harvard Business School students who reviewed his case study found too low. "Get your drawings in, get them in to Bloomington," they advised Bloomington's, they advised

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES GARDNER

—TERRY MAXWELL

Loose Change

Particular about your image? Andy Warhol will capture it in a silk-screen portrait of \$45,000 for the first image, \$15,000 for each succeeding one; Alexander Julian will stream it with a custom-made suit for \$5,000; Ralph Bakshi, of Caswell-Massery, will make it memorable with a \$1,000 package created according to his whimsy; the idea of your personality that grew. Change will value it by playing at your party for \$150,000. Should you prefer Julia Roberts, he doesn't appear anywhere for less than \$200,000 (the White House excepted). Trying to preserve his image, perhaps,

CAMEL FILTERS

It's a whole new world.



Today's Camel Filters, surprisingly smooth.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

1 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

COMPUTER CULTURE

Locker-Room Computers: Football Goes Silicon

This ad for the computer has arrived on the football field. Coaches have discovered that entering their competitors' game statistics into a computer can give them an edge in deciding how to thwart other teams' plays and advance their own. The system is called "game analysis," and in the last several years at pro and many college teams have adopted it.

The program most coaches prefer is Sports-Pac, manufactured by the sports and travel services company, a Dallas Valley company whose system enables a team not only to quantify defense plays but to score tickets and allocate priority tickets as well. The Tampa Bay Buccaneers, just across the bay from the sports and travel division's office in Clearwater, Florida, became the first NFL team to use the system, in 1977. Since then, almost two dozen college teams have joined the roster.

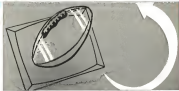
The way the system works is simple. As in the pre-cybernetics age, the day before a game coaches watch film of their competitors in action and call out locations to assistants who transcribe plays into breakdown sheets, which include the down, type of pass, yardage, penalties, and players involved. But where coaches used to rely on a phalanx of assistants to analyze the data and provide the necessary statistics when formulating a game plan, computer analysis gives coaches at this information much more quickly.

Instead of assistant coaches, teams are relying more and more on people like Down White, computer-services coordinator for Tampa's Buccaneers. White enters the breakdown into the computer, allowing coaches to print out data on defense, offense, and anti-scoring. The players' coaches see the numbers, they still study the real-and-true playbooks.

complete with the X's and O's similar to Monday morning quarterback.

Game's Sports-Pac provides statistics that enable coaches to estimate the probability of certain plays being used in given situations.

In a November 1981 contest against the St. Louis Cardinals, Washington Redskins quarterback Joe Thornton looked at his opponent's defense line and noticed something that Coach Joe Gibbs, aided by the computer, had noted six days earlier: Twenty-four of the last twenty six times the Cardinals had used



this particular lineup, they'd blocked successfully. Thornton and Gibbs used the data to call a pass to Redskins receiver Art Monk, who subsequently scored a touchdown.

Will high-tech electronic football's future be bright? "The decision is still the coach's," says Fred Gaven, a Game's associate. "This just gives a coach more tools to make decisions, so he's no longer confused from left field. He's coming from the right." Nor are computers being used during the game itself—yet. NFL rules prohibit terminals on the field.

BY STEVE WIDEMAN



Video Games Go to War



A POWERFUL adult education and training using World War II, the Army has now turned to

interactive laser videodisks to teach soldiers the lessons of military life. The new technology, known as STARS—for System Training Army Reconnaissance System—has the potential to revolutionize the field of job training.

STARS combines real-time video, single frames, computer-generated graphics, and computer-generated text: an interactive system that is designed to solve a fundamental problem of modern military life: a serious literacy problem among enlisted personnel engaged in a variety of activities in Europe.

To attack this problem, the Army has borrowed from the arcade found in every American city and turned its educational efforts within the context of a video game. A soldier entering the system for the first time is told that he is being sent on part of a new elite force that will employ the Army's newest weapon, a time machine. The soldier's assignment is to take a NASA reconnaissance team back to a hospital in Berlin, Germany, in 1945 and obtain the signature of General George S. Patton. To accomplish this, he will have to perform tasks involving map reading, first aid, and an understanding of small arms. Skills such as math and reading are also tested.

The most sophisticated application of STARS technology involves the use of multiple laser disks and microcomputers in a local-area network, allowing several collaborators to practice working on a task together. Research for this exercise was originally done as part of a crime management training program for neurologists at the Cornell University Medical School.

by Julie Weir

Mon.

Tue.

Wed.

Thur.

Fri.

Sat.

The week the Afghanistan war was closed to the press, but our reporter pressed on.

The mark of a good reporter is not simply to report a story, but to scratch for the story underneath the story.

The week of June 4, 1984, Newsweek's Patricia J. Sethi scratched and hit pay dirt.

Not only did she get an exclusive interview with Afghan President Babrak Karmal, his

first with an American publication, but Sethi actually convinced Karmal to grant her an unprecedented helicopter tour of a key Soviet battle zone.

It marked the first time a Western reporter had been allowed by the government into Afghanistan to witness Soviet military operations. And Sethi's

report provided the outside world with the first piece of solid evidence that the Soviets are indeed gaining ground against the Islamic guerrillas.

For Patricia Sethi, Afghanistan proved to be just one in a number of scoops she was able to capture last year.

As our U.N. bureau chief,

Sethi has used her contacts there to great advantage. On New Year's Day last year, Fidel Castro granted her his first interview with an American reporter in over five years. President Pinochet of Chile met with Sethi for his first interview with an American reporter in 10 years. And her interview with

Vietnam's Prime Minister Pham Van Dong was a catalyst in the administration's efforts for the release of all Amerasian children in Vietnam.

It's this dedication to excellence that's resulted in Newsweek winning over 600 awards for journalistic achievement. More than any other newsweekly.

Which suggests one thing: when you have a reporter who won't take "no" for an answer, people will start saying "yes" to your magazine.

Nobody gets you into the news like
Newsweek

A New Way of Looking at Russia

ANOTHER SOVIET PRIMER has disappeared from public view. America's Russian experts are silent with speculation. But Jonathan Safran Foer, the assistant director of Columbia University's W Averell Harriman Institute for the Advanced Study of the Soviet Union, dismisses the rumors. He views the USSR through a different lens. The learned, youthful Saunders is not just, but primarily, Weimar. We miss the real story, he explains, "because we only look at the very top. We have this fixation on Khrushchevism" that if we really want to understand the Soviet Union, he says, we must focus on the atmosphere elsewhere as well. "We don't look enough at the lives of people who are just like us in the Soviet Union. There is a middle class in Russia."

There is a note to the Soviet Union that Americans do not see, says Saunders. "There is conformity, and there is no individualism. And then there is something in between—amoralized culture. It fills in the cracks, the gray area between the permitted, the non-permitted, and the forbidden."

For example, a car culture has developed in the Soviet Union. Americans grew up in the automobile age; for our



The Middle Class—Russian Style

trust, because of improvements in the Soviet economy during the past two decades, is confident the U.S. government retaliates (refuses to recognize) the Soviet leadership has recently supplied notes to the previously insoluble society. First, from a plant along the Volga, an open Moscow attracts its all-star colors. "And in a society where drunkenness runs rampant, where people like speed, where there has not been the idea that the individual can get in his own car and go wherever he wants, all of a sudden people can get cars."

As a result, the subsidies have attempted to inculcate safety rules, but the citizens are valiantly thwarting them, racing cars, for instance, have become very popular. Another words, new rules have led to new forms of subversion. "There's a law in Moscow that you cannot drive a car without a first aid kit," says Saunders. "So there's this whole illegal

underground of parts taken out of the factory, of bribes, and people becoming rich because they can get people's cars."

Much of the underground economy is driven by the Soviet Union's youth culture, but there has been a social backlash against the perceived permissiveness encapsulated by the rebellious young. To a large degree, opposition to the young people's sense of materialism seems born the moral base of Soviet character traits—the fact that discipline is extolled, which itself derives from the emphasis on the collective over the individual, people are not responsible for their own actions. The lack of self-control also leads to rampant drunkenness and on a broader level, the subordination of the individual to the state may have damaging technological ramifications.

"It is beginning to retard advanced effort," says Saunders. "All computerization, for example, is institutional. The introduction of personal computers has just been allowed in the Soviet Union. They are, however, too expensive to reach the ordinary citizen."

The dilemma of looking forward in a closed society is but one of the problems to be dealt with by the post-Brezhnev/Chernenko/Chernomyrdin rulers of the USSR. But the greatest question mark, of course, is how these men will approach Soviet-American relations in the new order Russia.

"There is a new leadership generation coming up of men who came of age in the 1930s who didn't experience the excesses of Stalinism," says Saunders. "While this may make them, in some ways, less fearful of the West, and more apt to deal with their own economic problems, it will also make them tougher, less malleable, and more prone to react to the reality they may see behind American rhetoric." "These guys, I think they all believe that Reagan believes what he says.... We don't know a lot more to them."

And the whole world, of course, is listening.

BY DONALD BISHOP

PHOTO BY AP/WIDE WORLD

THE IMPORTED VODKA WITHOUT THE IMPORTED PRICE has "mouthfeel."



"Mouthfeel" is a delicious sensation that fills the mouth with a smooth, rich, velvety texture. (One sip and you'll know what we mean by "mouthfeel.")

Seagram's Imported Vodka has it.

What it doesn't have is an imported price. It costs about the same as the leading domestic. So say goodbye to your domestic vodka and move up to the import without the imported price.

Seagram's
IMPORTED VODKA

PERSONAL

Ken Schaffer, Satellite TV Master



- ★ One-upped his dad in the 1970s. Ken Schaffer was a rebel in his political, sleepwalking father's era.
- ★ An Alan Cooper Remick America's most balls.
- ★ Then one day the Bronx High School of Science got a leading educator—went on the winning ticket for last year's elections were Ken and his wife, Light Shaffer, followed quickly by WADA.
- ★ Which was awarded in the quarter-hour broadcast of the election. Today Schaffer is a full-time candidate for a seat in the state assembly.

Schaffer is the developer of the United States, a satellite television company system he designed especially for American residents and Columbia University's Institute for Advanced Study of the Soviet Union. Thanks to Schaffer, perhaps the most products that are available in the Soviet Union. Thanks to Schaffer, Russia is again opening itself, and even more importantly, Russia is moving... the nation's role of... for the Soviet Union. Schaffer is a... (Schaffer is a...)

Schaffer believes the time is rapidly approaching when Americans will have not only TV but "Pis"—a personal video, to receive television from the globe. Schaffer's system, which cost \$10,000, was being shown in Moscow, and he's already been invited to Moscow. Schaffer has established a company, Global Television, to receive and to distribute. "Through this technology," he says, "Soviet citizens become comfortable and to be able." By Donald B. Bishop

What's New in the New Age, Part II

WHERE WERE WE? Oh, yes: last month you'll recall that I left readers at the column trembling with suspense when I promised that this month's column would reveal the secret of life. Well, not exactly the secret. What I said was that Rupert Sheldrake, the Cambridge physiologist, is the single most important philosopher to grow out of the interpenetration of contemporary science and new-age culture. Sheldrake's work, as summarized in his book *A New Science of Life*, has done something very exciting: it has reassured the sense that there still are secrets to life.

What Sheldrake has done is challenge the unexpressed and often unexamined mechanistic, materialist, inductive as axioms of contemporary biological thought. The assumption that all processes of life, from embryonic differentiation of cells to evolutionary leaps of species, can be explained by the same predictive physical laws that govern what happens to inorganic matter. The

assumption that the difference between living and nonliving matter is nothing but a matter of molecular variation. That while Einstein maintained to the end that God does not "play dice" with the universe, in fact the universe is nothing but an aggregation of dice playing God.

No, no, says Sheldrake. The most recent discoveries of biological science have made it less likely that things such as consciousness and Vesalius's fibrils and the shape of a lily are a result of random mutation of genes.

Starting with the basic problem of embryonic cell differentiation—how the absolutely DNA-identical cells of the embryo know how and where to develop into livers and kidneys—Sheldrake convincingly demolishes any complacency we might have about being on the verge of answering such a question. There are still mysteries, asserts, as yet undetectable forces at play in the processes of biology.

Consider, for example, the size and the leg of a man, Sheldrake says, taking up the problem of morphogenesis, or the form of form. "Both contain identical cell types... with identical proteins and identical DNA. So the differences... must be ascribed to patterns of growing factors [my italics] which act differently in the developing arm and leg."

The problem is that DNA doesn't code for creation of patterns in space. It

only codes for creation of proteins. Sheldrake says the pattern-determining factor could be found in an extraphysical "morphogenetic field."

Sheldrake looks at one unexamined biological mystery after another, finding in each a common challenge to the scientific orthodoxy of explanation in terms of more physical sciences. The problem of "inbred" or anatomical behavior, for instance. Sheldrake denies that genetic information alone is able to explain the migratory behavior of the young cuckoo, which without being able to follow its parents is able to locate their northern habitats six thousand miles away. Where, he asks, is the pattern-sensing capability in the genes that would make this and other seemingly innate behavior even possible?

You could think of Sheldrake as a kind of alternative to, or minor avatar or perhaps avowed version of biological orthodoxy's most skeptical skepticward, Stephen Jay Gould. While Gould approaches the apparent paradoxes of biology with a new toward rearranging that they ultimately confirm rather than challenge the neo-Darwinian synthesis, Sheldrake aims first to argue that these are hollow, unexamined fields of form at work in living beings, forces unique to life itself.

His seems essentially a vibrant heresy. Although he tries to evade that label, he believes there is some life-related force that distinguishes living beings (banded or mosaic matter, Sheldrake's is an attempt to show that there is a scientific basis for a belief in something akin to the Force in the Lucas Star Wars epics. As such, Sheldrake makes a scientific case that the Whole Being is more than an aggregation of its individual particles that consciousness is more than a mere afterglow of neural discharges.

Sheldrake even takes on Gould's pet idea, his own reading of the neo-Darwinian evolutionary synthesis, the one that Gould has called "punctuated equilibrium." Where Gould sees the absence of continuity in the fossil record as a challenge not to the notion of continual evolution but merely to the notion of gradual evolution, Sheldrake sees the absence of intermediaries and links between species to mean that there must have been paleontological gaps from one species to another, or, in other words, a hazy shaping evolutionary development in the way a horse shapes embryonic development. A vesical equivalent of "the force that through the green fuse drives the flower" in the Dylan Thomas poem (he, perhaps, he's willing to suggest, what some might call a spiritual force



THE NEW APOCALYPTIC CONCEPT

IF YOU BELIEVE IN IT

General Patents

A MONTHLY COMPILATION OF INTERNATIONAL PATENT TITLES

Anders have long made no idea why they keep laws and are never truly during their course. Now Thorel B. Bieri son of General Lube, Colorado, has filed a bolt's-eye with his portable archery stand. It includes a ciner for arrows and a stand for a bow made of two parts—a double-sided bracket and a stabilizing bar for attaching the bow. (Patent 4,474,395)



You want to have a cigarette, but you're still worried about nicotine and you're chasing your lungs? Randolph A. Bury, a Baltimore inventor, has come up with a new cigarette holder, consisting of two vessels, a standard elongated chamber, and

a U-shaped chamber containing from one end. The smoke-filled air stays trapped in the main tube and is expelled through the side chambers, resulting in a smoke... without smoke. (Patent 4,480,645)



You're backing away at your computer console, your brow rising madly, trying to finish The Great American Novel.

Your fingers and arms get tired. How can you keep going? Joseph Biefer of Detroit, Eric Gay of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Henry Doble of West Redding, Connecticut, have one answer—mount your hands on their newly patented computer console. It consists of a platform for the computer console that extends outward into a curved trough. While your hands rest on one curve, another curve holds pens and pencils. (Patent 4,482,964)

By Martin Morse Speiser

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES H. HARRIS

1991. The new machine is expected

to work. This engraved signature

of 14-karat gold becomes a pattern

promotes to be carved into

from genetics to chemistry

Working also looks like new gold.

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The New Lost Generation

It's post-Sixties, pre-Eighties, and forever in between

On Saturday nights in 1971, when I was ten years old, I used to go folk dancing with my brother and sister

in the auditor Plaza at Stanford University. They were both undergraduates in Stanford, and my father taught there. I was what was known as a ticket. I remember vividly those warm nights, the stone surface of the plaza illuminated like a skating rink and the hide tany record player blaring "Bum Bagla." As we approached I would skirt running. The air crackled at jet. Then we were there, and in the stage center a circle whirled easily in perfect step—the men long-haired, dirty, bearded, the women wrapped in bits of brightly patterned gypsy fabric, swathed in scarves, their hair held back by nuptial pins. Everyone rocked, dazed, I suppose, was politi-

cally incorrect, like leg shaving. Inevitably, in the course of the evening, someone would offer me a joint. I always refused. I only wanted to watch the dancers and learn the intricate postured steps—the particular twining of ankles and arms, the systems for switching partners. The few times I actually joined in, I remember being shocked at the sudden intimacy I was thrown into with head-shy blond, some long and fragile, others heavy and lumbering and sweaty. Sometimes, in the more restless dances, I would feel my feet quite literally lifted off the ground by their momentum.

Usually I did not dance because usually I did not know the steps. Instead I would stand on the periphery, with a few other hesitant loners, holding one of the accomplished dancers, and I would telegraphically, silently try to follow. Just as I was beginning to get it, the dance would end. The next week I would wait for the same dance

BY DAVID LEAVITT

DAVID LEAVITT is a New York Times writer. His first book, *Family Man*, is published by Knopf.

High-fashion buckle treatments elegantly counterpoint classic leathers in the season's most exciting collection of new belts. Pierre Cardin belts, jewelry and personal leather goods for men are distributed exclusively in the U.S.A. by Seward Inc.

pierre cardin

to be played again, but it never was—at least not before 11:30, when I would hear a horn blaring in the parking lot and see the glaring lights of my mother's car, come to such my home. "Did you have fun?" my mother would ask me as she opened the door. "Yes," I'd say, waiting in heart to hear. All that night the music dreamed in my head. I know the dancing went on and on after I had to go to bed, possibly all night, possibly until dawn, and so I fell asleep. I tried to imagine what kinds of demons, what weirdly erotic configurations, those people would try in those late hours, the hours I had yet to witness, for I was just too young.

THE NIGHT one only time I ever saw a President, I was fourteen. The President was Gerald R. Ford, one year into his term, and he came to Stanford University to participate in a ceremony inaugurating the new law school. Saturday Night Live was in its first season that year, but I wouldn't get to see Chevy Chase's famous dithered-out misstatements of the President until the series went into reruns. I had hardly heard of the show, which was on too late for me to watch. I remembered thinking of President Ford as an only mildly evil character, at least in comparison with Nixon, whose hateful image on the kitchen television had more than once sent my mother into screaming fits as loud I had been convinced she was being abducted. "Communist, but honest!" was my father's estimation of Ford the man. My mother disagreed. She was a senior at Stanford and lived at Columbia House, a communal student residence devoted to radical thinking. I remember watching my mother that afternoon in a crowd of serious-looking young people holding signs and banners. In unison and with great dedication, they chanted: "The people—united—will never be defeated! The people—united—will never be defeated!" I learned I loved the rhythm of the chant. At some point I joined in. A long time later that we'd been told, a helicopter came into view, lowered, and landed on the law school roof. I saw like the arrival of a rock star at an outdoor concert. For a moment, even the demonstrators quieted and stood on tiptoe, straining to catch a glimpse of a real President. When he started to speak, the demonstrators increased the volume of their chant in an effort to drown him out. They were handsomely strong, but he was amplified.

It's hard to say, in retrospect, which meant less—the speech, or the protestors, and as declaration that the people, united, would never be defeated that I was caught up in the spirit of the thing. When some of the demonstrators turned their eyes toward the SWAT men who stood armed on the roofs of the surrounding buildings and began to chant "Jump! Jump! Jump!", I was startled from the TV

show. I knew they were SWAT men. I didn't like their uniforms, or the fact that their guns were pointed at us. I joined in and shouted "Jump!" at the top of my lungs, until I felt a sharp tug on my elbow. It was my sister's "Shut up," she said to me. "You don't have any idea what you're saying."

Ten years later my sister lives in San Francisco. After many different kinds of therapy, she has settled into marriage and career as a social worker that mirror fulfill her old ideals. She says she wants to have children but wonders if it would be selfish to bring new life into a world that is sane to and in the next twenty years. Gerald Ford, himself the most in-between of Presidents, has faded from public view, taking a backseat to his famous wife. Each week the New York Post carries news of another celebrity checking into the Betty Ford Center for treatment of "drug and alcohol dependency." My mother weeps at Reagan on the television, but it is a somewhat muted volume in comparison with the Nixon days.

One evening during my freshman year at college, I was walking to the dining hall with my roommate, when I noticed a small group of students building a pit in an square of carefully trimmed grass outside the president's office. There were only five of them. A sign explained that they were protesting President Carter's newly announced program for draft registrants. They had a poster and they were singing "We Shall Overcome." Although little frightened me at the age of eighteen more than the thought of getting drafted, I still felt an aversion toward the protesters. How ridiculous, I thought in a private, as yet, in 1980, at Yale. "Therapeutic," I said to my roommate, unable to think of a word that carried more disdain. "Don't they realize their style is going to shatter people from their souls?" He nodded in agreement, and we continued on our way. My roommate wore small round-rimmed glasses. My hair was short, and I was wearing a flannel flannel two feet jacket. I had bought myself, but somehow I didn't occur to me that we were throwing back even further than they were. Then, as we approached the President Commons, I heard the protesters begin to chant quietly. "The people—united—will never be defeated." For a moment I stopped, remembering that afternoon when Gerald Ford had visited Bombay. I knew that these demonstrators I had stood among, who had seemed so glorious to me, were themselves a mere shadow of Berkeley or Kent State, or Harvard five years earlier. I had witnessed only the tail end of something that had once been great. It seemed crazy to me, these days, for five Yale students to chant, "The people, united, will never be defeated." What interested me was that there had actually been a time when someone believed it.



When the last generation learned this one lesson: Don't wage wars in Southeast Asia. Experience Golda Meir's, and when they need

a wife, mother's someone to make their cutting days definitely more bearable. That they get out and come in to Meir's Trust in Meir.

the film, Margaret, the housewife, supposes that she has saved herself from the suburban dream of having a husband, and also moved from the middle-class dream of having a maid (and hence a car), and she now recognizes the possibilities of striving for anything. Her new dream lives in an alien culture that throws in the chemicals referred to in the love drama: orgasm and orgasmic control. She is now the subject of the course of a final, quite literally cosmic, love story. Perhaps the moment in the film that Mack must try to live in is the one in which Margaret's no-longer and no-acting teacher, a man in his late forties, accuses her of dressing like a whore. She reacts with a childish anger that launches fireworks in his own heyday as just much a creature as he is: he just pushes up him and not leather shoes. "At least you don't pretend we are married couples."

colorful neighborhood for the new rich emerges. Sometimes I wonder whether any paragon is a laudable fringe of twined letters leeching money into more and more dangerous parts because the gentrified leg pushing them out of the neighborhoods they've pioneered, or because they're attracted to the luscious edge of the city, where the old money can find food and drugs to get you through tomorrow. That is about as far as you can get from long-term investments. And the irony is, of course, that where they have gone, the risk young future-emergers of the generation about have followed, attracted by the scent of potential development. Further out, and further down, the new money is still looking for the different, different, destructive, dangerous. It is not, then, classically, extrajurisdictional.

I've seen that world. Good yeppe that I
am. I've even closed the door to it because

they send me plenty of money, but I use it all up on booze and drugs." Without a trace of self-consciousness she said it, but with more than a trace of self-pity.

[illegible]

A photographer friend of mine used to come to all the parties that year, show her camera out into the audience, draw her in, and then she would take pictures of me. Naturally in Richard Manick, who we knew for thirty years, his camera was out into the dark room in a single instant. It became a kind of joke, his presence at every party. You could count on seeing his camera a few days later, stained or dirty or visible in the making out with someone you didn't recognize on a sofa you couldn't remember. In the photographs bodies were frozen in the midst of flight, heads bowed in holy heaves of light and sweat, clothes flew and were suspended, forever revealing small patches of white skin. There was a quality of ecstasy. When I saw those pictures these days, I think I was mad.

I don't remember ever feeling as much joy as I did that year, when, on any Saturday night, on a crowded dance floor I'd hear my favorite song begin. It was as if my body itself had become an instrument, pulled and plucked and wrenched by the music, thrown beyond itself. This was no love-in of the Sixties, no drug-based rapt of communion. We were dancing with ourselves. Someone joked that each of us could have had on his own individual Walkman.

The mornings after such evenings always began around two in the afternoon. Exhausted and hung over, we would go back to the big room where the parties had taken place to confront the hundreds of empty beer cans and cigarette stubs, the little slices of lost sweetness stuffed into cor-

bers, forgotten, never to be missed. Sunlight streamed in. While the guests slept at last, and Jennie toiled in her darkness, frenzied with caution, the neighbors look out their rooms.

lax on membership and rules. My generation belongs to gyms. We find Nautilus equipment confusing. Nothing gets at your way when you're bench-pressing, or swimming, or running, not even the interfering subconscious that tended to track up all those Seventies efforts at psychological self-improvement. Machines appear as a consolidation of our will.

It is consistent to our dear brothers and sisters, however, the fact that we believe in health does not necessarily mean that we believe in the future. The same loving person who strives for physical immortality also takes for granted the moment of his destruction. At Brown University students read last October of a nuclear air attack upon Utah in the form of a short story by the author of the famous catastrophe, they could not possibly wonder rather than the de Sitter. As Brown University students, rather than being a distant threat, were a harsh reality, an immediacy, something to consider. I am reminded of Grace Paley's description of an eight-year-old girl in her story "Phenomena": "The friends have a book that says a person should, if properly nurtured, live forever." He also believed that the human race, on balance and good looks, will end up

...dancing at Area for the first time, alongside the chichest dance club in New York. (A friend of mine who is more of an expert than I am these matters insists that the club called Sive the Robots is chicest, since it is frequented by the people who work at Area and does not open until after Area has closed.) At this point, Area was dressed in its nuclear holocaust garb. On our way in, we passed tribute vivants of people in Karen Silkwood suits, peeling hard green candy oil sheets on a conveyor belt. Women spread their breasts, men

the shadowed face, the smiling, the pensive, the angry. The artist's glowing sense of MANIPULATED MATERIALS, glowing above the dance floor. Later, at 10 PM, I was introduced to an artist who had been asked to create a work of art in support of the medical centre, and was thinking of carving a mushroom cloud out of a block of ice. It was hard for me to keep from wondering about the buried Holocaust anxiety of my postwar generation. The world after the bomb, it seemed to me, had become a cliché, incorporated into our dialogue and our culture with an alarming thoughtlessness. Dearest of us dreamers, like Eddie Albert as the President in the movie *On a Warm Spring*, of a peaceful postnuclear landscape, peopled by weird beithuim monsters and scarred children smiling.

purpose to worry about the world ending much more than we actually do.

Because the terror of knowing the world could end at any moment haunts them so vividly, older people seem to believe that must be ten times worse for the young. The evaluation that nuclear disaster is not only possible, but possibly imminent, writes the noted novelist Lewis Thomas, "is bad enough for the people in my generation. We can put up with it, I suppose, since we must. We are moving along anyway. What I cannot imagine—what I cannot put up with—is what it would be like to be young. How do the young stand it? How can they know their terror?"

Well, I want to say, we do. Indeed, I think we are more sane and less hysterical about the issue of nuclear holocaust than are the generations ahead of us. We do not go crazy, because for us the thought of a world with no future—is terrifying to Dr. Thomas—is completely terrible; it takes its toll on us, as nothing else.

I have tried time and again to explain this to people who are older than I. I tell them that no matter how hard I try—and I have closed my eyes tightly, concentrated, tried to will my mind to do it—I simply cannot create an image of myself fifty, or twenty, or even ten years in the future. I go blank. I have no idea what or what or even *if* I'll be. Whereas my parents, when they were young, imagined what and

[illegible]

And we—well, we aren't going to make the same mistakes they did. Above all, at least we're safe—from pain, from dependency, from sexually transmitted diseases. Those who belong to us are not themselves to be abandoned.

In a 1983 I have just graduated from college and, like most of my friends, lead the sort of life that makes a good biographical note in the back of a literary magazine—"Living

At least we don't pretend we aren't wearing costumes? Well, yes, I guess they don't. I thought, for Marguerite, to pretend one isn't wearing a costume is contemptible. She rejects the idea that the way one dresses might represent a claim made about the world today, or project an idea for the world tomorrow. Well, these probably won't be a world tomorrow. Clothes have to do with what we wear, not what we are. Screw art, let's dance.

And yet Margaret tells something else, when she makes this claim. She implicates herself by refusing to leave Lizard City, her home. "We," "the we" in *Lizard City* is distinct, not only from "himself," and "you," but from "us." "We" is not a collective, it is a declaration of her own ownership, of her own personal, individual, and, in a sense, her own gendered, ownership. It is a proclamation.

In performance spaces, ideas that double as art galleries, claim visit names like H.C. or have the Rakota, on the district and most dangerous streets of New York, that culture is being born out of the chaos that is the city. It is a culture that is not just a street-scap, mere filigree, mere whooping-it-up, but the place. This culture is dangerous. It looks in the limelight of the present moment. It avoids old buildings. Poverty is its kin, its company, and sometimes its ally, but it draws the canvas out like lines. There and out there possibility is the only thing that is not a mere art installation, mere homes, not another city.

others on select Saturday night or Sunday mornings when an urge to dance would over me like an itch. When I was an undergraduate I was friends with a couple of women who became lovers and took to strolling around the campus with dog on leashes around their waists connected by a link chain. I was never sure if they were serious or else to have heard the howl of one of their mothers — a bad brownie in the East States, on the same block where Nona used to live. They marched defiantly through the love, their very entrance a calculated affront, their daughters freely admitted. They were not a couple, but a white-blooded pair of her daughter and me, the double hand ring (she had pierced the metal ring) as the harbinger, and offered to take my pocket. "So how is school going, honey?" the mother said. In the course of the hour, she made a valiant effort to call her daughter "Mia," as Mia conceivably could. (Her mother's name was Anna.) And so I lived, in New York, in WFLU house for a party one night with an NYU student and her friend, a girl dressed like Bob George — erlenmeyer, beehive, lipstick. And they were going to steal the boy's mother's food stamps so they could get something to eat. They said this matter-of-factly. And when I registered the next day, the girl who had been there didn't see her mother come to buy food. I said, well, maybe mother's out, "No."



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Not selected members: see David Thompson after page 18



ABSOLUT

and working in Manhattan." Most mornings I have to get up at 7:30 a.m.—unusually early for someone like me, who finds it hard to fall asleep before 3:00. I don't eat breakfast, I shower in three minutes, dressed. From inside my apartment, where it is warm, I head out into the cold, begin the long trek to the subway. My station is famous for its poor design. If I have a token, I must run down one staircase and up another to get to the train. Sometimes the train doors close on my nose. Other times I am lucky. I squeeze in, find a space to stand. The train begins to move, and there are newspapers in my eyes, printed headlines across the walls of the platform, and coffee everywhere around me. People are nodding, falling asleep on their feet. For six months now, this subway ride in the morning and afternoon has been the closest I have come physically to another human being.

I arrive at my office. For the length of the morning I work, taking frequent breaks. I read the *Wall Street Journal* in public restrooms. I go up to the water cooler. I group with friends on the phone, talking about lunch.

I used to think there was something gloriously notorious about the race to the office. I used to imagine there could be no greater thrill than being part of the crush riding the escalator down from the Pan Am Building into Grand Central at 5:00. The big atrium ceiling, with its drop of stars, would unfold above you, the escalator would slip down under your feet—you, so small, so anonymous in all that hugeness and strangeness. Yet you'd know you were different. Lights on your feet at rush hour, you'd dodge and cut through the throng, feel your way left to the elevator. Like the north-of-south-going Zoo in Doctor Doom, you'd have one direction, and no choice but to move in it.

It's the old woman who has worked forty years in accounting suits to everyone's knowledge.

It's 5:30. Outside the sun has set. Inside other people are still typing, still focused. Everyone works harder than you, no matter how hard you work. Everyone makes more than you do, no matter how much you make. You slip out stealthily, guilty to be leaving only a half hour late, wondering why you're not in Manhattan as they are: why you don't have it as you make it.

But when you get outside, the world is cold on your face, the streets are full of people heading toward the subway. You put on your Walkman. You think that tonight you might like to go dancing. Then the Porter Sisters come on, and you realize that, like John Travolta tripping down the stairs of Brooklyn in *Saturday Night Fever*, you already are.

It was now after I stopped going, the Saturday night folk-dancing ritual at Starland coasted. Lack of interest, I suppose. The

women wrapped in gypsy fabric and the boys with dirty feet were getting dressed up and prancing for their GMA's. Today they are baby boomers. They are respectable, says a *People* magazine ad: "The range: microchips, chocolate chips, and a host of special services to help boomers run their two career households." They work, live, love in offices. They have drive.

My generation, in the meantime, still trots outside their circle, eager to learn the steps. In entry outward way we are perfect outsiders. We go to work in corporations right out of college. We look good in suits. But we also have hangouts that are as acceptable as East Village early hours clubs as they are at Morgan Stanley. And (of course) at least we don't pretend we're not wearing costumes.

There are advantages to growing up, as we did, on the cusp of two violently dedicated ages, advantages to becoming conscious just as one decade is burning out, and another is rising, ghostlike, invisible, silent as its dissolution—or disillusion. If the Sixties was an age of naive hope, then the Eighties is an age of naive hopelessness—in perfect counterpoint. An ideological progress. We are the children of that stagnation. We go through all the motions that if we need them to learn the steps from our brothers and sisters because we believed in what they were doing, we follow in their footsteps now for almost the opposite reason—to prove that we can tell our just as well as they can, and know it too.

Meanwhile, as a child listening to my mother talk about India. There you've never visited India, come and go there twice, you'll realize how little any of it means," she said. I don't think I know yet what a statistic best was, but I understood already and perfectly how little any of it meant. It came to me very early, that music and dancing view on things, and it's stayed.

The voice of my generation is the voice of David Letterman—whose late night humor—apost, deadpan, more than a bit of the cynicism—was intense because, above all else, we are committed to making sure everyone knows that what we say might not be what we mean. Consider these words, from Rusty Dandl Friedman, in an op-ed piece for *The New York Times*:

"Suppose, if we do anything at all, respect those who deliver the goods. These else are we going to afford our Reaganesque pumps, Brooks Brothers suits, country houses, European cars, and California chardonnays?" The balance of the story is perfect—between self-mockery and straight-faced seriousness, between criticism and simply self-opposed. "If we do anything at all," Friedman writes, leaving open the possibility that we don't. Certainly, he acknowledges, during the recession we "didn't give much thought to those who wouldn't make it." And now I am



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thinking about a headline I read recently in *The Village Voice*, above one of a series of articles analyzing Reagan's victory last November. It read: "Isn't THAT enough?"

Must be a generation perfectly willing to admit its contemptible qualities. But our self-contempt is self-congratulatory. The best in the background, every minute of our lives, is that detached, ironic voice telling us: At least you're not liking it, as they did, at least you're not pretending as they did. It's okay to be selfish in long as you're up-braided about it. Go ahead. "Exercise your right to exercise." Other people are dying to defend other people's right to speak, to vote, and to live, but at least you don't pretend you're not wearing a costume.

When I belated this letter, this skepticism? A need, I think, for self-defense, for security, for home. Our parents imagined they could satisfy this urge by marrying, raising children, our older brothers and sisters through community and devotion. We have seen how far these alternatives go. We trust ourselves, and money. Period.

When men say you weren't supposed to exist, exercise your rights. For people in my generation, the goal seems to be to get to thirty as fast as possible, and stay there. Storage out, we are eager, above all else, to be finished. If we are truly a generation with our character, it is often clearest, it is big as to thirty as fast as possible, and stay there. Storage out, we are eager, above all else, to be finished. If we are truly a generation with our character, it is often clearest, it is big as to thirty as fast as possible, and stay there. Storage out, we are eager, above all else, to be finished. If we are truly a generation with our character, it is often clearest, it is big as to thirty as fast as possible, and stay there.

Characterlessness takes work. It is defense and defense all at once.

When we resume year in college I remember going to see Mary Tyler Moore as a woman paralyzed from the neck down in *When Life Is a Daydream*. At that moment I ran into a friend from school who was precisely as Mary. "I don't know what it's like for me to see her like that," he said. "Mary's a metaphor for my youth. And looking at her on that stage, well, I can't help but feel that it's my youth being parlayed over this." Later, a woman I know told me in all earnestness, "When I'm in a difficult situation, a real bind, I honestly think to myself, 'What would Mary have done?'" I only do "I know people who significantly altered the shape of their lives so that they could stay as long as they thought it was right to do it. Mary triple-leader on Channel 4 in New York. When John, the East Village's reigning club queen, is famous for his early-morning audition, at the Federal Club, of the Mary theme. Remember those words? "Who can take the world on with her smile? Who can

take a nothing day and suddenly make it all seem worthwhile?" And of course, at the end of the opening credits, there is the famous epitaph, the throw of the hat.

"You can make a difference all," says Betty Curtis, who looked exactly into obscurity, but whose subject was still live forever in reruns, and in our hearts. She throws the red cap into the air, the frame freezes, leaving Mary's hat perpetually aloft, and Mary perpetually at the bloom of youthful animation. The great irony of that shot, underscoring the show's trailer, making it too, is that in the seasons were on, and new images of a shorter-haired Mary were spliced into the opening credit sequence, it always remained the same. So that even in the last, saddest seasons, with Mary pushing forty and writing a memo and still not married, we are still given a glimpse of Mary as she used to be, young Mary, full of youthful exuberance, and that image of Mary and her hat and her happy personality plays against the truth of what her life has given her. The fact is that Mary's life stands. She is underpinned at a second job at a third-rate television station. Her best friends, Rhonda and Phyllis, have both left her to fill in spots in other cities, and she doesn't even have a boyfriend. That's Mary's life, and even the clever tactic of changing the last line of the theme song from "You're gonna make it after all" to "Look's like you've made it after all" fails to convince us that it's anything but rotten.

But Mary persists on, and the great epic film, which all the episodes of the Mary show comprise, ends as it began—with Mary not getting married. The constancy of the situation has provided her with a bond of strength. She's with a better spirit against sorrow. Mary and her friends share one another's loneliness, but they don't care it. The station closes down, the lights go out, and still young Mary throws her hat.

I see Mary often these days, the other day I saw one going into a club on Third Avenue in the Eighties, just after work. She's younger, a bit fierier, better paid, so she wears silk blouses with ruffles and bows. And because she lives in New York, she's a bit more desperate, the pain is a little closer to the surface. It's 9:00, and she's just gotten off from work. She buys herself dinner—chicken hot dogs, Diet Coke, Huggo's—and heads home to the tiny apartment, with a bathtub in the kitchen, for which she pays for too much. And I can't help but think that even as a child, when the gossip-on in this Minneapolis newsroom were the high point of her week, she knew she was going to end up here. Remember the episode when Mary and Lou got in order to protect how little money they make? Mary is forced to borrow from Ted. Nothing upsets her more than the realization that, for the first time in her life, she's at a deficit. She never

asked for more than a room to live in, after all, and now she has to go each day, and perhaps a little extra money for a new dress now and then.

Now in New York, all the prime-time shows of my childhood have found their way, like memories or dreams, to the darkest part of the night. First there's *Star Trek* and the familiar forms of the Enterprise crew. Though they are confused with an android that has become human because it has felt the first pangs of love. Once again, no woman can win Kirk, because he's already married to the most beautiful woman of their off—his ship. At 90 Zoo Tarkington-Zoo comes on, another last without wonder, a little, black, the world before or after war. At 10:30, only an hour before Mary begins, I watch the *Independent News* 1am, by that time, on the floor, and close to sleep. The news anchor's voice thuds slowly, telling us that Mary Tyler Moore has checked herself into the Betty Ford Center. She has bravely admitted to having a problem, and she is battling it.

I keep up. I start at the screen. The image has already passed, the news anchor moved on to another story. And I think, how odd that Mary's life has come to this. And yet, how good that she is braver something to have a problem, and battling it. And I wonder if Mary Tyler Moore sat and looked at herself in the mirror before she made the decision, sat and looked at herself in the mirror and asked herself, "What would Mary do?"

Mary would do the right thing. And that at a conflict to me, this dark night, as I find myself from that being on the floor and click the television into silence. We have learned a few things from Mary. We have learned, on a day-to-day basis, how to do the right thing. We have learned to be kind and patient with one another, to give comfort. We have learned how to be good and generous friends.

It is late. The apartment is dark and quiet. Though I am alone, but this week-end will be without friends. Like the lady in Mary's newspaper of the crew of the Enterprise, though we are a party. We go dancing, and afterward, when all night delirious and French toast, our clothes permeated with the smell of cigarettes. We walk five streets, across streets, so that, that single man, we are able to get to work without hitting us. When we decide the time has come to head back upstairs, we pile into a cab, sometimes five or six of us, and sit on each other's laps and legs, and feel happy that we have friends, because it means we can take care for less than the price of the subway. It is actually dark, and a few too-long prostitutes are still courting the sidewalks of the West Side Highway in the cold. In a moment when we are not losing a sun will appear, small and new and fiery, as if someone had thrown it into the air.

As our storm battered sloped heeled perilously in the gathering winds off Tortola, she clung tightly to me, hoarsely whispering that the warm, compelling scent of my Azzaro was giving her the courage to go on.

And we did go on. And on.

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"I was out there facing life...when it hit me on the head. You probably saw the thwack"



The
Anatomy
of a
Crack-up

BY PATRICK BEDARD

Sitting here hunched over the typewriter, I'm a usual Jackson, worried over hard enough to soil all scenarios, both embraced and repudiated. My eyes are wired shut; the wheelchair is broken in two places. And the aftereffects of the concussion have me in sepsis. There's no headache. Certain ways of moving make me dizzy, like riding over in bed, for example, or trying to walk while looking sideways into a shop window. And the best signifier my motor control can produce still causes the better ones at Chase Medallion search through the card file, then ask what my mother's random name was.

This doesn't read like the logbook of a man in his prime, I grant you, but there's nothing on the list that a little time won't fix. The neurologist I was referred to at New York University Medical Center says I'm lucky. From various tests, he's concluded that I'm probably "unharmful," which in head-doctor parlance means painstaking language capability in both halves of the brain. "Very lucky for you," he said, saving the irony of his discovery. "This means even a substantial injury to one hemisphere won't block you from your other profession."

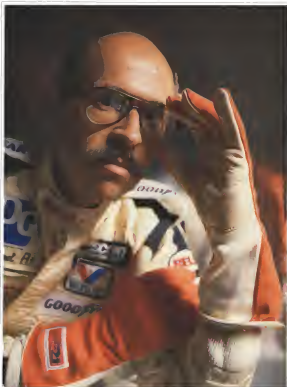
The "other profession" is the one right here, writing, mostly for magazines. Most weeks of my brain come together in the job. Writing is a solitary pursuit, which agrees with me; it also encourages the catharsis. Thomas Decker is editor of *Car and Driver* magazine. He makes his home on New York City's

which I report and in the course of a you don't get much concentration.

Still, no matter how satisfying writing is a part-time job. Some of the time you're at work making words, but some of the time you have to be out there facing life, conquering the future, facing the current, coming to some understanding of what it means to be human. I was out there facing life, on the last Sunday in May, when it hit me on the head. This probably saw the thwack; it had more than its share of replays on television. There was even a photo on the front page of *The New York Times*, a motorist shot of an lady more all blown to strips, the driver battered unconscious, his limp arms helplessly flung upward by the centrifugal forces contained in the whirling wheel of a pole that only a millisecond before had been a \$180,000 automobile.

The TV cameras were late to the scene. They gave us due to what happened. From a great distance you see no average football in the March has the most relaxing well. Only gases emerge from the glow, nothing bigger than your own chair, some of them still opening flame, all of them bounding, roaring, cartwheeling through the air, spacing half as they reach again and again from the initial point, still paying thousands of miles speed, a gas of fragments moving forward to enter the entire north end of the Speedway. On ABC, Jon

Racers at the Indy 500 are seen on a million screens as they test themselves on the limits of speed and to discover their own finishing lines.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HUGHES. ART BY JAMES HUGHES. PHOTO BY JAMES HUGHES

McKay and Sam Posey sound strikingly "Paris everywhere."
 "This could be very bad."
 "This is terrible."
 "This could be the worst crash we've seen in half a year, Jim."
 "I'm afraid the driver is..." The words are lost as grass from the control room. All by itself, however, tumbled and ricocheted inside three hundred yards, the broken locusts of the car finally comes to rest. Upride down. The driver is stopped beneath. It's an appalling image, guaranteed to send a shudder of anguish through every mother's heart.

As a journalist, I'm amazed at the equanimity with which major-league race drivers left into their lives. They are racers. They know no loss. Hey look at the blood splatters, into slicing my eye. I'm perfectly dangerous, certainly no more so than boxing. Moreover, it's completely without the involvement that stands most of our TV sports. A boxer's experienced intention is to hammer his opponent; defensive; football players start to "take out" their adversaries, hockey players go at one another with sticks. But auto racing rewards only the driver who outdistances the others, and, as Mark Donohue once told me, "racing isn't people just showing you drives."

Once you get beyond the hull-rings with their bumper cars, no driver would ever consider crashing another car, because if the driver is meant to be in an accident, when you signed to the level of Indianapolis, with its parent-to-the-maintenance cars and over-200 mph speeds and ever-present walls, the danger is palpable. Even the spectators know it. Just a cut tire, you get into the fence, writing, and away. The driver doesn't even bother taking out of the wall.

There are essential dangers required of race drivers. If you have them, no problem. All you have to believe in "Nothin' bad is gonna happen to me." That's how simple it is. If you're a believer, it's as though the sharks had no teeth, the gulls had no rope, the wall had no teeth. You're untouchable.

That's Essential Belief No. 1. The number two. Essential Belief No. 2 is "I can drive that car." Not "I can drive it 200 mph" or "I can drive it as good as Mario Andretti." No qualifiers. I can drive that car period. Get back the wheels and lids.

We are in the pool. I suppose, when the race driver who shares this brain with the journalist should step forward and admit that not only has he allowed the two debates to grow truly, but he has spent months a physical therapist in the shade of the typewriter when he decided to try in an Indy car. Years of racing in lesser classes

came first, but when the opportunity presented itself, I never had to steel myself against the terms of driving 200 mph. For me, there's no terror. Only joy. Nothing focuses the mind like 200 horsepower at your feet and a license to use it. Nothing else demands that level of concentration. Or commitment. You're the captain of the ship. You're the animal guidance system. You're the brain that makes it work. Watch out the driver, a racing car is just a tool, dumb as a hammer. The driver transforms a two-ton car into a rocket with physics. And the driver makes the sport fun. Some people say different words. Maria Copeland called driver, translated for the known the feeling. "It's like a drug they don't sell," he told me once.

Cautious, it must be powerful stuff to make it now like a head of somnolence to Indians, Indians, every spring. Each May for the last four years I've taken up residence there. The way to the Colonial Woods apartments on the North Side has become pure reflex. Every morning the nearly a month I drive down to Speedway, make a couple of laps, and then by the car to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. And every day one of the guards checks my

will start the race. I didn't have a guiding or negotiation to offer a car owner, therefore I had to write for some anonymous equipment. But before didn't drive my intention. The Big Gaylord could have put those cars in the 500, I figured.

The year before last was different. Car owner Lee Drayton, a former driver himself and now a ready-made current conductor at Columbus, Indiana, had a brand-new car with my name printed on the side. It was a March, made in England expressly for high speed tracks like Indianapolis, and it was thought to be state-of-the-art. At least I was to be. The broken was too small to afford any testing, so we started the opening of practice at Indianapolis with crossed fingers.

Indianapolis has certain requirements. If you're new there, you have to pass the maker driver's test. If you've passed that but not wanted the time, you have to take a "rehearsal" when you return, unless you've qualified for another five-hundred mile race on the circuit. I had met that last requirement, but they still had me down for the rehearsal. Why again? It only recently (twelve days before 100 mph) I'd done that anyway in the course of starting the new car.

The March turned out to be splendid. My third lap was over 200. faster than I ever got before in weeks of trying. So I was thoroughly pleased when I walked over to see Art Meyers, the man in charge of the driver's tests, just to make sure I was getting credit for the lap.

"Why are you going so fast?" he said. I thought he was having a joke after my years of being slow. Trying to drag it off. I said, "Can it or can't I just load it off."

"You should be up there," he said, acknowledging me, the look on his face stern. Then he stepped back, the equipment of Photos. He was watching his launch.

"But you can do whatever you like." One week and forty laps later I am back again, the time at a cocktail party. His regard for me had changed entirely. He was accepting new, approving.

"You're good," he said. "We've been watching you and you've never put a wheel wrong."

That was when I realized that the officials and the officials kept a book on every driver. Moreover, that the book in fact had been that I was slow, hapless, a mediocre driver. Moreover, when Meyers saw that first 180 mph lap, he felt genuine concern. He knew I was a newcomer away from relying myself just on the Speedway's kindly printed white wall.

Even when the Establishment was finally convinced of my ability, there remained a few holdouts among the other drivers. Later in the 1983 season in the March 500, I was looking for an accident just



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aloud when they are suddenly spun, tangled with looping lily roses (Tina Turner), and checked to work out the time you given someone a ring of your driving over live television and finished by seeing engine women should rush to their typewriters and leave the Indy cars to skullduggery's such as himself. Later a piece of one of the stacked cars was right side indicator, the March had taken a mortal blow from the debris of the previous race and spun into the over water. The driver was just a passenger.

The accident is revealing. Men who race Indy cars are specialists in the discipline. They bring nothing to their craft but improved clothing and some dark, uncharted discipline, and nothing is known about how they apply this discipline except what they choose to tell us. If they say anything, they say what they think, but once they say anything at all, they are no longer of much use, never mind what the month's long after may look like from a distance.

The first Indianapolis 500 took place in 1911. The track was a vast, flat, 3.6 miles around, carved out of the Indiana countryside. Many of the spectators came on horseback. That's how new the automobile was then. And how inaccessible. Ray Harroun won that first race in a 1900 Ford Model T with an average of 74.39 mph. Back year since then—except for a two-year interruption during World War II and four years during World War II—there has been an Indianapolis race. And the plot is always the same. How fast can you go?

If you've a taste for history, this is a delicious event. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway is the oldest racetrack in the world. Its surface has changed little, if at all. Its track, now asphalt, but the geometry has not, which means the lengths of the straightaways and the banking of the turns are exactly the same as when Harroun won on seventy-four years ago. So the Speedway has become a sort of yardstick against which cars can measure themselves, a yardstick almost as old as the automobile itself. Freshman Rene Thomas was the fastest qualifier in 1998, the first year that the 100 mph mark was broken. By 1956 he was already in the twentieth century. Walt Faulstich, a stock-car man from California, posted the qualifying record to just short of 185 mph. Parnelli Jones was the first to break 150, the year was 1963. Fifteen years later, in 1978, Tom Sneva broke through 200.

You're not tested on these historical events before you can drive at Indianapolis, but you can't help being aware of them. The place is loaded together with statistics, like a World Series for enthusiasts. The drivers come for the speed, the stretching rivalry of it, yet each one

knows that a slice of immortality, however thin, will be his if only he can advance the marker by some marginally significant amount.

Making speed like making peace is an introspective business. You have to be your own coach. The self-evolution never stops. Going into Indy last year, I figured I was doing fine. Once again I've shown that a new car for me is a 1984 March. But the promise of the new March was so obvious that most other teams had them too. And once again we had not been able to make enough money for a test program. The good teams had been testing for months. Our job was made even more complicated by Bentley's choice of engines. His cars (the other for his son Scott) would be the first to use the Barch V-6. The engine would use the Cosworth V-8. A well-proved British engine originally conceived for racing. The March was an adaptation of a passenger-car engine. And a possible thought: have a small power advantage. It might also be as fragile as an Indy car's dream. No one knew.

The March had a small one in a 1984 70 in. (the March) It was all black, a trademark of Indy, a tribute to a turbo-

otherwise their sector would be seen over the white lines in a straight line. Before the race, the best you can hope for is to spend the last, second, or even third point the club down to race next to the race program. So a liquid rocket poured into the cockpit, filling the space between man and machine below at tandem. The cockpit accommodations were not a first indication of man's automotive progress, but it was the point of making a car so fast he can't stand to drive it.

In the first few weeks of Indy—the time before qualifying a final 30—speed is the only thing that counts. Showing it is the only way you will be awarded a place in the race. And just as important, your prestige as a driver is in direct proportion to your position. If it comes out in the field, a narrow margin of the day's events that circulates through gasoline. A few moments after the track closes at 10:00 p.m. Even the mechanics with blown engines to change put down their tools for a few minutes when the dusty coasts. The opening day's news last year declared their cars were open, on cars were over 200 mph already, the first time in Speedway history that anyone had broken 200 in the first day.

My car wasn't really set. Even if the speed of others was an optimistically sign for war, the 1984 March, it was no consolation. The car wasn't ready in the second day either. More cars topped 200. The third day opened with the outlook doubtful. I was all exposed edges. Anything might set me off. Then, late in the afternoon, the black car was pushed into the sunlight, filled with forty gallons of mechanical, and towed out to the pits.

The engine has to be warmed first. That takes three to four minutes, as low crawling around the track, slowly getting the power train acclimated to the thermal stresses. After that, there are no rules. A new car may have bugs. Something may fall off that can happen with seven ones too. There are no penalties.

The power of an Indy car is so automatic I rarely use it all in the first gear. The tires spin just a little, jump up, get the car airborne and maybe into the fence. You can feel the acceleration during your first, the car's motion out of control. But after 150 mph, the air turns to liquid, providing great assistance. As you approach 200, the resistance drops nearly the entire 750-horsepower output of the engine, leaving a barely perceptible acceleration. The side forces in the car take over then, compressing the flesh, straining the muscles, revealing without apology the brutality of physics.

But the drivers are well fed, just as they are in a ballerina's grand jeté, learning nothing to the observer's eye but a graceful motion that denotes the effort behind

And each year the plot remains the same: How fast can you go?

point job. Like the look. That I am very of newscasters. There is no bond between me and them. Only unknown. An Indy car is a machine of muscle, a device with dozens of adjustments. Somewhere amongst them is a "sweet spot." Each team searches for the combination of wing angles, ride heights, wheel corners, at critical, that works best for its driver. But you there is pure emotion, the driver and the chief mechanic pushing their muscles. Some cars cooperate, mildly yielding their secrets. Others speak Greek. Until you are again race in a car, you can't tell which you're dealing with.

Bentley was driving the car last to the field. You slip into it like a shoe. The belts are the faces—a lap strap plus one over each shoulder and two up between the legs. You can move your arms and feet, but from your knees to your shoulders, you wear the car like a penny Italian corset. This perfect fit is essential because when the car is up to speed, the side forces in the terms will be three G's. Against three G's you can't even hold up your head, at least not for long. The drivers wear a nine-knot collar around the neck and a tether strap from helmet to left shoulder,

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BY ADAM SMITH

Yesterday's Yuppies

His self-confidence. His behavior in being alone and complete on exercise programs every morning. He believes appearances are important and pays careful attention to his clothes. He has always had a more expensive apartment or house than he could really afford, because he knew he would be moving up to the point at which he could afford it. He spends a lot of time "networking," that is, he talks to people, has drinks with them, writes them notes—ones when he does not have an immediate relationship with them. He works very hard—twelve-hour days are common—because that is what it takes to get ahead. He has an M.B.A. from Harvard, but he downplays it, knowing that many people who did not go to Harvard are put off by the name. He talks about loyalty and teamwork, but he has switched jobs whenever a better opportunity came along. He read loyalty to himself—and to the bottom line. He knows the value of things, brand names, status, antiques. He is a sophisticated consumer. Though he is a fairly early thrifter, he is well on the way to running his own company.

This little scenario is a profile of the prototypical hero of our age, the yuppie. The rising generation has new kinds of symbolic symbols, cartooned by Garry Trudeau and headlined by Newsweek: "Barely looking up from the massed gray columns of *The Wall Street Journal* as they sped toward the airport, advancing in the 1980s in the backseat of a limousine," wrote Newsweek of its cover story heroes. I was writing over how books reflect the business temper of the age as I was reading Lee Iacocca's autobiography, when I had a sudden sense of déjà vu. I hunted a book from the library. The description above of the yuppie—trim, headworking, totally absorbed in success—is not contemporary. It is from a 1954 novel called *Savewy*, by John P. Mar-

quand. Like nearly all of Marquand's novels, this one was a best-seller. It is naturally only waste and quite funny. I hope the publisher looks it up again. I doubt that Marquand is widely read today. He won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Last August* in 1949, and I suspect it is his only critical success, but has some critical acclaim. To my knowledge, Marquand is not taught in schools in Harvard and Princeton, and he did not possess new ideas for the novel, as they did. But you can learn more about the mainstream of American life from Marquand than from *The Sun Also Rises*. He wrote a novel about an investment counselor, *It Ain't Probable*. Eugene, another about a banker, *Point of No Return*. As a young writer I was once so intimidated by the concrete case with which Marquand covered the reader from present to past and back again that I sat down with a yellow pad and assigned a chapter later by lot. Not only novels mirror the cover of *Time*, Marquand did.

CRITICS have used frequently that American writers do not write about business, or even about work. In the proletarian literature of the Thirties, writers wrote about work, but they were expected to have been loggers, miners, factory workers, to have been out among the people. Hence it is a little more to ask that post-war fiction writers not teaching in universities, and while teaching in university work, the new experience of American life is not in the taverns of learning. Consequently, the image of business is stereotypical, especially in television, where the black and white bars must be quickly established. Businessmen are J. B. Evans in Dallas, or J. Edgar Hoover, or a television writer, "business" means his producer and his agent. The output of business, then, are only a few words, business, care, any plan, experience, money, and, person, about money and money.

John Marquand knew business because

he was an acute social observer, because he played golf with businessmen at the Myopia Hotel Club near Boston, and because he made a lot of money and had started into a business family. Marquand's confidence in his craft can be seen in his choice of subject. He chose not the traditional play business of TV-show time for magazines, advertising, fashion, a psychological and industry, but the selling industry—the making of selling for machinery and conveyor lines—a business the public never thinks about, much less sees. Marquand's yuppie hero—name, of course, called a yuppie—is Willis Wylie, a rising executive. Like many of Marquand's heroes, he starts poor but not poverty-stricken, his father is an engineer in the Harcourt Mill, which makes belting. Willis works at the mill, goes to a New York management consulting firm, then to a New Jersey belting company, merges it with the Harcourt Mill, and is positioned to take over the largest company in the belting industry. Even as a bachelor, he has a Persian carpet and a Marmite chair. Marquand, he acquires a Chippendale cabinet and a Keweenaw rug, and every house he owns he sells at a profit.

Wills pays attention to appearances. "You were judged," he thought, "by the way you handled yourself at the Stork or Twinkie or the Stork or Twinkie, and by the way you talked and dressed. (Thirty years later, Lee Iacocca was Henry Ford, "He was a sucker for appearances. If a guy wore the right clothes and used the right best words, Ford was impressed.")

Wills's wife, Sylvia, has graduated from Radcliffe with honors, but not in an era when women could speak to the Harvard Business School. Sylvia is working for a Columbia professor and is "fond of being good and bright." Wills is happy to write out checks for her purchases.

Willis Wylie, the American businessman, is the author of *The Money Game*, *Power of Mind*, and *Power Money*

business of the Thirties and Forties, is not a sympathetic hero. He knows hundreds of people but has few real friends—and he never questions the bottom line as the arbiter of all good. He signs everything "sincerely," but he knows all secretly. The best scene is to shut down the Harcourt Mill because it isn't contributing to the bottom line.

Yet the new of Marquand, the satirist, is positively being compared to the machine work of Iacocca, the automobile executive of the Eighties. Here is Chrysler bringing out cars—the Aspen and the Volvo—but hasn't been tested, the engine stilling dangerously, badly fitted, open, leaders made. In 1978 the finances of the company were in a shambles—no one knew what was going on, when, or how.

Chrysler was chaotic, but Ford, according to Iacocca, who worked there for thirty-two years, was the domain of a no-nonsense giant. It was not merely that the Prime knew up, but that automobiles designed for the market were capably executed. Ford ordered Iacocca to fire an executive whose pants were too tight

("He's a big," Ford said, over Iacocca's objection.)

But Iacocca reveals more about the American automobile industry and its lifestyle than he perhaps intends. When he was looking with Henry Ford, the word went around the company that it was unlikely to be a friend of Iacocca's. So the company manager, who came to Iacocca's house every Sunday, didn't show, and the chief stewardess of the company first got demoted because she was too friendly. Company manager? Chief stewardess of the company first? We yuppies were supporting that style. And in the same time, the industry was so tight so to give the whole impression end of the automobile spectrum to the Japanese. Besides Iacocca, you conclude that only self-restraint on the part of the Japanese and protectionism means from Washington kept the Japanese from taking 80 percent of the American automobile market instead of 25 percent. And as for the largest selling car, Chrysler in 1980, Iacocca writes, "I discovered" loan guarantees were an American as apple pie. "Isn't the alphabet and steel companies get them, too?"



ILLUSTRATION: GARY LIPP

LEE IACocca AND THE yuppies have more in common with each other than with the intervening generation. The generation that called police "pigs" and shocked parents with drugs and sex now seems exotic.

The executives in Marquand's belting industry slipped each other on the back, smoothed clothes, and used only suits at conventions—yet the belting industry of doctors, as seen by the writer, seems more rational, and shows more devotion to customer service and quality, than the real-life automobile industry of the Seventies.

As for the contemporary successor to Willis Wylie, the yuppie reading *The Wall Street Journal* on the way to the airport, I suspect we see not even halfway through his era. Bob Elyan says, in 1983, "Your sons and your daughters are beyond your control. The times they are a-changin'." But now they are changing back again. Wylie, Lee Iacocca, and the yuppies all have seen in common with one another that with the intervening generation, and in equally in parallel. The generation that called the police "pigs" and shocked parents with drugs and sex now seems exotic. We have a generation that doesn't seem to overthrow the Establishment, it wants to be the Establishment, and is equally in parallel.

In their comparative world, fitness has replaced drugs. Newspapers exist, the women—not just the men—who can fly to Cleveland or Amman or Singapore and close the deal. And what's good for the deal is good for the industry, the value of the business society are permanent. If they seem a bit distant, they always have been at this point in the cycle.

I would certainly rather have a generation thanmed with making a back then we can see commonly in the branches of the Bank of America or occasionally gets lost in the stream. The only trouble with the business society is that it leaves behind those who are not back-slashed, and has overlooking contempt for the teacher in the post or anyone not in the money class. If I use the word "yuppie" too great, then we lose a degree of currency, and gradually the yuppie become only spectators at the great loss. □

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Normal stress can be equated with the normal stimuli of life. Without some degree of stress, we could not get up every day and go to work—or handle our responsibilities.

When stress becomes distress.

Normal stress is no problem if we know how to deal with it. If excessive stress—often

called 'distress'—that produces strain and disrupts our lives. The cause of this excessive stress may be emotional, biochemical, or physical—an illness, an injury, or just plain over-exertion. So when we say that someone is under stress, we really mean that he or she has exceeded their ability to deal with stress in the normal way.

Who is troubled by stress?

Almost everyone is faced with an excess of stress at times—today more than ever before. But we can learn to handle excessive stress, so that when it re-occurs, it is manageable. In people less able to deal with this kind of adversity changes can occur in body chemistry which result in illness.

The more ambitious and motivated you are, of course, the greater the chances that you'll run into stressful circumstances.

What can you do about it?

You can learn to integrate the things that lead to excessive stress—and so be better prepared to deal with them. You can utilize relaxing exercise programs. The right amount of

sleep can work wonders. Spend time with some of the books you've been promising to read. Listen to music. Take a walk. Most important of all, talk to someone. A friend. A neighbor. Someone in the family. Sharing the problem is a good starting point.

Enjoy yourself!

The best way to avoid the dangers of excessive stress is simply to find out what you most enjoy doing in life—and do it. Try to select an environment that suits your tastes. Your job is most important. If you enjoy your work you are better able to deal with great amounts of stress—on the job or at home. But if, on top of your job frustration, any increase of stress in any part of your life can create problems.

Signs of distress.

Too much stress can affect us in many ways. For example, stomach disturbances. The tension that results in headaches is another sign. If over-stress, trouble, or, in taking an aspirin-based pain reliever to relieve your headache, you might be giving your stomach more aggravation. Aspirin—even buffered aspirin—and the ibuprofen brands can upset the stomach, and if your stomach is already upset by stressful conditions, the aspirin you take to help your headache can make matters worse.

That's why a lot of stress and aspirin might not be the ideal combination for your body.

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Even though you've heard that a problem with aspirin or buffered aspirin you may feel that as life becomes more stressful, it might be better to stay away from aspirin altogether. For this reason, you might choose an acetaminophen product like **TYLENOL**. In our headaches or aches and pains, **TYLENOL** products contain no aspirin and, understandably, have become the pain relievers of choice in these times of distress.

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BY ANTHONY BRANDT

An Embarrassment of Riches

With an endowment of more than \$2 billion the new Getty Museum can either enhance the art world or devour it

WE WERE DRIVEN TO THE SITE OF THE NEW J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM in a four-wheel-drive Jeep Wagoneer. The J. Paul Getty Trust, which controls the museum, bought the Jeep to take visitors to the site, the approach being far too rough and perceptions too negative to negotiate in an ordinary car. We left the trust offices in Century City, started the engines of UCLA, and drove through Brentwood to upper Sepulveda Boulevard, which parallels the San Diego Freeway. We drove up a steep, narrow road better suited to dunebikes than vehicles. We bounced in and out of potholes, dodged deep ruts, plowed through thick chaparral.

When we reached the top, we weren't there yet; the road follows a little ridge with sheer drops on either side. We passed a couple of old house foundations, the remains of a fire that swept through the area in the early 1960s. Then the land opened out a little. We were on a knoll jutting out from the hills behind us. The driver stopped the truck and we all got out; one of the trust's PR people, the architecture critic for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, the driver, myself. We walked to the head of the knoll. And suddenly it became clear—this was why the trust, with hundreds of millions of dollars to spend and no limits on where it could move, had chosen this site, and not some other more accessible, more buildable, even amiable.

And not because we were past Los Angeles.

"It sure does give you a feeling of power," the driver said.

It sure does. Here on this shrub-covered knoll, backed up by more than seven hundred acres of steep, empty countryside, sits a road by a, the J. Paul Getty Trust will erect six complex of buildings—the new museum, the Getty Conservation Institute, the Getty Center for the History of Art and the Humanities, plus service buildings, conference rooms. For an estimated \$100 million, which is less than 5 percent of its \$2.2-billion endowment, the trust will clear the knoll and fill in the gulches and build.

It will have built infrastructure on sites like this. The prices of the trust must that they do not plan to rule the art world. But money is power, here as elsewhere, and the quantity of money available to the J. Paul Getty Trust's various ambitions and projects is absolutely without precedent in the visual arts. Even a huge institution like the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City cannot compare. The Getty's endowment is more than six times the Metropolitan's. The Getty Trust must spend nearly \$100 million (4.25 percent of its endowment) every year in order to satisfy IRS regulations and main-



After some discussion, we
J. Paul Getty Trust
endowment of more than
\$2 billion can either
enhance the art world or
devour it.

and had never been fully enclosed. The building was moved with a crane of laughter and gloom when it was unveiled in 1974. Critics called it "diaphanous," "downright outrageous," and "brilliant."

Turners come to think of it as an out-of-the-way Disneyland. No one took it very seriously at a museum, possibly excluding its three curators (one of whom is still there) J. Paul Getty had repeatedly led them to believe that they would have no room to spend, and no more works of art. But two years later J. Paul Getty died and left the museum slightly lower than four million shares of Getty Oil stock. Worth approximately \$700 million.

The museum couldn't use the money right away, since Getty left, and then the IRS, challenged the will in court and tied the money up until 1980. By then Getty Oil stock had soared and split, and the endowment had nearly doubled, to about \$1.2 billion. In 1981, anticipating a favorable outcome in the courts and a favorable settlement with J. Ronald Getty (the chief disgruntled shareholder), the museum's trustees (one of whom is J. Ronald Getty) had hired Harold Wilman, former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, under President Carter and former chairman of Norton Rose, to run it.

One of the first things Wilman had to do was get rid of the Getty stock. Under U.S. law a tax-exempt institution, such as a foundation or a charitable trust, cannot control a profit-making business, and the museum, along with the Getty family, owned most of Getty Oil. How do you unload nine million shares of stock? How do you do it when the stock is undervalued, and selling it at such a huge block will only depress the price even further?

Wilman solved this problem by helping arrange what was at the time the largest corporate merger in history. He got the Getty family to cooperate, persuaded the IRS not to challenge it, and sold Getty Oil to Tesoro for \$10 billion in cash. Getty stock was selling at the time for \$184 a share, and Tesoro paid \$128 a share. The net result was to increase the value of the J. Paul Getty Trust's endowment from \$1.2 billion to \$2.2 billion, and because the trust in response now has spent only 4.25 percent of the endowment's average market value in three out of four operating years, it will go on making money even if it does nothing but put the money into certificates of deposit, which earn at least that amount at current interest rates. That \$2.2 billion, in other words, could soon be \$3.3 billion, then \$2.4. It's not already. And that could go on, at an ever-accelerating rate, indefinitely into the future. We are talking about an endowment of riches.

HAROLD WILMAN IS NOT A MAN LIKELY TO quiet the fears of the art world about the Getty's intentions. For one thing, the trust



Downward but page over 228

THE TRUST'S HEADQUARTERS ARE COLORLESS, FEATURELESS, STERILE. NOT MUCH ART IS APPARENT AT FIRST GLANCE, NOT EVEN A POSTER. ONE OF THE CURATORS CALLS THE PLACE THE ICE PALACE.

is not purely a grant-making organization like the Ford or Rockefeller foundations; that is, it will not just give money away but will incorporate its own programs and run them itself. For another, Wilman is a businessman, not a curator or a museum director or a professor of art history. "When I come in," he admits, "I didn't bring with me the kind of credentials that would necessarily be comforting to the field." Wilman has no professional background in art, and he knew very little about the art world when he was hired. He is not a serious collector, either, he collects Oriental things, he says, "in an inceptive way." Wilman is gleefully enough he's obviously very intelligent, he has a quick sense of humor, he's not staid or pompous. However, if one is used to the cultivated, smooth, leavened ones who inhabit the upper reaches of the art world, Wilman comes as something of a shock. His personal style reads not a love of art or even a sensitivity to it, but something closer to raw power. He receives visitors who seated in a large office several rows with a telephone bank into it, visitors or on

couches at a slightly lower level. The trust's headquarters, which occupy the top floor of a bland office building in Century City, are colorless, featureless, sterile. Not much art is apparent at first glance, not even a poster. One of the curators at the museum calls the place The Ice Palace. The terms is apt. The impression one receives is that the richest, most powerful institution in the world devoted to art is being run by a phobias.

But if Wilman is a phobias, he is one clever enough to know his own limitations and modest enough to seek sound advice. He spent the first year after he was hired getting to know the who's who of the art world and educating himself about its problems. The result was that he did catch some of the art world's fears about Getty power, since some of the members of the art world felt at the Getty's wealth, and gave the general impression that whatever the Getty's people did they would do responsibly.

Wilman's closest advisors were made by hiring well. Nancy Englander, his director of planning, spent two years with the National Endowment for the Humanities as head of the museum and historical organizations program. Wilman also hired Kurt Furstner, a well-known, highly respected art and architecture historian (now MIT), to run the Getty Center for the History of Art and the Monuments. Leslie Little Duke, director of the Getty Center for Education in the Arts, also has experience as an arts administrator.

But perhaps Wilman's best choice was John Walsh, whom he picked to run the J. Paul Getty Museum. The museum seems to be the one fully functioning trust operation. The museum gets all the attention, all the headlines. And John Walsh is everything Harold Wilman is not: a scholar, quite clearly a cultivated man, and a known quantity in the art world. A tall, heavily bearded, soft-spoken man, Walsh is a specialist in seventeenth-century English painting and has worked at the Frick Collection in New York and been a curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. He displays a deep commitment to scholarship, to scholarship, and to the museum's responsible behavior he wants the Getty to acquire.

Walsh has also shown himself to be fairly adept, at least so far, in handling the controversies the museum's purchases inevitably arouse, particularly in England, the last nation in Europe where substantial numbers of masterpieces of European painting remain in private hands and are potentially available for purchase. England is virtually the only European nation where the law does not bar the export of masterpieces. The English are like some of the Getty's people in this area. They also know that English museums cannot possibly compete with the Getty in the market-

B&B Begin

*Share the smoothness of B&B
The delicate balance of Bannockburn
and fine Speyside*

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place, they are even poorer than most American museums. English is best, furthermore, do not encourage collectors to donate works to start a museum, an American law firm (it adds up to a situation in which the English feel in an enormous disadvantage, without chance of stopping the movement of their national treasures out of the country to a hostile overseas collector, Los Angeles).

Walsh has done his best to prevent the English from becoming bystanders over the Getty Factor and shifting their borders to the export of great art. Sir Peter Walsfield, director of the National Art Collections Fund in London, an organization devoted to buying art in England, estimates as much. "We do feel that the Getty staff has done their utmost to act responsibly to remove people over here," Walsh has not made public announcements attacking English feelings on this issue, but he has acquired his doubts privately. He is quick to point out, furthermore, that the Getty is not alone in the art market. "The art market," says Walsh, "is a funny animal. We're not the only ones prodding the animal. We're, instead, one of many factors in the market, but every time Getty comes around there is someone paying record prices other than us."

The Getty Museum did indeed acquire itself last summer in London, going after only one of the seventy-one drawings that were put up for sale by the duke of Devonshire last year, Chatsworth. The Getty acquired one of them, for about \$9 million. Two went to higher bidders, Ian Woodner, a well-known American real estate developer and collector of drawings, who paid \$4.4 million for a piece from a workshop of Watteau's left alone drawings mounted on a mass of them by the Renaissance master Filippo Lippi; and Mrs. J. Seward Johnson, a Johnson & Johnson heiress, who paid \$4.6 million for a drawing by Raphael. The lot of all the Getty's "rescue" (the English regard the Chatsworth sale as a disaster. No one had ever paid \$1 million for a drawing, much less \$4 million. Six drawings went for more than \$1 million each at this sale. And the Getty, in one month, "decided that [it] would not dominate this sale." Clearly, it could have if it had wanted to.

Hugh Leggett, the London art dealer who coined the term "the Getty Factor," argues that no matter how restrained the Getty may be in any given sale, it improves prices such as those realized at the Chatsworth sale are "indirectly attributable to the Getty." The mere presence of all that Getty money, he believes, distorts the normal workings of the art market and drives up prices, at least in the art market. "Says Sir Peter Walsfield: 'The Getty does have all that money to spend, and here is the price to spend it. There is a great disparity between what museums



Here, while small, since 470 B.C.

RECENTLY WALSH CREATED A DEPARTMENT OF SCULPTURE AND WORKS OF ART AND HIRKED A CURATOR FOR LONDON. ONE CAN IMAGINE WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO OBJECTS IN THESE CATEGORIES.

and galleries here have to spend on new acquisitions and what galleries and museums at your country can spend. The Getty has become a symbol of that disparity in power."

Walsh denies that the money must be spent. "I have said to the trustees from the beginning," he explains, "that if we cannot find what is really of important museum quality, we won't buy anything." He points out that the trust has no other activities to spend its money on besides the museum. Nevertheless, the museum has been buying heavily, and at what appears to be an accelerating rate. With enough the galleries, and everywhere there are bids again under the locally residing view, we move, two magnificent flower paintings by Van Houten, the Dutch master in that genre, a striking Dutchman, a lovely, unadorned landscape by Van Rooden, and a dozen or so more. The Getty has about 100 paintings on display, another one hundred in storage; that this is possible by the standards of even a modern regional museum, remains a great and great oversight on its behalf. The Museo-

polito and the National Gallery, for example, each have about twenty Rembrandts. The Getty has two.

It's not just a question of having to spend the money, in other words. The Getty seems to be a great museum, which means that it must buy paintings. But how many masterpieces are really left at private hands these days? How many more Rembrandts are hidden away in private collections and available for sale? To dream even two more Rembrandts, not to mention twenty, may be impossible, and if it were possible, it would be so only at prices bearing little relation to reason. Twenty million for a painting? Thirty million? We have already seen \$10 million for an oil by Turner, \$4.6 million for a drawing, not a painting, by Raphael. "It is a rapidly deflating market," says the Metropolitan's De Non-Isabella, "and because there aren't many things left, the Getty is buying almost all of them."

Recently Walsh created a whole new Department of Sculpture and Works of Art and hired a curator to run it. The works of art in the table refers to the decorative arts from the early Middle Ages to about 1600. The Getty now has paintings, or six sculptures, all of different small Renaissance bronzes, and very little in the other category. One can imagine what is about to happen to prices for objects in these categories.

The question one has asked is whether we need another great art museum whether it makes any sense for the Getty to compete for a shrinking supply of masterpieces when the Getty's wealth is bound to drive prices for these masterpieces into the stratosphere. Los Angeles already has the L.A. County Museum of Art, the Huntington Gallery, the Norton Simon Museum, the Museum of Contemporary Art. Add them up and you've got a magnificent collection of paintings, sculptures, and other works, is more going to make us any wiser?

"O heaven, not the need?" said King Lear, concerned that he deserved a better reward than a few paltry knights. Any museum director worth his salt, and with the kind of wealth the Getty has at its disposal, would plunge right ahead. So no one has asked the question, and now the celebrated architect Richard Meier will build the new Getty Museum on the local overlooking Los Angeles, and there will be all that space to fill, all those early galleries that must be filled with great works of art, no matter what the cost. Meier is thinking, he says, of creating courtyards, inner spaces that will be clustered like a monastery. The image is appropriate. We shall all, in due time, go to visit this monastery to worship the holy relics on display. We will be aware, in the lack of our roads, that each one costs hundreds of thousands of dollars, or maybe millions. But there are worse religions than art. ☐

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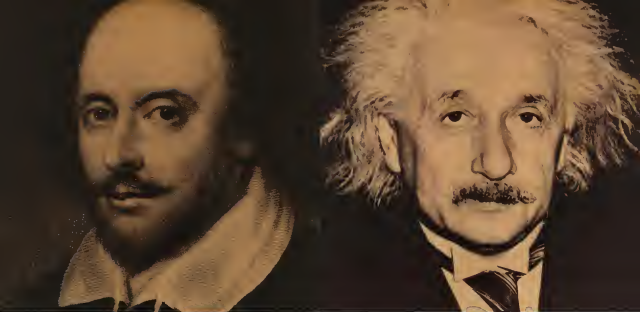
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MIKE HANSEN

ROMAN POLANSKY

Elizabeth Taylor

DEBUT:

Starship Trooper, the Star Wars trilogy, *Grease*, *Talkin' Dirty*, *Mike's Mondo Tube*

EXPLODING CULTURE:

Star Wars, *The Man with One Red Shoe* and *Wacky*

After the Man with One Red Shoe

LAST BOOK READ:

Midnight in the South by Scott McCloud

WAGGLES LINGUISTIC:

"Life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get."

At age eleven Carrie Fisher was copying lines from *Mousetrap's* *Of Mice and Men* into her diary. She dropped out of high school after becoming a chorus girl in her mother's Broadway show *Juno and Joe* and made her screen debut as a teenager who sleeps with Warren Beatty in *Shogun*. She attended London's Central School of Speech and Drama and in 1975 got a leading part in a science-fiction film called *Star Wars* that made her character, Princess Leia Organa, a pop-culture heroine.

We caught her at her rustic L.A. ranch house, where a blue neon vacancy sign glows outside the kitchen door. She is wearing black-laced striped pants, a deep red velvet sweater, and a matching earring—one an orange disc and the other a small globe of the earth. Fisher's secretary sits in the kitchen answering the mail, her back to us, down the laundry, and a third talks to Fisher's agent.

Our conversation moves to various settings on the wooden swing in her bedroom, in the backyard between the pool and the full-size plastic cow (a sign at the front gate warns: *avoidance of the cow*), on a drive to Scott's Berry Farm in Berkeley, B&W with Bruce Springsteen blowing in the back ground. Her life is a parade of her favorite T-shirts at the moment. It's never too late to have a happy childhood.

On Being America's Niece

"I can have an entire country of people come up to me and say, 'You have your mother's eyes, your father's nose, your mother's mouth, your first wife's teeth'—I grew up in a big small town called



America. My parents were America's Sweethearts, and I think I'm America's Nicea." I look like your niece, someone who you could bring home to your whole family and it would work."

How She Picked Her Parents

"Really, no, people used to ask me, 'What's a like to be Debbie Reynolds's daughter?' And I would say, 'You mean compared to when I came?' That portion of time when I lived with the Andersons and then moved in with the Wilsons for a while; you know, to sample each form of growing up—being an accountant's kid and as a saleswoman's kid and so on—and I finally arrived at being a movie star's kid. And that, that, and, 'Let's say one day, this is Deborah, we'll go with this one.'"

Inquiring Minds Want to Know

"My family is really the epitome of an unbreakable Dynasty. I call on black-blooded white skin, and there's an obsession in this country with that kind of thing. It sometimes breeds certain things I read about myself. You know, you have a sophisticated experience in front of the National Enquirer and Time. Of course, why, that must have been true what I read about myself. I am going out with Andrew Stevens. I made a horrible mistake—I thought I was going out with Andrew and I called him and he was going out with somebody else. It turns out he's just my neighbor."

May Divorce Be with You

"A few years ago I found these scribbles of my parents' breakup in my mother's attic—someone had actually compiled them and sent them to her at the time. I looked through them and discovered a lot of things I didn't know about it, which is an amazing thing to do when you're abiding through your own and your parents have been broken up your entire life. I realize now, of course, that they'll never get back together. And now I hear that the child of the woman who sent these things to my mother is compiling the scribbles on my marriage to Paul."

So What Went Wrong with Her Marriage to Paul Simon?

"Once I was on that talk show hosted by that child psychologist who kept asking me questions like, 'Where did you realize your father was a horrible human being?' And finally I said to him, 'You want to hear about the wire hangers, don't you?' Questions about my marriage are 'wire-hanger' questions, and no matter how I answer about they're wired to blow, no gun involved."

What About the Book on Her Friend John Woodard?

"I think Woodard is brilliant, at that were bigger aspect of life. I hear that he's going to be playing Relativity in the movie version of the book. 'Beh Woodard IS Woodard.'"

Drugs

"It's very good to get through them while you're still young, and then talk about how great it had they were for the rest of your life."

What's the Offense Between New York and L.A.?

"Three hours. Most people know that I'm stoned like that, so don't."

What Is She Like to Be Her

"I feel like I'm the doctor and the patient, but a lot of times the doctor isn't in. I operate at such a level that sometimes a doctor's diagnosis. I feel all the signs of myself, I don't know how long it would take to get back up. People think that I'm on drugs because of this victory of being. And at the same time it's slow enough for me to be aware of it. Like when I just said 'victory of being,' I liked the sound of it."

Why 60 Winks of Rock?

"In the face of something operating at full throttle. I can finally reach it. I feel my form of meditation. My system is recharged in the presence of great rock 'n' roll, it's a very high testosterone outlet. Never was very outgoing—day after day to give you a house. 'Whoa, closer' while you were your last by their fire. My mother brought me up on their fire. *The Philadelphia Story*, it's a wonderful life. *Shirley's Up Baby*—there are my black and white baby books. The rock 'n' roll girls your eye, sometimes it's the ground, and slips a big wet kiss on it."

Kids Say the Funniest Things

"I was photographed at an age when I was helpless to do anything about it—two hours. You can tell from the decreased look on my face in all my childhood pictures that I don't like to be photographed. One time when I was five or six my grandmother took a picture of me and she was very tight to my face, and I said, 'No ECU, no ECU.' I have extreme close-ups, even now."

O Mein Papa

"David Letterman said he'd heard that my father sang everywhere, and I said, 'Yes, the world in his shower.' And often he likes to use women for soap."

A Night to Remember

"I came home one night when I was stoned, and there was blood all over the bedroom. My brother Todd had accidentally shot himself with a tank. The next day the Daily News headline was 'MURDER IN THE BEDROOM' and a picture of my brother, and my mother in a tank top. We were still up at 8:00 in the morning after this whole night at the police station, my brother was in the hospital, because he was dead, and all these photographers were at our door because the big story, as all the confusion, was that my mother had shot my brother, and she and I were discussing why she'd done it. Well, you know, he wouldn't clean his mouth. Or, 'The never did his battle or finished his work, so I finally had to provide him in a way he'd understand.' Someone came up to her in the hospital and said he thought it was a publicity stunt for her play later, and she said, 'Yes, I shut him, and I only have one other child to shoot for publicity for the next play, so obviously she's just one play left.'"

Something She's Noticed About the President

"A good actor would have this thing down of not looking so expectant during speeches. You have to conceal the fact that you are waiting to talk, and look like you're listening. He never looks like he's listening; he's always waiting to talk. He's been an entire career called 'President Waiting to Talk.' Also, he's not funny, but he really wants to be. I don't want someone to want to be funny. I want him to be funny, or not."

Favorite bumper sticker

"LOVE IS THE LIBRARY MUSEUM. This expressed it so accurately for me, and I felt better having that clearly stated on my vehicle."

OK, and One Other Thing About the President

"He's melting. No one's noticed yet, but he is melting. We're talking about a somewhat easy with dark hair. If the Democrats had come out and just said, 'He's melting,' I think they would have done much better. I usually don't talk about this unless someone looks like he also knows—if you know the President's melting, you know how to identify other people who know that too. It's going to be a real flood when he finally goes into total liquidation."

Will She Ever Play Princess Leia Again?

"Yes, the Yiddish Theater has asked me to do it."

—Interviewer/Paul Simon

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George Pillsbury
invented
the recipe for
alternative
philanthropy

by Jonathan Mandell

The Pillsbury Dough Boy

George Pillsbury is in Cambridge tonight, in an understated living room a few blocks from his house, listening as one of his "alternative philanthropists," who are dressed in sweaters and jeans, talk about what's wrong with having money. As they go around the room, introducing themselves and their business—made as steel as an atom by manufacturing film or by rolling flour—the young men act as if they are at an A.A. meeting: except instead of saying, "Hi, I'm Anne and I'm an alcoholic," one speaker begins, "My name is Anne Hoffman. I got my fortune when I was twenty-one. My grandfather was the vice-president of Kodak, but there's money on both sides of my family."

"How many times do people you've just met ask you, 'What do you do for a living?'" asks Anne. "I live partly off inherited wealth. Should I tell everybody that right away?"

"In almost every attention you spend money," adds "Bey Beers," and that's a dilemma: Who pays for dinner if you have more money, shouldn't you pay all the time? "Then how equal can the relationship be?"

"It's not easy having money," says Abby Zinberg. "It's

hard to be spontaneous. It's evident, in a way, of friends who don't have inherited wealth."

Pillsbury understands. "If you say publicly, 'I have problems with money,' the reaction you'll get is, 'I wish I had those problems,'" but he knows there are problems. He happily started talking about them when he was three age.

Now, on this spring night, he has been talking about them for more than a decade. He is getting tired of talking about them. But that's his job. At encounter sessions such as this one, which are called "donor conferences" and are held at weekend retreats around the country, troubled heirs are encouraged to follow Pillsbury's example and "come out" about their wealth. They are troubled partly because of the marked incongruity between their assets which are large, and their politics, which are on the left. And they are grateful to Pillsbury for showing them how to feel better about their money: they can start giving it away.

George Pillsbury is an unlikely guy: a thirty-five-year-old blond, blue-eyed Yale graduate with a name that speaks louder than he does. But Pillsbury has done something that

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP CALDWELL



RICH MAN, PURE MAN: GEORGE PILLSBURY

JONATHAN MANDALL is a staff writer for the Daily News Magazine, and "The Kennedy Quiz" for the March Esquire Reader Collection.

place, Yale University, where he helped support the Black Panthers' civil rights clinic in New Haven. He was also influenced by his older brother, Charles, an outgoing guy who, in a holdover from prep school terminology, was called "The Donor." Charles's Yale roommate, Gerry Trachtenberg, would later come to a tragic alter life. Philbary was a mere 11 years away at birth. But Donkeybush was a creation, something I did myself once," Charles says. "Of course Gerry had something to do with it."

Charles was involved in organizing social demonstrations against the Vietnam War. George had campaigned for Barry Goldwater in 1964, but he was overruled once to explain for himself what was happening.

"When people at the meetings would talk about the 'ruling class,' the Rockefeller campaign," I would think, "I know these people. I know their kids." George says. "The conspiracy theories about the rich never made much sense to me. But my gut feeling was that they were right, not about the conspiracy, but about how all the privilege was unfair."

By his junior year, Philbary had conspicuously shed his Republicanism. He and other donors were arrested for staging a sit-in in Black solidarity in Yale, in support of a strike by security employees. As he left a "donor name" like Philbary, he was the only one mentioned in the newspaper articles on the incident. It was a lesson about the press that he would later use to advantage.

Shortly afterward, Philbary came into his radical-conference, "Reading quarterly statements to reveal dramatic changes in a contradiction I could not deal with," he says. "It personalized the money didn't exist."

Other people did not let him leave, though, and he did make his first radical efforts at protest (there's a couple thousand dollars for a food co-op here or for a counter-revolution order there, even "loans" to let some Americans experience their debt) and to demand to get his son through law school. "I got burned," George says. "It all went bad. That led me to want to give money collectively, through an organization."

"George could never say no to a friend," his brother Charles remembers. "He could bend any way to an enemy. It was out of a kind of guilt, but paid in a loaded word. It was also out of a sense of compassion and ignorance. He needed an institutional way to protect him."

After school, George moved to Cambridge, got an M.A. in working-class history from the Cambridge Graduate School of Social Change, and moved on to a more familiar institution of learning, 36 & 8 Black, where he studied taxes and how to avoid paying them. "I was the adviser of the taxpayers in the system," he says now, "to work against it."

Philbary studied the bedtime ritual of American businessmen that had helped land the civil rights and antiwar movements; he looked into the Vanguard Foundation, a group of progressive heirs giving away money in California that his mother had talked about; and he examined a group in Philadelphia that gave away money through a board of community activists. Then, in July 1974, he had no other heirs in Boston learned the Haymarket People's Fund (founded after the 1886 Haymarket riot in Chicago).

He learned early that giving well is the best leverage. When a consensus group in Boston named First Share decided to disrupt the annual stockholders' meeting of Boston Edison to protest the utility company's high electric bills and rate structure, Philbary brought three hundred shares of the utility, which he distributed, one each, to three hundred low-income utility consumers. The new stockholders arrived at the meeting chanting slogans, singing songs, and passing around leaflets with their own list of demands. The event got publicity and helped create an atmosphere that resulted in some improvement; it also had an unexpected side effect: It made three hundred activists know what it was like to be full-fledged, if temporary, capitalists. Before they gave Philbary back the shares he had lost them, they each got a dividend check in the mail. "It was only fifty-seven cents," Philbary says, "but it was the first time in their lives they got a check for doing nothing but coming back."

From the beginning, Haymarket's grants were not large, never exceeding several thousand dollars, but about half the original amount had never been funded before, and received the money to get started. "We're like teenage capitalists who invest in new business," Philbary says. "We're usually philanthropic."

Although he had attracted Haymarket donors individually, with a community bond deciding where the donors' money would go, Philbary made sure to attend to the needs of his fellow heirs in other ways. In some wealthy families, the family banker, investment adviser, or patriarch insists on "prudent investments" for the heirs, steering the flow of money toward advanced political causes. (Coke was not a problem at the Philbary family.) By the age of twenty-five, George had given away \$300,000, although that was all the money he could touch the first was in trust funds, from which he sent checks about \$50,000 a year. One early Haymarket contributor, "I know not about what George was doing through a letter from the family lawyer, although you could tell he thought George was crazy," T. Bar Philbary had Haymarket provide "technical assistance" in those heres, the necessity of whom were removed, who wanted to learn how to fight the family but control of their own money.

He also guaranteed donors anonymity, and he gave them a chance to meet other rich radicals, who, they could be sure, were befriending them, not their money. By providing those "donor services," Haymarket made them feel like members of a movement, a "philanthropic force," rather than targets of a hostile.

The work Philbary and the others were doing began to get noticed. U.S. Representative Larry McDonald, the right-wing Georgian who later died when the Soviets shot down Korean Air Flight 007, denounced Haymarket in Congress as a "reactionary law violation," and singled out a "wealthy young Marxist" he called "George Cockat." (McDonald was not the only one who got Philbary and his friend David Crocker involved: "There are several cases of larceny proportions both have blood hair, blue eyes, a mustache, and exactly twenty-four first cousins.")

With such an endorsement, the family

"It's taken a toll on George to help build the movement," says an associate. "He'll probably be the only sixty-five-year-old rich kid."

could not help catching on, and Philbary began to expand and diversify. In 1977 he was one of the founders of the First Fund, which has helped support dozens of documentaries about social issues, such as *The Atomic Cafe* and *Sony and the Sex* (the latter documentary supported by the fund to be donated for an Academy Award). Over the years later Philbary created the Funding Exchange and became its development director. The Funding Exchange also acted as an umbrella group for existing foundations, including the Philbary Family Foundation, founded by Philbary's sister Sarah, who later became the Academy Award-winning filmmaker of the documentary *Bound and Gagged*.

Philbary became a knowledgeable fundraiser, but even more than that, an experienced spokesman and expert lobbyist, using his name and his easy-to-get publicity for the Funding Exchange in magazines and newspapers, at lectures and seminars, on the CBS Morning News and *Democracy*. Rich kids make good copy, and the press knew that Philbary stood out in an expanding organization and a disproportionate amount of attention: He sounds overconfident about his role, he has gotten

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The year according to Esquire:

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TALL FASHION PREVIEW

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sole credit for things that were a communal effort. It sets him up for ridicule or contempt," Bush says. But it also helps spread the cause. "I could accurately let a lot of power to the person closest to the media to embody the movement," George says. "But I believe in democracy."

Despite its in-luxury simplicity, there is an element of calculation and manipulation in the propagation of his image, which could easily be interpreted as arrogant—although it is not clear whether it is the arrogance of the rich or of the ideologue. After all, he himself, not the media, chose to embody the movement. "I wasn't reluctantly, in part because most of the other contributors couldn't do it themselves."

But if his policies are often delivered in pronouncements, and though he sounds distant when he discusses himself—as if he were telling about somebody else—it is not, he says, from arrogance, but from discretion. He says he has never expected the self-doubt that he suspects plagues all men. "Sometimes I feel my accomplishments aren't my own," he says. "It's all because of the energy I know I put in the Funding Exchange together. But it was with money that other people don't have."

"I think it's taken a toll on George to help build the movement," says Jose Mitchell, the executive director of the Funding Exchange. "He's probably be the only sixty-five-year-old rich kid."

George Pillsbury is in Washington, D.C., this last morning, with the Down Room of the Sheraton Washington Hotel, listening again—this time to a few dozen financial counselors and investors.

"We must achieve a better marriage between social goals and financial savvy," says the moderator, Robert Friedman, who is president of something called the Corporate for Enterprise Development.

"It is going to be a long time until we can depend on the government to do anything again," says Jack Conway, the former president of Conning Corp., who now serves as chairman of Working Assets Money Fund, and director of Energy Conversion Devices of Detroit.

"People say you shouldn't work within the system," says Grace Preker, mutual-fund consultant of the Gilbert Social Investment Fund. "The reality is, there's no other place to be."

They speak in part of some-day seminar on a movement called "socially responsible investing"—putting money in companies that, for example, treat their employees decently and don't have holdings in South Africa or a financial interest in nuclear power. On the strength of his pamphlet *Directory of Socially Responsible Investments*, Pillsbury has been invited to be one of the four speakers.

Political organizing has changed since the Sixties, and Pillsbury's relative prom-

inence and fiscally careful tactics are symbols of that change. "Liberals used to be far things because they were naive," Walter Mondale's chief speechwriter told *The New York Times* just before the candidate's defeat. "Now they have to be justified economically. [They have] to be cost-effective."

Kinder than listening to the new program—designed to "radicalize" anyone—embodies it. They have replaced mass demonstrations with community organizing, with fundraising parties, and with tax seminars. "It's not enough to be political," says Pillsbury. "You get a kind of poor management. It's not just a question of lighting city hall on fire. You need to have your own bank."

That is why Pillsbury has been speaking at seminars like this one around the country. He tells the story of his life in a half-worried and self-effacing way, he goes over his pamphlet, he makes an unassuming one-hour pitch for new contributors to the Funding Exchange; if people are interested in investing their money directly, he answers, they might also be interested in giving it away. He is well-versed. ("Black race pants he has," a member of the audience chuckles, "and he sits on the back.") This rich tax-broader audience are part of an effort to look far beyond the heirs to the young anti-grain-roulette elite, Pillsbury says, may be beginning to feel secure enough about

money to start thinking about contributing for social change.

The several people who come up to him after the seminar, though, are all from, including a student center, whose money comes from General Mills; the latest candidate is strong in the movement. Although he has never met any of them, he seems to know intuitively not only that they are better, but even how much they're worth. To the surprised eye, they may look no different than you or I. But, Pillsbury says, "after eleven years of doing this, I can tell."

George Pillsbury is in New York City this cold winter evening, in an East Village loft near the national headquarters of the Funding Exchange, listening to testimonials that make him nod just a little but like a sensual moan. Only, instead of talking about God, they are talking about George Pillsbury.

This is Pillsbury's retirement party. At the age of thirty-five he has decided to leave the Funding Exchange. He is tired of traveling the country, and he is tired of giving so much. He wants to spend more time with his wife and child, and with his new Detran 500 station wagon. The one with the bumper sticker that says "SAY THE GARGANTUAN ARABIAN." It's an embarrassing remark, he explains, "how can, always be political."

Actually Pillsbury is the last founding leader to have stayed actively involved. Many have drifted away, caught up in the demands of family, and some personal uses of their money—a house, a car, food for the kids—no longer seem of that selfish to them. One of the speakers at the party is Olin Burs, an heir to Southern Bell and one of the founders of the Vanguard Foundation in California. He has become a film producer. "I use my money now less for charity and more for my business," he admits.

Pillsbury's decision to retire, and his consequent change in the emphasis of their lives, may add evidence to the notion that wealthy people with progressive politics have repeatedly been obligated to be radical. They can afford to do anything. If they're as troubled by their money, why do they enjoy the opportunities it provides? Why don't they give it all away?

Pillsbury says he has not left the movement or abandoned his politics. He is simply contemplating where to go from here. But he also admits that there are problems in his life and in the lives of other people who grow up both rich and radical. "We have to live with contradictions every day. People are irrational when it comes to money," he says, and so is society. "It's wrong we've inherited money. It's wrong that it's a tax-free. The money, he says, is to use the contradictions in a

positive way. Money is just another resource."

As for giving it away, only one person can be known of, out of the three thousand members of the Funding Exchange, ever has, and his inheritance was relatively small. But even if Pillsbury could legally channel his inheritance, he doesn't think that would change the paradoxes of his life. No matter how he tries—and he says he tries hard—he can never escape his background. He still deliberately sponsors racial justice regulations when he drives, regularly giving the wrong way up a one-way street. "It's part of growing up wealthy," he explains. "Are kidding that it got behind, nothing's going to happen."

Martin Rosner, the executive director of the North Star Fund, the Funding Exchange foundation that is based in New York City, mentioned one day that she had just come back from a tour of oppressed areas in southern Africa in a search for possible funding recipients. "You must be in culture shock," Pillsbury said to her conversationally. "I remember when I came back from Africa, it was tough to get conditioned."

"Where were you in Africa?" Rosner asked. Pillsbury blushed bright red. "Oh," he stammered, "it was a family trip." The great irony of alternative philanthropy had been with his parents on a safari. **E**

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Figure 1

J. THOMAS & J. BENTON/CHLOROPHYLL *a* AND CAROTENOID CONCENTRATIONS

From the Files of Our Correspondents on the Potomac

WASHINGTON BRIEFING



TheCircuit
TheBreakfastClub

At 1,743 meals, and counting, the *Sperling* powerbreakfast is a Washington institution. An often an five times a week, about twenty-five journalists (sponsored by former *Christian Science*

THE LATE
HAROLD H.
HUMPHREY HELD
THE RECORD FOR
ACCEPTING THE
MOST INVITATIONS TO
SPEAK.



Monitor bureau chief Godfrey Sperling, heavily made and facing slightly to the left, short weak coffee and congested eggs with Paul Nitz, Tip O'Neil, or whoever is in the headlines (or starts to be) that week. The guest list constitutes an unofficial power-and-visibility index of the Capitol.

At one time, Hubert H. Humphrey held the all-time record for invitees. Now Robert Strauss, who has held half the jobs in town, has attended the most seasons—about fifty. Former Senate majority leader Mike Mansfield comes next, followed closely by current House counterpart Jim Wright. Gerald Ford attended often—as congressman, Vice-President, and is first for the breakfast group's President.

Money clearly talks. Treasury secretaries are popular: Michael Blumenthal and John Connally were frequent speakers. Commerce Secretary Malvino Andrade started showing up often, since the balance of payments started going in the wrong direction. Now Spaulding is pursuing the tax men—Kemp, Kasten, Bradley, and Grobstein.

ONETIME ORALMENT
MILLAN MARMON
MCCORD

[illegible]

numbers * Stockman hadn't been back to the breakfasts until last February, when he grabbed headlines for lost and safe oil-gas boomtown farmers. He isn't expected back soon. —*Don McNick*

The Private Sector Trading Up

When officials like Mike Dwyer, Sharris Tate, and Howard Baker leave office for the private sector, you can be sure they are not answering the classifieds looking for a job in sales. The private sector they head for is a world of law firms and PR shops that trade almost exclusively on inside access to the government.

The arithmetic of such departures goes something like this: An appointee comes to Washington to earn upward of \$20,000 (Dewar earned \$72,000). After several years in which he carries considerable power and attention, and merely pays for a meal or pulls up to a gas pump, he announces his departure. Because he has bought and the cost of his children's tuition, and says for the office to roll in. Usually he will make two to three times his government salary.



Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law

Baron Munchausen, the largest PR firm in the world, but heartily fit Deaver and Tate. It's hardly the politicians' skills that they're paying so much for—what does it take, after all, to advise the “mischievous” or convince a warring genus that Nancy Reagan must really intend to spend \$200,000 for a new set of chairs? It's prestige, access, and that golden Nintendo—and many law firms are paid as heavily for it as PR companies are.



1. The first 100 years

In the \$800,000 Winston & Strawn vs. **DRINKER BELL** reportedly paying Baker too much? Several years back, Winston & Strawn bid far and won Walker, Massey's, services. The former V.P. reported earnings of \$1.5 million in his first three company incentive years there, a good chunk of which came from W&S, where he was "a counsel." There were rumors that not everyone at Winston & Strawn was thrilled to welcome back, at those rates, a colleague who had spent hardly enough



SUMMARY TABLE

time in the office to find the men's room. **SIMONE TAYLOR**, 26, who is less like a bird. "There are certain technical skills you build up over a period of time or you never get there," says **BARBARA BERNER**, a top Mondele campaign aide. "But it's his political judgments and expertise clients want, not his technical skills."

Meanwhile, as Senator Baker was settling into his office at V&E, his campaign to join the public sector was bubbling along. Posen calls were redialed to former aide Tom Graciano at the Republican Majority Fund, who has since been named executive director of the National Republican Senatorial Committee. —**MC**

Olé your salad!

Olé your Julienne!
Olé your Caesar!
Olé your Niçoise!
Olé your pasta!
Olé your antipasto!
Salads are always better
with a little...olé!

OLÉ YOUR SALAD WITH OLIVES FROM SPAIN.

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

ULTIMATE FITNESS

The Six Big Ones

America's Favorite Ways of Staying Fit



RUNNING



HEAVY TRAINING



BICYCLING



BACKSTROKE



SWIMMING



RACEY SPORTS

PLUS: Four for the Fitness Connoisseur



ROWING



STRENGTH



WALK



ROCK CLIMBING

Photographs by Rod Cook

Last May, in our first annual fitness special, we at Esquire introduced the concept of Ultimate Fitness and described what we called the "Six Big Ones to High-Level Health and Athletic Performance: aerobic, flexibility, strength, balance, coordination, relaxation, concentration, competitiveness, nutrition, and life skills. From beginning to end, our bias was toward a balanced approach. We had seen far too many fitness seekers going to one extreme or another: runners, for example, pursuing aerobic conditioning at the expense of super-body strength, flexibility, coordination, and practically everything else. "Ultimately, fitness and health are related to everything

we do, think, and feel," we wrote in last May's special. "Thus, what we at Esquire are calling Ultimate Fitness has less to do with running a 2:30 marathon than with living a good life."

The twelve months since those words appeared have been the most dramatic and controversial in the brief history of the U.S. fitness movement. First, there was the startling news on July 26 that Jim Fixx, the nation's most successful author of running books, had dropped dead of a heart attack—while running. Then, in August, perhaps a billion people around the world sat glued to their television sets as Swiss Olympic marathoner Gabriela Andersen-

RATING THE SIX BIG ONES

	Running	Training	Endurance	Endurance	Endurance	Endurance
Adidas	5	1	4	3	4	3
Puma	1	2	1	3	3	3
Reebok	2	5	2	2	5	2
Converse	1	2	5	5	3	5

Scheuch, her narrow system modeled by foot prostration, staggered into the Los Angeles Coliseum had made us agonizing sweat of the track. Though these were extraordinary circumstances (Pina's father had died of a heart attack at forty-three), Andersen-Scheuch recovered with no ill effects, the events sent a chill through those who exercise (maybe they weren't as vulnerable to ankylosis as they thought they had thought) and generally a lack of relief among those who didn't (maybe they could go right on being sedentary with no pains of conscience).

Though the Pina and Andersen-Scheuch affair has played a part in the recent public controversy on the value of exercise, a sweeping reappraisal of the fitness movement actually was already underway. The movement had taken off in the mid-1970s with the sound and lure of a Saturn rocket, changing the lives of millions of Americans. Eventually, it was bound to create its own opposition, some of its own excesses. The two books published not long after Pina's death (and obviously written earlier) One, by a New York cardiologist, calls the "exercise diet" a public health menace and "a silly and dangerous" idea. The other, by a French cardiologist and the 1976 college, states that no Type A (impulsive, highly aggressive) male should engage in jogging, running, or any competitive sport—a prescription that, followed, would lead to premature death to professional sports in America.

But there have also been numerous well-reasoned articles in recent months that urge against taking a good thing too far. Even Dr. Kenneth Cooper, who first developed the concept, has reduced the amount of exercise he deems necessary for cardiovascular conditioning time ("Running," page 142).

The last word in the debate goes to the best research, and since Pina's death—providentially, it might seem—a series of studies have been released that prove the value of moderate exercise beyond a reasonable doubt. Just a week after Pina's death, for example, a special fitness and sports-medicine issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* came out with extensive studies connecting physical

exercise with the prolongation of life. In a New York Times interview, Dr. Bruce B. Dorn, the editor of the special issue, said that "sedentary people have shortened life spans, and most of us who do not exercise have no straggled body.... We can now prove that huge numbers of Americans are dying from sitting on their behinds."

The fitness movement, it appears, will emerge from this period of reevaluation stronger than ever, less prone to claims of moderate sedentism and more suited for the long haul, less strident to extremes and more dedicated to balance. In all of this, the Ultimate Fitness approach has stood up very well indeed.

Now we are applying that approach to the six fitness activities that have attracted the most participation by Americans (using both *The Ultimate Fitness* and *The American Fitness* as our guides, we find swimming, bicycling, running, weight training, basketball, and racquet sports to be the most popular physical-conditioning sports in the U.S.—the Six Big Ones. We have omitted other activities that also rank high in the surveys, feeling that they generally don't offer enough sustained, vigorous exercise to form the basis of a complete fitness program; these include fishing, camping, hiking, bowling, softball, and golf/bowling. In the following pages are essays on the Six Big Ones designed to capture each sport's particular appeal as well as to give new information and insight. We come to these sports with the excitement and appreciation of participants. At the same time, we realize that, as practiced by the typical recreational athlete, none of them provide the balanced, overall conditioning that exemplifies Ultimate Fitness.

This is seen in the chart below, which rates the sports in terms of the four most fundamental of the Six Keys we introduced last year: aerobic conditioning, strength, and coordination. These ratings were made by Eugene after consulting reports from six nationally known fitness organizations (including the President's Council on Physical Fitness & Sports, the National Fitness Foundation, and the

American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance).

Once you've seen the rating of your favorite sport, does what? Does the fact that running rates low in everything except aerobic means you should give up running in favor of another sport? Not at all. We've prepared Ultimate Fitness programs for each of the Six Big Ones, so that you can use your own favorite sport as the centerpiece of a balanced conditioning regimen that rates 4 or 5 across the board.

In addition, to celebrate the richness and range of our options in physical fitness, we've also presenting essays on four sports that rank in the bottom half of the popularity scale: Four for the Fitness Connoisseurs. Each of these sports—skiing, golf, gymnastics, and rock climbing—has its unique charm, and each offers a very specialized fitness benefit to participants, as you'll see when you read the essays.

We believe it's possible to develop physical fitness strategy in a mix of the gradual and the practical. *Will exercise train your windpipe, enhance your health, lengthen your life? What is the best kind of exercise? How can you improve your cardiovascular and avoid injuries, and achieve balanced fitness?*

But there's something more, another dimension to sports: the sheer joy of graceful, vigorous movement, and the charming satisfaction of pushing your limits through physical challenge. It seems to us that some people who just participate in the fitness movement have no knowledge of this dimension, it treats on a page in the book of human experience they've never opened to. Yet without us leaving this page, it is impossible to understand the appeal of participatory sports or the power of the fitness movement.

Thus, in addition to offering guidance concerning well-balanced fitness regimens, we also wish to share the passion of the players. We suggest the right of informed, conscious adults to exceed the maximum weekly requirement of exercise, even if doing so contributes little in the way of added health benefits or increases the chances of injury. To run a marathon or climb a sheer rock face is not necessary for fitness and health, but in some ways such activity is fundamental to the human experience. In a society where crime and drug abuse still run rampant, where the average person watches television more than eleven hours a day, and where, in spite of the adult fitness boom, most of our children are badly out of shape, there are worse models than the participatory sports enthusiast.

We feel this is as unusual as well as useful fitness special. Whatever your sport—even if you don't get love on—we invite you to read every article on the pages that follow. We hope you will come away not only informed, but also inspired.

—George Leonard

How To Tell A Tennis Shoe From A Sneaker.

Tennis shoes are built to help you deal deviously with fuzzy cabs flying towards your head at 100 miles an hour.

Sneakers are not. Problems is, a lot of sneakers are disguised as tennis shoes.

With the introduction of the Prince for men and the Princess for women, Autry makes the difference crystal clear.

Be not deceived. Compare soles. Autry's are natural rubber. Anything less is sneaker material. Compare tread patterns. Autry's is like a radial tire, it grips side-to-side, and improves forward traction.

Tough on top. Leather reinforcement protects against foot drag. Multiple stitching makes the shoe stable; cool perforated ventilation keeps it cool.

Autry's is built to last. It's built to give you the best of both worlds.

Break-in is eliminated by using supple Nappa leather. It's

Autry's exclusive sole design is patented after a radical free. It provides a wide stance for stable side-to-side movement and improved forward traction. It's natural rubber.

comfortable, yet soft from the start. It's the most expensive kind.

The inner feeling. Only Autry has the patented ActorSorb insole. After repeated poundings, some brands retain only 41% of their shock-absorbing ability. Autry's ActorSorb retains up to 99%.

It's removable, washable and guaranteed for the life of the shoe.

Call it what you will. Everything resembling a tennis shoe these days is not. And while the Prince or Princess can do anything a sneaker can, the inverse is not necessarily true.

Better you learn it here than out on the court.

Just Autry shoes. They made them for 30 years. His personal guarantee stands behind every pair.





You spend hours taking care of your body. The time has now come to take care of your skin.

SKIN MAINTENANCE FOR MEN FROM PACO RABANNE.

Now you can take care of perhaps the most vital part of your body — your skin. Now there is a new line of technically advanced products, just for men, that clean, protect, and enhance your skin. From Paco Rabanne.



There has long been a misconception that men — unlike women — do not need to take care of their skin, that it is all somehow a frivolous waste of time. "Rubbish!" says Dr. Fernando Alex of Paco Rabanne. "A man's skin is just as vulnerable to sun and sweat and oil and dirt and premature wrinkling. And he abuses it even further by scraping a razor across it every day."

"Where is it written that a man's skin should make him look older than he really is?"

Here, then, are Paco Rabanne's three steps that help a man to look cleaner, healthier, younger looking. They should take you about five minutes each.

1. CLEAN YOUR SKIN. "If you saw your skin under a microscope," says Dr. Alex, "you'd have a fit. It's all coated with dead surface cells, oil, and tiny particles of pollutants. No wonder your pores become plugged and form blackheads. Not a pretty sight!"

Paco Rabanne Facial Scrub cleanses the skin, removes the dead surface cells, and sheds the excess oil.

Paco Rabanne Facial Toner then refreshes and tones the skin after cleansing. You can actually feel the tightening, the clean sensation,

2. PROTECT YOUR SKIN. "We men can be stubborn folk!" says Dr. Alex. "We scrape our faces raw with sharp razor blades... and then we pour alcohol after-shaves on the wounds."

"The pain of it! The dry skin it causes! The premature wrinkling from all that dryness!"

Paco Rabanne Moisturizing After Shave Soother is the new way to soothe your face after shaving. It soothes the skin. Helps restore the normal moisture balance. And forms a clean layer that protects your skin from pollutants.

Paco Rabanne Moisturizing Moisture Conditioner. Here is an absolute must if you wish to stave off looking old before your time. It helps maintain existing wrinkles. Helps slow down premature aging of the skin. Protects the skin from pollutants and from exposure to sun and the weather.

3. ENHANCE YOUR SKIN. Like most medical men, Dr. Alex worries about the damage that too much sun can do to the skin. "A little sun is good for you. But a lot of sun can be murderous to your skin and eventually cause solar fluorosis (i.e., turn you into an old leather bag)." **Paco Rabanne Auto-Bronzing Emulsion.** The look of an absolutely natural tan for those of us who must linger mostly

in the shade.

Paco Rabanne Moisturizing Color Tint. For a healthy, natural outdoor color without exposure to the sun. Deep moisture penetration helps improve skin texture and elasticity.

Note: All Paco Rabanne protec-



tionally use a sunscreen complex in Moisturizing Moisture Conditioner protects outer skin layers, markedly improves the look and feel of your skin.

tion and enhancers contain a No. 5 sun screen to help prevent the ultra-violet A and B rays from damaging your skin's inner layers.

After testing this message from Paco Rabanne about its new skin maintenance products, you may have questions. For answers, please write: Fernando Alex, M.D., Paco Rabanne Parfums, 660 Madison Avenue, Suite 2210, New York, N.Y. 10021.

As for the products themselves, they are available at selected stores like the one named below.



skin maintenance for men
paco rabanne/paris

Available at selected
Saks Fifth Avenue stores



Developed in European laboratories, the Paco Rabanne skin maintenance products help stave off premature aging of the skin.

RUNNING

ULTIMATE
FITNESS

The human animal is the premier endurance runner on this planet. We were born to run

by George Leonard

There's nothing quite like running a long way with a friend, running not so fast that your breath comes in gasps but just fast enough so that you can talk to it. It's even better when you're nearly the same height, so that you can run aside for stride, linked in a continuous rhythm, breathing together, your hearts sometimes beating as one. Then, when the sweat has begun to flow and the drumming of your feet has become steady and sure, your conversation takes on a rare ease, clarity, and lack of pretense. An attorney once told me that he and his partner run to work together every morning, and that they get more real work done during those forty-five minutes than during all the rest of the day.

But no matter how interesting the conversation, there almost always comes a time for silence. So much more so if the run should lead you along narrow country lanes or winding mountain trails, for to run in such surroundings is to switch off civilization's perplexing constraints and enter into a simpler and more profound relationship with nature and other human beings. In the trance of your motion, you are joined to hills and streams, trees and clouds. There's nothing greater than this: no schemes, no worries. Sometimes it seems you could go on running forever.

But whether you run alone or with others, in the country or the city, at your own pace or in a race for the goal, the act itself is likely to call up that oldest of the prehistoric past, or at a time when our ancestors ran for survival as well as for delight. And in even the most sedentary modern man or woman there must remain a deep, George Leonard, editor of the *Ultimate Fitness* series, is the author of *Endurance and Endless* and *The Ultimate Athlete*.



On city streets, country lanes, and running tracks, Americans by the millions are reclaiming an ancient human heritage: to run long and hard.

abergent will of memories that have to do with running. How else can we account for that sudden pull at the heart, those unexpected tears, as we watch the finish of a fast mile race or a sweat-soaked marathon?

Running is one of the primal human acts, and the particular human form it takes, using a bipedal stride in a fully upright stance, has played an essential part in shaping our destiny. It was once believed that our hominid ancestors were rather phlegmatic creatures compared with the other animals of the prairies and savannas, lacking the legs, claws, and specialized play-

will abilities of the predators. For hominids supposedly prevailed only because of their large brains and their ability to use tools. But there is now compelling evidence that our direct ancestors of some four million years ago had relatively small brains, only about a third the size of ours. What these hominids did have was a fully upright stance with the modern, doubly curved spine that enters the skull at the bottom rather than the back (as is the case with the apes). The upright stance increased the field of vision and freed the forelimbs for use manipulating and manipulating objects, thus challenging the brain to increase its

capacity through the process of natural selection. We can't specify the whole or the ability of our four-million-year-old ancestors, but it was sufficient for the survival of the line, even without tools and high intelligence.

Much has been made of the filtering speed of the cheetah, the prodigious high jumps of the kangaroo, the underwater skills of the dolphin, and the gymnastic prowess of the chimpanzee. But no animal can match the human animal in all-around athletic ability. If we were to hold a universal decathlon with events in sprinting, endurance running, long jumping, high jumping, swimming, deep diving,

gymnastics, stinking, lugging, and borrowing, other animals would not resort to the ritual, cerebral, and muscularly demanding human would come up with the best overall score. And in one event—endurance running—the human would outperform all other animals of comparable size, as well as same size plus a leg up.

If a cat extirpated its running capacity to run long and hard, even in the heat of day, that might well have made cats only a formidable predator. In an article in a recent *Current Anthropology*, biologist David Carrier of the University of Michigan points out that surviving prairie dogs, in particular lasting up to two days, have evolved many kinds of animals known for their great speed. "But none are reported to run down flocks, herds, and packs, and gosh-darned through the may season, and white-bellied and rehydrating the hot dry season. The American Indians chase deer through the mountains of northern Mexico until the animals collapse from exhaustion, and then thrash them by hand. The Greeks and Romans of the American Southwest are reported to have hunted principles of the same kind of the desert of all mammals with this technique. Furthermore, aborigines of northwestern Australia are known to hunt kangaroos successfully in this way." (In the April 2, 1979, issue of *The New York Times*, the late, Olympic runner said Michael Boughman described running deer & deer. It turned out to be a surprisingly easy task.

Even when the young buck stood trembling with its head back low, so exhausted that an human pursuer could walk up and touch its flank. Boughman said he felt "re-livified enough to be able to run for an other half hour.")

This human dominance over animals known for their specialized running styles even stronger than it might seem, but human running is not only relatively cheap but also efficient. Carrier notes that the energy cost of running (locomotion) consumption of just half weight per unit of distance traveled is about twice as high for humans as for most other mammals. This being the case, it would seem that a man wouldn't have a chance against a deer, but there are other factors that outweigh our energy inefficiency. Perhaps the most important is the human ability to dissipate the body heat built up during strenuous exercise. We possess the most efficient sweat glands in the animal kingdom; no other species sweats so copiously. Our respiratory cooling system works even better because of our unique inhalation, which may have evolved to make it possible for us to run long distances without dying. Even the capacious heat that accrues on our heads serves this purpose: providing a shield for the head and shoulders when the sun is highest and its rays most destructive.

One thing is sure: when any animal receives a certain dose of temperature, it can no longer run. At a blazing hot two-thirds

an hour, the cheetah generates heat at a rate sixty times greater than while at rest. Overheating is what brings this swift animal to a halt; when its body temperature reaches 105, generally in less than three quarters of a mile, it simply stops. As long chase, the fast animal to overheat itself.

Our breathing system is also superior. In four-legged animals, breathing is tied into the motion and angle of the front legs and the undulating motion of the body. Whether the animal is rearing, trotting, or galloping, only one breath is possible for each locomotive cycle, which limits it to a certain oxygen intake for each step. The upright stance, however, allows us to run with the same efficiency no matter what the speed; we spontaneously choose the breathing pattern (two strokes per breath, three strokes per breath, and so on) that is the most efficient for the speed. A man can, for instance, expend the same amount of energy whether he is to cover the distance in one hour or two and a half hours.

Even our large skeletal and thyroid glands give us an internal furnace. The use of fat to increase the length of those hours that help the muscles use lactic acid and glucose efficiently. And our enormous diet itself, especially our capacity to load up on carbohydrates, gives us an edge over carnivores and most other animals in long-distance running.

All of this adds up to one simple fact: we are born to run, especially to run great distances. Some observers, bemused by the runners who have overflooded the market, argue that running is only a by-product of an addition, a form of success. But to call running a fat makes as much sense as to call thinking a fact. Endurance running is an essential human activity that preceded thought, thought, and improved helped make it possible.

The recent debates on the value of running generally involve immediate, practical matters. Does it help you live longer? Is it good for your heart? Will it help you live longer? These are important questions, but they obscure the underlying motivation. People might want running for any number of practical or self-serving reasons, but those who pursue exploration something that entirely transcends the debate, something deeply satisfying and of itself, a reconnection with the most of our race, a reaffirmation of an ancient and noble pursuit.

Though we no longer run for food and survival, the noblest essence of the activity is still evident in the sports we most enjoy watching: football, basketball, baseball, and soccer, it might be said, are complicated exercises for running. Tennis and other racket, net, and ball games involve a series of short, driving sprints. Pole vaulting, javelin throwing, long jumping, long

jumping, and triple jumping begin with and depend upon running. Rugby, cricket, basketball, soccer, tennis, badminton, marbles, and various forms of tag, jacks, and so on, capture the flag—all are running games.

All the very best, running can give you all the aerobic conditioning you need, with a little specialized training or a combination of that and jogging. For those with busy schedules, in fact, running is the most efficient way to make it almost unattainable. Night might be the safest and surest way to achieve results, but it takes about three hours of the break walking to give you the benefits of a one-hour run. In his new book, *Runner Without Fear*, Dr. Kenneth Cooper, creator of the aerobic concept and one of the pioneers of the fitness movement, recommends a running routine of two miles three times a week to a week to eight to ten-minute a mile pace, and a minimum of three miles five times a week at the same pace. That adds up to forty-eight minutes to an hour a week at the least, and two miles to two and a half miles at the most. Anything more than that, according to Cooper, adds little or nothing to the way of health benefits.

Cooper is among those who are now warning against the myth that running causes serious problems against heart disease (though every large-scale study has shown that vigorous exercise gives considerable protection). He also cautions strongly for strenuous stress-testing prior to starting any strenuous exercise program. While experts, while none of them, George Sheehan, himself a cardiologist, questions the accuracy of and need for stress-testing. "If you listen to your body," Sheehan says, "running is perfectly safe. No horse ever died of death without a jockey on its back. If there's any danger between a machine and your body, listen to your body."

By and large, however, running experts have made a run toward caution and moderation since the death of running guru Jim Fixx last summer. Joe Henderson, one of the most authoritative writers on the subject, wrote it up in the December 1984 *Runner's World*. "Runners are most accurate in their thinking about what running can do for them. They take fewer risks in our approach to training and so do. The plain fact is that short-term success and more for long-term health and happiness."

All of this is to the good. Runners who would be runners should be offered safe and sensible programs and warned against the dangers and pitfalls of their sport. And those who wish to run for specific, practical benefits—weight control, stress reduction, a healthier heart—must be given their due. But to limit the dialogue to these practical considerations is to diminish the human spirit. Many people run not to lose weight but to know the limits

of a mechanized culture, not to postpone death but to savor life. For these runners, the vibrations of the concrete cranes are music; they run quite consciously, as if limited, exercising ability, to covered their previous limits and to prove the edges of the possible, whether this means neglecting their first crest of a four-hundred-meter track without looking, or fighting for victory in a breathless, in this crusade recounted in a recent issue of *American Medical News*.

For moments in sports history have so powerfully captured the spirit of what is often a very ordinary day. In July, 1980, we looked the women's distance of the twenty-mile marathon of Hawaii Ironman Triathlon World Championships.

With only one hundred yards left between her and the finish, Mollie did it better than she had. She ran a five-minute mile, and collapsed. As a TV commentator, she knew she was in her last breath. She got up again, ran, fell, and started crawling. Passed by the second place runner, she crossed across the finish line, stretched out her body, and passed out.

Jim McKay of ABC Sports called it "brave...and of the greatest moments in the history of endurance sport." Gilbert Lang, II, an orthopedic surgeon at New York University Medical Center, explained a longtime endurance runner, calls it "a truly very lovely feat."

Both Lang and McKay are right: it was stupid and it was heroic. Surely no runner should be encouraged to go to the edge of death. But what kind of world would it be, how stronger and pale, without such heroes? Perhaps there would be no human world at all, for there must have been conditions from before the dawn of history where primitive hunters in pursuit of prey give all of themselves in this way so that members of their bands, our distant ancestors, could live. Athletes such as Julie Moss run for all of us, reaffirming our humanity, our very existence.

There is joyed today an instant moment that would make every aspect of our existence totally safe and secure. Every wild river would be tamed, every mountain tamed with gardens, every adventure packaged and dispensed in amusement parks and guided tours. This could be an error of monumental proportions, for their removal in most of us, especially during youth, would lead to our selves against poverty, resentment, and chance. Deprived of the opportunity to do so in socially approved ways, we might well react in socially destructive ways. Wholehearted participation in sports allows us to become humans without going to war, to take risks without breaking the law, to become animals without eating or killing, or others.

And running, perhaps above all other

sports, offers us the ultimate challenge: There is no way around it, a limited run of a measure length provides an unambiguous measure of time, physical condition, and willpower. What's more, the very act of running, as pace and place, involves surprising complexities and subtle choices. At any moment during any hard run we might find ourselves playing sophisticated games between gain and courage, between the need for oxygen and the desire for speed, between expectation and reality. And it is safety we are seeking, it is a need to increase that we do not want to, and there is some evidence that the chance of sudden death while running is about the same as while driving to work.

Still, in the fading immediacy of a hard run, we achieve a certain clarity about the game conditions under which we must; no matter what we eat or how we exercise, our one of us is destined to live forever. Considering the possibility of death in the act of running, the dedicated runner has a ready answer: "What runner who is to die?"

But whether we run to test our limits, for fitness and health, or just for the way it makes us feel, there are rich rewards, the world sweeping past us as just the right speed, the great, lusty breaths, the feel of wind on our faces, the glory of distance traveled. To runners, it's running is the satisfaction. We run for the sake of running, nothing more.

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WEIGHT TRAINING

Moving mass can make you look good and feel good. It's a way for the body to reach into the iron and express its own primal power

by Joe Flower

Venice Beach, California: Some things have mythic weight. People stroll the ocean walk, throwing down their foot-long hot dogs, wearing T-shirts that say *Let's be ANIMALS*. Thirty feet toward the ocean, a low chain-link fence encloses a rubber mat studded with weight racks. This is the gym and there are no concessions to 1995 here. The weights look like marshall covers. A short guy is moving them around right now, stacking them onto the ends of a loaded barbell. The guy comes up to the end, in his white-pinked hands. People are stopping on the sidewalk, eating, watching, talking to one another, and adding to the din.

When three weights hang on each end, one of the strikers bangs on each end, says, "Two hundred seventy," and the guy in the gym starts chalking his hands. Then he grabs the bar, chest-high in the rack, breathes loudly, lets go. His chin dips forward, his head dips again. Breathless some more, goes for more chaff. Finally he leaves the bar once-in-chest, pushes it evenly overhead, stands there for a moment, steady, brings the bar back to his chest, sets it on the rack, and starts to look off his hands. The people in his mat turn to one another and softly whistle. He ignores them, goes for more chaff.

This scene is repeated across the country in variations that can induce culture shock: New York's Veritas Club, Chicago's Power Center, frequently on streets and in crowded settings on the first level.



Muscle, bone, and will, and the sublime torture of total exertion; this struggle of man against metal evokes the ancient master myth, in which the hero reaches to find his inner power and is thus transformed.

guy's East Bank Club, and thousands of tiny weight-training gyms across the country are crowded with people and mirrors and levers. Weight training, the wisest grandpas of fitness methods, is enjoying the greatest boom in its history, and for perfectly sound reasons.

Mirrors of weight lifting can tap-dance with the best of them when it comes to talking up imposture. VA rates, and specific adaptation responses. They might say they're just working up a sweat. And it's convenient, right? No weather problems. No sun spots. Lots of control. But let's not kid ourselves. We know what this is about: muscles. Big ones. Biceps and delts. Arms like pyramids in love. Washboard bellies. Popcorn forearms.

There is something fundamental going on here. Fundamental. Noncontroversial. You don't hear weight lifters talking about ecstasy. That's work they're doing, and it's a bitch. There is nothing redemptive in misquoting about it. You have to pay attention, keep track of things. It's not fun.

No, the point of weight training is elsewhere. The search for the point of it reaches way down past the safety net, past language even, to something atomic and nearly made, to some feeling for the Wild Man dormant within. It's a rerun of the ancient master myth, in which the hero reaches deep to find his inner power and is transformed.

Take your general-issue compass, the kind that used to locate perennials before

from his doctor to get out of PE. Give him a couple of weeks on the iron, and suddenly he's shadowboxing while he pigs. He's taking long looks at the full-length after he showers. He's crushing beer cans. Full ones.

Not that he's actually wants to look like Mr. T or punch somebody in the nose. Maybe he would just like to look down some imaginary box, a cold Lone Star in one hand, and say to that smart ass at the end, "Watch your step, look, or there'll be nothing left of you but fat and claws."

Nothing wrong with that. A feeling of strength helps even when it's used only to give you confidence and good posture when you make the pitch for the Gilman account. You want control over your life? Start with your body, and you'll have the energy to take on the rest.

You can change your body in a number of ways. You can make it heavier or lighter. You can build up its cardiovascular system through aerobic exercise. You can teach it a new skill, like basketball or golf. But the latest change you can make in your body is also the easiest to show off: you can make your muscles larger, firmer, and stronger. Most people can begin to see changes in the mirror within a week or so of first laying hands on iron.

Looks can be a great motivator toward health, says Dr. Paul Ward, director of educational research and development for the Health and Terrain Corporation of America. "You tell a guy that he's raising three hundred milligrams of cholesterol," he says. "So what?" You tell him his blood pressure is 180 over 200, he yawns. You tell him he's getting fat, he's ready to fight you. But if he does the kind of exercise that is necessary to get rid of that fat, get, he's going to improve the cholesterol level, the blood pressure, and everything else." That's the hidden benefit. Dr. Ronald Madigan, director of the National Athletic Health Institute in Inglewood, California, says, "People think of heart disease as a disease of old men. It is not. It is a disease of young men that takes twenty years to manifest itself."

As a way to lose weight, weight training has advantages. Any exercise that spends calories faster than you take them in will help you slim down. Weight training, however, has a second effect. It puts on muscle, which spends calories faster than fat does. A mere muscular person burns more energy.

Yet the scale is not always the best measure of progress in shrinking fat. Muscle is denser than fat. Many people find their shape changing faster than their weight as they get stronger. They may



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weight the same, yet wear clothes several sizes smaller.

To get started, you should do more than find the closest diet. Think about what you are after. People who pump iron competitively fall into two camps: weight lifters, whose goal is to lift the heaviest weight, and body builders, whose goal is to build the largest and best-looking set of muscles. A weight-lifting program designed for ultimate fitness will be different from a program designed for either competitive weight training or body building.

Not everyone needs to get the stamp of approval from an M.D. first. But if you have more than one of the "risk factors" the medical book list, it would be a good idea. These include cardiovascular factors such as age, high blood pressure, high cholesterol count, obesity, smoking, or a family history of heart trouble, as well as orthopedic problems such as loose joints, arthritis or back trouble. If, as they say, you're only breaking from memory, if a hundred-yard dash and a good cigar would tell you, you'd better get the doc in on it. But, says Dr. Mecklenro, "be sure that the physician you go to agrees that exercise and a change in life-style can have benefits. A surprising number of more conservative doctors still don't believe in exercise."

Find a good, classic gym if you can; if you start out with better equipment, you're more likely to fade out faster, because you'll have to use to answer your questions. Look for a place that has both free weights and machines, and seek people who know how to use both. Unless you can work out at six o'clock, you will need a place with a lot of equipment, otherwise you will get rest that you don't need while you wait for someone else to move on to the next machine.

Be Mr. Consistent. Talk to the managers and to other customers and find out whether any competitive weight lifters or body builders work out there. If not, find out where in your area they do work out and why.

Take it easy at the start. When in doubt, do less, not more. You will stay with it longer. Three days each week is plenty at the start. Start with moderate weights and take a little more time. "Slowing it off how much you can lift, even to postcard, is the easiest way to hurt yourself. As you improve, increase the intensity and decrease the length of the workout. And pay attention to form. Good form lets you come back for more tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

Most important, keep in mind what you wanted in the first place: you wanted to feel good. If "working out" means that you're off to the races with a lot of twenty exercises and the bonds of hell hard behind you are delecting yourself. Give your body a chance to express itself, to reach into the race and defeat its own power.



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With a little attention to detail, you can design a program that will meet your cardiovascular needs and maximize your flexibility and at the same time make you stronger. At a more advanced stage, working with free weights will test your balance, center, and coordination. But for coordination, it helps to mix your weight training with a sport requiring skill, such as basketball, tennis, or a martial art.

Cardio weight training balances strength building with cardiovascular exercise. Basically it involves picking a limited "sweet" set of exercises and doing them at a normal pace, but with an idea as to as possible between them. For the entire workout period some part of your body is working hard, and your heart rate stays in the aerobic range.

Start with a five- to fifteen-minute warm-up. Jog a mile, pedal the stationary bike slowly, do some—do anything to get the blood moving and the body warm. Then stretch the entire body, gently, releasing into each stretch, never bouncing. Once you are warm, move immediately into your program. The maximum length of the program is dictated by the need for aerobic exercise; you should do enough to keep your heart rate elevated for roughly half an hour, three or four days per week.

Work all of the body's major muscle groups. Pick up resistance exercises that work a muscle you would like to emphasize, and arrange the exercises so that muscle groups alternate. You might work on your arms, legs, back, chest, abdomen, and then back to your arms and so on. When you have finished the circuit, start over. Keep going for as long as you have decided to work out.

Set the weights for each exercise so that you can do at least eight and no more than twelve to fifteen repetitions. When you can do more, increase the weight.

Do each exercise slowly and smoothly. Pay attention to form. Completing weight lifts often move quickly and "jerk" the weights into position. They are concentra-

WEIGHT TRAINING	
Aerobic	★
Flexibility	★★
Strength	★★★★★
Coordination	★★

ting energy. You are trying to do the opposite: make your muscles work hard, and not just at the very parts. Do the work slowly enough so that you don't cheat your way past the sticking points.

Don't rest at the bottom of the move. On moves like the bench press and the squat, when the extended position allows you to "lock out" and support the weight mainly on your bones, rest the trapezius a little rest. On moves like the leg extension, to work the top of the move is a maximum contraction almost impossible to maintain, try to maintain it for a moment. Move through the transition smoothly.

Emphasize the negative half of the move. Control the weight both up and down. Try this transition, some of the arm machines, such as the pullover, the decline press, and the arm cross, allow you to lift with your legs and let the weight down with your arms. This allows you to exert with a resistance greater than you could lift and gives your arms a more intense "negative only" workout. Chin ups and dips can be done in the same fashion: let the top quickly by standing on a stool or the steps of the apparatus, then relax your legs and let your arms take you down slowly.

Design your workouts so that opposing pairs of muscles get attention. This takes some of the strain off the joints. If you work your biceps, work your triceps. Match the chest and the upper back, the abdominals and the lower back, the hip flexors and hip extensors, the quadriceps and the hamstrings. If you are not sure what muscles a given exercise involves,

work it hard, then sit and listen to your body. You will be able to feel what muscles have and exhausted themselves.

Work on flexibility by taking the move through the full range of motion. Sometimes those last few inches are the hardest, but if those are not regularly got through a full range of motion, it will shorten and stiffen, which is what causes weight lifters to get "muscle-bound." Be gentle in the stretch. Bouncing or jerking to the end of the movement can hurt ligaments and tendons.

See Ann McKeown, an athletic black belt as well as the winner of the Bodybuilding Super Bikini of 1985. "Give your body a lot of variety. Change your routines. Your mind can hold secrets, and so can your body. You have to do the routine for a while to reap the benefits, but there comes a point, after a month or six weeks, when there is no more stress, no more challenge. So move it up. Take it from a different angle, do it in a different sequence."

Tender your routine to what you are looking for. You want muscles? Lift heavy weights. If you want to emphasize cardiovascular fitness, cut down on the amount of weight and increase the repetitions.

Cool down afterward with light jogging, cycling, walking, or light stretching for another five to fifteen minutes. The cool-down helps you recover more quickly and keeps the muscles from suddenly tightening up when you finish working there.

And finally, to dispel two myths of weight training:

- "Spot-reduction" does not work. You cannot melt off your spare tire by doing sit-ups or machine work on the abdominal machine. A half dozen major studies reported in the professional literature have failed to find any correlation between which muscle does the work and which fat disappears. When you put on weight is genetically determined. The rule is: Lean on, find out—the first place you put on weight will be the last place to lose it.

- Fat does not "burn off" muscle. Fat cells throughout the body must be protected before the energy can be used in building muscle. But any part of your body that you exercise will look better conditioned the fat is gone, simply because the muscle will improve in tone and shape.

BICYCLING

The basic skill came with your first two-wheeler. Now it's flying without wings under your own power—keeping in shape, and more

by John Poppy

You were free then. Away from parents, homework, chores, you could sprint into the wind and see down roads that nobody could stop you from traveling. You jumped those pedals and the wavy bike swung to freers and rhythms of your own. Friends joined in as you passed their houses, the pilots astride machines of their own. Time dissolved. Until you got to the limit, the store, or the ball game, or the spot that was yours in particular but the place to mark around, you were anywhere, any size, any strength you wanted to be.

You grew. As years passed, the colors of the bicycle under you changed. People and work pressed in closer. Yet even now, when you get out the bike, you realize the boy or girl you used to be and break away, free for a while.

There is some taste of escape—an escape from more than just of her people—as the threat of body and machine. There is a move toward building a weary desire, the desire to escape from stress, to cover enough distance in an hour or two to feel you've been somewhere and seen something new. To move, with efficiency, self-sufficiency, and speed. To declare independence from racism, bigotry, smugly, unrepentable adults. There is grace and economy in being not only the bicycle's passenger but its engine.

The nearly silent spinning of the wheels can even lead to flying. Soaring low over jumps, streets, green shoots, and pastures. Poppy is a former editor of *Look* and *The Saturday Evening*.



No matter how sophisticated this sport has become, it never fails to summon up memories of childhood: the sweetness of lemonade on a hot summer day, the chill of the autumn wind on the way to school.

line, as all the humans and acrobats of the earth glide up to meet you—it comes as close as many of us ever will come, outside of dreams, to being pretty's equal.

For eight days of the world's longest continuous physical contest, Pete Penney had averaged twenty-one and a half hours out of every twenty-four on a bicycle. Now, pedaling through Cumberland, Maryland, just before 9:00 a.m., he had the faith-like grace in his eyes. Only about three hundred miles to the Atlantic City beachfront. About twenty-three and a half more hours in the saddle. Time for a nap.

He had passed the migrating transcontinental record-holder, "Madness" Loui' Haldeman, in West Virginia. Body and mind had to hold up only one more day to win the 1984 Race Across America, the RAAM in which Penney had finished second to Haldeman the year before. Night fell as he reached the Delaware River and crossed the Benjamin Franklin Bridge from Philadelphia to Camden. For the last sixty miles, Penney had cranked along Route 58 toward the lights of Atlantic City,

ending remarks with his wife, Joanne, and other crew members in a support van, allowing himself to think once or twice, "I just want this to be over." Two motorcycle policemen charged out to lead the procession in from the city limits. Along the midnight stretch vacationers and gardeners who had never heard of a RAAM caught sight of the bearded, bespectacled, helmeted bicyclist gliding past their stores, as if he were inside a try-out sample of clear air.

A smidgen of sunset. Then the glowing towers of the casino, the boardwalk twinkling under his tires. At 1:13 a.m., August 28, Penney's victory. He smiled through an award ceremony, asked as he politely accepted his trophy, asked as he peeled off his gloves and said, "There are two ways to see this country. One is from the air and the other is from a bicycle. Nothing else compares."

Pete Penney had looked at the country from just above baseball level for 3,047 miles, through 214 towns and cities. He had set a new transcontinental record for the bicycle: one day, thirteen

hours, thirteen minutes. Of that, twenty-three hours and fifty-five seconds was his total time of the bike, just shy of two days, at 181 stops—thirteen stops for naps that totaled seventeen hours, fifty-seven minutes, thirty seconds. The others for bathroom breaks and changing or equipment changes. Meals he ate on the bike. He may hold a new record for hot-dog consumption by an endurance athlete. An unexpected craving for the things led him to eat five or six dozens, plus gallons of ice cream and thirty pounds of chocolate, "just a diet. I'd even consider in normal life." (His craving the year before had been for eggs. Same comment.) Sleep deprivation really hadn't bothered him. "Just one bit of anxiety. The crew told me when I was and why I was out there on a bicycle, and a nap fixed me up." Early on August 28, though, he was pretty tired.

Still smiling, he walked to a hotel and bed. About four hours later he got up and walked the three blocks back to the finish line for Lou Haldeman's arrival. And last he got up again to greet third-place finisher Michael Slocum. Out at the finish, the real contest—between fatigue and toughness in the same body, between old assumptions and new possibilities—marked not only competitors but companions.

The companionship extends all the way out. No matter how dramatically the limits get pushed, a bicycle road race has a curious effect: it connects the best of the athletes and the rest of us. One can watch touring cyclists, or the finest ultra-positivists, pace themselves through scrabbling events, and muse, "He goes better and faster than I do, but that's kind of how I look when I ride." This is no mere metaphor, so Walter Mitty fantasy of a 150-pound knock-kneed player imagining he could race like Joe Montana if they'd just let him put on a 49ers uniform. The connection is real.

There are at least sixty-five million bicycles being ridden in the United States, the Bicycle Manufacturers Association estimates. Twenty-three million were sold in the last decade, a number that rivals that of automobiles (an estimated 130 million were registered and on the road as of last year, according to the R.L. Polk Company in Detroit). The statistics show that one person out of every three rides a bicycle regularly for fun or fitness—sixty-five to seventy-two million people, depending on the survey.

Not one of those cyclists needs to acquire the equivalent skills of an NFL quarterback in conservatively getting it enough for heroic feats. The basic skill came with your first two-wheeler. You never forget it. The bicycle, familiar and accessible, is a childhood memory grown up into equipment for serious sport.

Usher and scores of others have the body of a Steve Nigg, who was twenty years old, five feet eight and a half inches, and 188

pounds at consistently employed muscle when he won the first of three medals in the 100-meter dash in 1984 (Olympics) and the 100-meter world record in 1985. He is a gifted athlete who won the U.S. National downhill ski champion in 1982, before he took up serious bicycling. Pete Penney, 39, says, "Not many of us, either, are going to convince the sponsor we'll be into the race but, that's another, it's like he said a desk, supervising a group of workers in a nuclear power plant, and does most of his commuting by commuting the three-mile from his house on a bicycle. He says simply, 'It seems most logical to turn what you're going to do anyway to your advantage.' Penney won the Race Across America when he was forty and

Gary Fisher planned to go airborne. Twenty miles north of San Francisco on a Sunday morning, he led thousands of acres of Marin County woods and hills to himself. Dodging and dancing down a bumpy stretch of fire road, he swung the front wheel of a mountain bike directly at the lip of a ditch.

First, it is an *on-board* pedestal, arms extended (slightly bowed) to semi-circular Baltimore handrails, playing front and rear fenders with the touch of a synocephalus. Flasket crouched behind the saddle, absorbing the bounce through its knees. Flaming like a shaman stator, he stared by pulling the nose of the bike toward his left and inertia, which gripped the rails of the saddle. At the apex, he released the front brake and raised the front wheel, throwing the weight forward to get the rear wheel up and reduce the impact when it hit. Now *wock* that bitch— that rock— sharp turn coming up.

Thirteen of the 160s are on a bicycle, and Fisher kept going to good use. The head of Fisher Mountain Bikes, he helped to invent it. At thirty-two he is still an all-around bicyclist. Fisher began as his early tastes to design sturdy, stable, balloon-tired bikes with extra gears, thumb brakes at the handlebars, indestructible brake levers, quick-release adjusters for seat height, and teardroped frame geometry. A few years later he met the late Richard Widmark, suffering in the public eye in 1973. Sales have doubled every year since. By now mountain bikes—also less positively called cruisers, choppers, offroad or all-terrain bikes—abound wherever there is a corner to use and a hill to climb.

Revolutionary? Only in the details. All bicycles were off-road devices for the first half of their history, there being little smooth pavement even when you were on what passed for a road. In fact, the United States once paved roads to—the pulsating peacemaker car? No, to the common bicycle. The League of American Wheelmen (LAW) was formed in 1880 in New-
 Rhode Island, both for its members

own rights and self-defense. The organization is based on an Aircycle USA, the nation's largest distribution of cycle touring and cargo bikes, which has its offices in Burlington, Vt. In the past, it has issued self-defense, in fact, to its members and used the money to conduct to distribute any person who regarded cyclists as a mere obstruction, whose purchase of a horse "creates the curious hallucination that he possesses the right of way on the highway." Bicycles were banned from Central Park and the streets of Boston, Brooklyn, and other cities, and the roads of most states were open to anyone with wheels. The U.S. Postal Service was founded in 1875 with 300,000 bicycles and a record of lobbying with Teddy Roosevelt's fight for the right to ride in public and for laws that wouldn't "trifle their horses." The "Good Roads Movement" was born in 1886, and the bicycle later came in by monies. Much of the movement's influence grew from the fact that by 1886 the U.S. was the world's largest bicycle producer, turning out half a million two-wheelers a year and assembling 100,000 of them in automobile factories. The automobile captured our grandparents' hearts, but in fact that a reborn the wheel has turned, it had not only, far enough that it was the only thing that was not a horse, but it was the only thing that was not a horse.

The main thing to learn from these cyclists about business, all-around fitness is that you won't get it by wanting them.

If you're trying to make a national bicycling team, you should concentrate on one thing—riding a bike," says Edmond Burke, who directs sports medicine for the United States Cycling Federation, the governing body of amateur cycle racing in the U.S. Here, as in the USSR, East Germany, and every other athletic superpower, that means competition as serious business, speedily is the rule. That's unlike life at the top of the competitive pyramid, as we'll see.

Readers of *Track* chevroners such as Connie Carpenter-Phinney and Rebecca Twigg, gold and silver medalists at the 1992 Winter Olympics, spend 70 to 80 percent of their training time on the bike. Carpenter-Phinney does take time on the mountains, but not for more than three hours at a pace that is "not even close to racing," says Twigg, but more from March to November. This is the racing season. Then, with the rest of the national team, she concentrates on long rides of seventy miles or more that include hill climbs and sets of intervals—sprints separated by short rests. Endurance specialists, they read to the long muscles and lean bodies of marathoners.

Track chevroners at middle distances, such as the 1,000-meter time trial, spend five days a week. Heavy lifters like old silver-lens theodolite rider in 1984, "Dan Bledsoe,"

Four of France made it up to six to two in the first 45 minutes. Yet, "Along with sprinters, they concentrate even more on materials. They also add significant amounts of weight all the time. Training for short events, they can add 10 to 15 pounds. They're up to 49.35 kilos to train four thousand meters to the Olympic gold medal—these Superman build athletes under the slippery rubber racing suits. Much of the bulk comes from muscle to last hours a week of training."

But this kind of training, of course, is not for most people. "People need variety in their lives, and cycling is one way to get it," says Ed Butler, one of the architects of the program. "It's a good way to get the 17.5 hours of training in. You can't take it all the time. There's a lot of other things to do."

There are other things. In some ways, it's more limiting. You need a bike, you need roads or at least trails, you need all the usual training in soccer. "You can be on a bike for 10 hours a week, but you still need to be a little slower to get outside exercise."

For Maxwell, Burke likes the idea of cross-training. Even the legman can take an example from triathletes, which have brought people who once thought of themselves as basically runners, cyclists, or swimmers into training for all three at once. Triathletes' sport carry over benefits in cardiovascular fitness, flexibility, strength, and coordination. They state of stamina and burnout and cut down on overuse injuries. The point for Burke is, "I can ride a bike. I can run or go skiing. I'm just keeping in shape."

Planning for ultimate fitness need not mean emulating the competitors whose lives revolve around intense bursts of peak performance. Consider, instead, the more useful example of ultramarathoners like *Five Percenters*. Most long-distance runners turn out to be not fanatics but people who use race around their lives, not the other way around.

the floor, and was riding in one part of the good life, not all of it. They stand at enough of an angle to "ordinary" life to give us a break look, but not at such an extreme angle that it distorts perspective. Mrs. Penicarp is neither macho nor mischievous; she remembers that riding a two-wheeler is a lot like riding a horse, and she's just interested in living limits, but the best of her good feeling about her brings the best of herself to it. So he prepares, and takes care of himself over the long haul.

The long haul is the point of what we call alternate lives. You took it to the limit yesterday, did you best today, and you'll still be on the course when the sun comes out tomorrow. An alternate life is a course that you can ride over and over as a fitness, a fair approximation of life—life as a fine idea, maybe, but life that goes on.



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Serious road riders tend to be more developed in the lower body, with muscular calves and thighs attached to a slender trunk. Working the legs is good for aerobic conditioning—but doing it in a limited range and keeping the rest of the body in a fixed position is not so good for flexibility and coordination. Our strategy, showing a sharp drop from aerobic benefits to the legs, points to your strategy: prepare off the bike to increase your effectiveness on it.

Off the Bike. Bracket every ride with stretches and upper-body strength tests. Do the posture sequence in the opposite order of the periodic exercise—number 6 as 1, and so forth. Start by jugging or dancing around until you breathing speeds up and you sweat a little, so that you will not be cramping cold muscles and tendons. Stretches are not warm-ups. Do static yoga-type stretches, never the bouncing athletic type, and breathe deeply during each one. Work on a rug or a folded towel, never on a bare floor. Stretching on one foot for both. They are for muscle tone and a feeling of confidence. Do each at no less than two times lower than your maximum.

1. **Seated.** Back muscles get a lot of work on a bicycle. Abdominal muscles get little. The typical posture for a bike rider—lean over with shoulders forward—contracts breathing and can cause lower-back pain. The immediate impulse is to strengthen what hurts—the back. The more useful move is to stretch the back and strengthen the front. For this, lie with your back flat on the floor, knees bent. Cross your arms, with your hands gripping opposite shoulders. Raise your trunk slightly, not to a vertical position, keeping the abdominal muscles flat (this gives your back work with fewer lower-back muscles). Hold 10 seconds, raise your knees and chest to meet.

2. **Handstand stretch.** Sit on the floor, legs straight in front of you. Slide both hands down one leg. Touch the toes with the hand opposite the leg; if you can't do it, stop at the point of discomfort. Hold 10 seconds for each leg.

3. **Chest up.** Much of the upper-body work in cycling consists of pulling against the handlebars with muscles, including the trapezius muscles, which wrap from midback around the side, and pelvis. Chest-ups work both. Grasp the bar with palms facing away.

Left smoothly. Remember to breathe out as you lift; do not squeeze your cardiovascular system by holding your breath.

4. **Push-ups.** Again, for front-body muscles—the best for triceps, deltoids and the many smaller ones that stabilize the shoulder blades. If you haven't done any for a while, beginner's push-ups with your knees on the floor are fine. Breathe out as you push up. Keep the neck relaxed.

5. **Lower-back stretch.** Lay the spine as flat as possible on the floor, knees bent. Put one knee at a time to the chest, repeating ten times. Or rock both knees to the chest and rock twenty seconds for five repeats.

6. **Overhead stretch.** Stand on the right leg and hold on to something stable with the left hand. Rock behind you with the right hand and grasp the left ankle. Extend the leg back from the hip while gently pulling the heel toward the buttocks until you feel tightness in the front thigh. Do not force. If you feel any knee pain, let go immediately. Hold twenty seconds for five repeats. Change legs and repeat.

On the Bike. Pushing steadily at 75-80 rpm at least and keeping up that cadence—as constant—as the key to aerobic conditioning on a bicycle. To find your approximate "anaerobic heart rate," subtract your age from 220, then subtract your approximate resting heart rate (again by counting your pulse per minute) from that figure, multiply by 50 percent, then add the resting heart rate to the new figure.

You are doing aerobic training when you move steadily for twenty to forty-five minutes, three to five times a week, keeping your heart rate within the elevated target range. Taking into account a warm-up period, stoplights, and other slow-downs, figure an hour for a maximum day's ride. At twelve miles an hour, the average speed for a noncompetitive cyclist out for a spin, ten twenty or more for a lap sustained speed, you'll be a few hours.

Start each ride with a light five-minute version of the exercise to cause more pedaling 15-30 rpm. After the warm-up, shift to your 75-80 rpm cadence and keep it up for at least twenty minutes. But don't start at that pace on your first ride; it will just discourage you. Build up to it over a few weeks. If you're pushing for something beyond basic fitness, you may want

Bicycling				
Aerobics	★	★	★	★
Flexibility	★			
Strength	★	★		
Coordination	★			

to increase it further. Riders who favor "aging" the pedals for long stretches at cadences between 50 and 100 rpm usually find a ride with a speed that's slower than they have. They have trained not only the cardiovascular system but also the fast-twitch and slow-twitch muscle fibers associated with starting and endurance.

Shift up to a bigger gear when pedaling becomes too easy and down to a smaller one when it becomes too difficult, so that you keep an even cadence. That may sound obvious, but one of the worst things many novices do is to push too big a gear. Straining at the pedals overexerts the knee, causing local fatigue that may feel like good hard work but actually deprives you of cardiovascular effect. The quadriceps get tired, you slow down the work, and quit early.

The best things to do which to concentrate are smooth pedaling and good cadence and good common sense. If you reach a point on a hill where you are pushing too hard to talk comfortably, or your muscles cramp, there is no dispute in getting off and pushing the bike. Walking is exercise, too. (That's why you can't walk up a hill.) If you're pushing a bicycle, get advice from the people in a reputable bike shop. They will help you make sure the bicycle fits your body, not the other way around. Take time before leaving. And avoid "bag pants," the one item in which what you pay and what you get correspond pretty closely. Two hundred dollars to \$500 will get you riding. Wear your helmet. Everyone tells off a bicycle sooner or later. Those who protect their heads have far better chances of living to do it again.

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BASKETBALL

ENTERTAINMENT
FITNESS

Every game is a story—sometimes tragic, sometimes glorious, sometimes merely comic. Basketball creates a whole culture, a world of its own

BY BEN YAGODA

What is it about basketball? What is it that makes seemingly sensible men appear to ridiculous gym rats, those, four, once five times a week, hear the clang and swoosh of paraded legends, bloated feet, and agonized ankles, and feel that a day is not complete unless it includes a jumpshot?

An attempt at an answer: basketball players belong to a culture, no less than Sachems or IBM employees. In today's world, that is a rare thing. You don't want to lose it.

I know I wouldn't want to lose a culture feeling I get from basketball, a feeling that comes over me not during the game but before it. It's an excitement that reminds me of what I've always heard about opening night. Whether you're lacing up your shoes in the locker room, ready to board up the steps to the gym, or slumbering your car door by the playground with a ball under your arm, there's a good nervousness, a palpable anticipation, a sense that what you're about to do is more important than anything else in the world right now.

The anticipation that I'm talking about isn't limited to a game with ten players, uniforms, and a referee. It applies even to the most basic level of basketball, the kind with just three elements: a ball, a basket, and a guy. I remember once, about 15 years ago, meeting an Italian Sicilian League star here or so early for a New York City basketball, a former competitor in Europe, in the middle of his Philadelphia suspension.



In city playgrounds or small town gyms, this all-American sport creates its own distinctive culture.

Kinda game. As the crowd began filling in, Phil Jackson, the Knickerbocker forward, walked out onto the court with a ball under his arm. He started shooting—first short jumpers, then medium jumpers, then hook shots, then lay-ups, each time getting his own rebound. It probably didn't get him more to the fans who watched him than any trick of dribbling or pass he would

ever make, because he was creating something they all had at one time or another: the primary rule of basketball.

In Syracuse, the basketball, J. D. Salinger has his narrator, Buddy Glass, say that for him and his brother Seymour, playing endless games of pool was their own Protestant Reformation. That's what shooting a basketball in my backyard was

for me. Four times (I'd shoot) the score off, day and night (I'd had my father shoot a basketball to the house) I'd shoot, becoming intimately acquainted with every one of the court's 11,520 square inches. What prevented it all from being dull, of course, was the roar for mental outbursts. Shooting and dribbling, shooting and dribbling, I could work on moods, experiment with

different shooting styles, familiar shoot games ("Three seconds left, two, one... YES!!!! It's GOOD!"), or just a change in the same kind of pleasurable and undemanding dysfunction you can do at a good classical music concert. Everyone in the culture of basketball knows what I'm talking about.

Close-on-one basketball can even be good exercise. It's up to you, though: you're all by yourself, but willing to improve the ball, picking it up, and shooting it almost as worthless as played HORSE or Around the World. But really getting into things—running for the ball, going high on your jump shots, driving the length of the floor, if you're playing on a full-court—analgesic for a great workout. And going all out can be fun, if you use your imagination.

The physical benefits of one-on-one, too, can vary. With just one opponent, it's always possible to play your own version of a small, protective ball and dribbling endlessly every time you get out of breath. But played with gusto, one-on-one is a grueling test, comparable to other same-a-mere sports such as handball, squash, or tennis. Physical education expert O'Neil estimates that a leisure one-on-one session burns 650 calories per hour—about half that of a full-court basketball game, which O'Neil conservatively puts at 300.

Probably more basketball is played in this country in various half-court games than in all other forms combined. Two-on-two and four-on-four I've always thought of as compromises; the former because you don't have enough players, the latter because you have too many. Two-on-two is an ancient and its descendants into top-down one-on-one (with the two players not directly involved hanging around, waiting for the rebounds), and four-on-four usually ends up being too crowded.

Three-on-three is the classic ball-court game, with enough players to exercise most basketball strategy and skills, the passing game, give-and-go, post play—but low enough in skill that the players are on just enough of an even playing field to provide a consistent workout. And there's so much straight-out running in full-court (which makes it a good game for players older than fifty or so) but just as much, if not more, lateral movement and jumpers—as it's often harder on the feet and legs.

Then there's full-court—to my mind, the ultimate game. Maybe most of all, full-court affords the pleasure of all-out running. (Half-court for a full-court is a "fun.") You can make a spectacular mid-air move in one-on-one or three-on-three, but flailing in for a lay-up at the end of a fast break is just I've never equaled in other sports (and won't I'll bet, until I go the extra six inches I'll need to join a basketball. Playing hard for an hour, you

probably run in the neighborhood of four miles—a figure that doesn't take into account the jumping and the looping, the sprints and sudden stops and starts. NBA ballplayers are often called the best-conditioned athletes in pro sports, and when you play full-court you can understand why.

The word *flow* is overused in discussions about sports, but it's unavoidable when you talk about basketball. Once you've past the first confusion and have gotten your second wind (and there's nothing like basketball to teach you that the phenomenon exists), a good game is like nothing more than a river. It takes twists and turns, it brings together various tributaries (your concentration, it speeds up and slows down, it erupts into rapids and occasionally flows over the banks, it has its own inimitable rhythm. And it always leaves

Clearly, basketball provides excellent conditioning—but not so good as that more perfect third, say, running four days a week and doing Nautilus the other three. The reason I play ball anyway has to do with the other benefits of the game. Maybe most prominently, it's interesting. Every basketball game is a story, with characters, turning points, climaxes, and so on (and some lives tragic, sometimes glorious, sometimes merely comic. In any case, it's next to impossible to be bored playing ball).

With basketball, you never even know whether you're going to get a chance to play. Running or swimming is always available; in racket sports you can usually reserve a court. But with basketball (unless you're in a league, a format that has always struck me as too official), you take your chances. Maybe no one will be there, maybe four guys will have winners ahead of you. Yes, in basketball you get done with your numbers, but you get even more than that. You have a—surprisingly, conflict (I'd say that at more than half the games I've ever played in, a fight has at least come close to breaking out), fellowship (in some ways, you feel closer to even a pickup teammate than to your best friends, yet (what could that be?) than a comeback war).

Choose your metaphors. Basketball is a mirror, and it is an arena. Either way, what I think I like most about the game is that it allows personal style to emerge. It's not that we don't have style in the rest of our lives, but if you're into the game, the basketball court—one more metaphor—reflects what's on it: the pure impression of the game forces a more personal portrait.

I know things about people I played one game of basketball with that I don't know about people who've been friends for years. Does he call a charge foul? Does he smile after making a three-pointer? Does he give up the ball? Does he coast the perimeter or bang bodies underneath? Hey—does he play defense? It's more interesting than an encounter group.

Let me give an example. One of the rules of basketball forbids offensive players to stand in the area near the basket for more than three consecutive seconds, otherwise, a foul player must just camp out there and wait for rebounds, changing things up and slowing down the game. In every referenceless game I've ever played in, however, there's been no three-second rule; if a player can't find a way to shoot or make, As a result, three seconds has become a personal issue for a player. Certainly, he can get away with camping out in the low, and certainly it would help his team. Yet it's not the way the game was meant to be played.

I can't think of a better test of a man's character.

It's not hard to join the culture of basketball. In just about every city, there's a Y with a regular pickup game (and usually a businessmen's game at lunch), collect your are excellent places to find a game, and there's usually a not too painful way to arrange court privileges. Playground ball remains the game as its most elemental form. Sometimes the supplies look a little forbidding, but if you're willing to sacrifice a day while they check you out, you can almost always become a regular. Oh helps if you bring a ball.)

Since my days on the backyard court, I've been involved in a established pickup game wherever I've lived. I've played on the South Side of Chicago, on the Upper West Side of New York, and in the north of Peru. I've played on concrete and asphalt, composition and wood. Aside from my family, basketball has been the most obvious constant in my life over the past two decades.

A sobering if not depressing thought: I've just turned thirty-one, and I wonder, as more and more of my peers make the switch to squash and tennis and the like, how long I'll be able to insist.

I'm not sure, but I do know that as I ponder the question, I'll remember what Chuck Weigman told me in addition to being the coach of The Joe-Lee Four Brothers Band. Chuck is the executive director for youth programs at Hahn Head, South Carolina. There's a hoop in the parking lot outside his office, and every day at 4:30 or 5:00, no guys are getting off work, a game starts up. Chuck is thirty-five, but he still keeps his sneakers under his desk and leaves them up just about every day to join the game.

"When I was in my late twenties," he said, "I used to go through these mental crises—'I have maybe three years of basketball left.' But it's strange thing happened. Every year, my estimate went up. Now I think I have five years."

I'm not sure how Chuck thinks he's managed to hold the years at bay. But I think it may start keeping a pair of sneakers under his desk.

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An Ultimate Fitness Program for **BASKETBALL**

Basketball is probably unique among the Six Big Ones in that it presupposes a certain level of fitness. Especially if you're running full-court, you can't just play your self into shape. This is partly because the game is so grueling (guys who see out of shape usually end up taking themselves out after five minutes) and partly because—in all the experts agree—the best way to avoid basketball injuries is by conditioning. Carrying extra pounds is a double disadvantage: not only is it harder to run up and down the court, but it puts your back, legs, ankles, and feet in jeopardy by weighing them down.

A program to prepare yourself for full-court basketball would probably include playing the less demanding game of half-court (which, needless to say, is all some people ever want or need to play), some special attention to the legs and ankles, plus some form of aerobic exercise. Running is probably best, because it strengthens the all-important legs, but there's some disagreement over just how to run. Distance running is most common, and especially good for cardiovascular conditioning, but some people running that uses into account the specific motions of basketball—a series of quick stops and starts. Use the word sprints (basketball players run in the outfield. One treatment of soccerball as soccer) and is to start under the basket, sprint to the foul line and back, then to the basket and back, then to the other foul line and back, then to the other end line and back. (It that sounds too easy, add sprints to the top of the key at both ends.)

Once you feel that you're in good enough shape to go full court, other exercises

come—such as how often you should play. You probably won't get away besides from basketball if you don't play at least two or three times a week, but it's really a matter of personal judgment and preference. based primarily on how much you want to play.

Once you're playing regularly, what kind of—and how much—supplemental exercise should you do? Again, it depends on what you need. Basketball obviously does little to develop the upper body, so if that is a goal of yours, working out in the weight room or on the Nautilus or Universal machines—on doing push-ups or chin-ups—is as advisable as possible on your off days. (It's not good to let weights before playing, your shots tend to be like bricks.) Strengthening your upper body is good for your basketball game as well, adding shooting, rebounding, and defense ("Keep your hands up!" the coaches yell)—an impossible task for people with ready arms.

You shouldn't ignore your legs either. Basketball gives them a good workout, obviously, but you'll be able to play longer and better if you give them some additional work. Jumping rope is widely recommended, and so is stair-step running. And if you want to improve your jumping, do leg work in the weight room. Pumping iron won't make a David Thompson out of a Mitch Kupchak, but you should be able to add three to five inches to your leg. (Dip-ups is divided as ankle weights; they can help your jumping, but some trainers feel they put too much stress on the knee.)

Basketball makes fairly low when it comes to developing flexibility, and if that is a goal of yours, participate in a few or three-exercise class at your gym. And it's important to stretch before playing, or, if you go to an NBA game these days, you'll often see the players stretch around the four before the game, doing various stretching exercises.

Not only does stretching make you better, it dramatically decreases your susceptibility to injury. And injury is, alas, the unenviable ill that basketball fans is her to. Figures compiled for one month year by the Consumer Product Safety Commission showed 1.3 million basketball injuries. By type they broke down this way: strains or sprains, 34.4 percent; con-

tusions or abrasions, 18.7 percent; fractures, 14.9 percent; and the rest taken up by lacerations, concussions, and others. By body part, ankle, 33.1 percent; finger or thumb, 22.4 percent; knee, 9.9 percent; foot or toes, 8.4 percent; hand, 5.6 percent; and so on down the line.

There's not much you can do to avoid basketball injuries—which makes the little you can do doubly important. Probably the most important preventive, as noted, are staying in shape and warming up before playing. Beyond that, being aware and in control of your body is critical. Says Al Dennerico, trainer of the Philadelphia 76ers: "Pro players rarely time to miss games because of ankle sprains because they know how an ankle sprain happens—your weight comes down on your foot when it's twisted. Pro players reflexively shift enough so that they catch themselves almost every time. The only time they have a bad ankle tends to be when they come down on someone else's foot and can't catch themselves."

Dennerico adds that although high-tops are marginally preferable to low tops, the kind of sneaker you wear doesn't make much difference. But when you're not getting shooting around, make sure your shoes are an extremely bad idea. They don't give you the right kind of support or traction for basketball, making you highly susceptible to injury and—more so—ineffectual play.

But even when customizations, padded or delicated shoes are a painful, frequently disappointing, and lamentably unavailable bit of basketball life. The same goes for leg pads, padded tights, knee braces, and the like. The fortunate few who have based on the rim after monster jumps. What you can do is treat them wisely, almost always, the recommended treatment is to apply ice. I know it's hard, but resist the temptation to keep on playing after an injury. It rarely hurts that much immediately, but you're doing considerable damage.

Basketball is perilous. But then, so is life. And if you ever start to feel beat by aches and pains, think about how much harder you are than Jerry West, who, in the course of a brilliant and glorious career, broke his nose nine times.

BASKETBALL

Aerobics ★ ★ ★

Flexibility ★ ★ ★

Strength ★ ★

Coordination ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SWIMMING

ULTIMATE
FITNESS

In the weightless, sensuous environment of water, you have your very best chance of getting fit without getting hurt

BY CARRIE DOLAN

Perhaps more than any other fitness activity, swimming works all of your body. It builds your limbs and heart. It doesn't set just your arms and joints to the rigorous pounding that other sports do, or to the risks of heat exhaustion. And it's an activity you'll probably never get too old to do.

Many of us used to like to swim. But now, after we've grown up and discovered job stress and social networking, our contact with water is given likely to be a splash over a shot of bourbon than a morning in the pool—an unfortunate fact, because a swimming program offers unique benefits to both the stomach and the well-toned. Just remember: say that swimming can reduce stress, boost self-esteem, and help you sleep better at night.

Advances in swimming instruction have enabled swimmers today to go far faster than they have in the past. Many middle-aged men say that, after proper training, they chalk up faster times than they did in college. As John Jerome, an author who decided to become a competitive swimmer at age forty-seven, notes in his book *Swimming with A*: "Mark Spitz's 1972 Munich world records wouldn't have gotten him into the tryouts for the 2004 U.S. Olympic team."

Glen H. Ransome, Ph.D., professor of kinesiology at UCLA, says, "People who were competitive swimmers ten years ago don't swim as often these days as today's. Competitive swimmers are a smaller slice than in San Francisco. This is the first time for fifty years



A swimmer's body is strong and smoothly muscled, a reflection of the soft yet inexorable power of water.

swimmers. There's been a very dramatic change. Coaching is also remarkably different. It's a science today, when it used to be considered an art."

Serious swimmers now tend to increase the intensity of each workout rather than simply chalk up laps. This is a more circuit-oriented workout, which tones and overloads the body, asking it to do a little bit more each time it's in the water. And competitive swimmers use lift-distorted strokes, which use the arm like a paddle, rather than drag-downed strokes, which use the arm like a paddle. With drag strokes, the hand enters below the body, but with lift strokes, the hand comes out of the water in exactly the same place it entered.

Nothing in fluids has been revolutionized as well. The conventional flutter kick is now rarely used by distance swimmers, because it takes so much energy to perform. Instead, over the last few years a two-beat kick, which precisely puts down the legs along, has been gaining popularity. "Distance swimmers don't depend on the kick for propulsion," Eggrsten says. "They just want the kick to keep their legs up and their body horizontal."

Eggrsten also feels that when a body with a core temperature of 98.6 degrees swims in an 80-degree pool, "you're dumping heat into the water, paying additional thermal regulation costs. That higher energy output helps you lose weight." But as sleek as you may feel sliding weight

lessly through the water, you probably won't knock off pounds as fast swimming as you might with other fitness programs. Recently researchers at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill investigated why people who swim don't lose as much weight as people who run if they're doing as much work. A study of athletes and nonathletes found that, because of the effect of gravity, running causes far more damage to cells than swimming does. After running, the body begins to stabilize and the cells start repairing themselves, which burns off calories. After swimming, the cells have much less repair work to do, so fewer calories are burned. Another factor is that after running, the body sweats, so even more calories are burned.


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ULTIMATE FITNESS

An Ultimate Fitness Program for SWIMMING

Okay, everybody out of the lounge chairs. It's time for a little straight talk.

When pollsters were asked, most of you told them you were swimmers. But were you counting the afternoons spent lying on the beach until your body was so soaked in sweat and sunbath oil you had to jump in and cool off? Or maybe that evening of skinny-dipping?

Now, there's nothing wrong with a hot dog-paddling, but swimming offers so much more. With a little extra effort and imagination, it can provide one of the best all-around fitness programs. It asks you to use all your muscle sets, and speeds the benefits of your workout around: swimmers are among the most proportionately developed athletes.

Experts give swimming equally high marks for improving flexibility, coordination, and strength, and for aerobic benefit: it makes just a notch below running. And you risk far fewer injuries with swimming than with other sports.

Before starting a swimming fitness program, get a physical exam. After that, follow one strict rule: have fun in the water. You have an area unobscured by gravity to play in, so make the most of it. Turn a backyard waterpail. Walk upside down on your hands. Play water jugs. To reap aerobic benefit and muscle conditioning from swimming, try doing five laps in the bottom of the pool (just remember to wear a good-fitting pair of goggles, so you don't surface with bloodshot eyes). Play catch with Frisbees while treading water.

It's important to vary your swim program. Eddie Reese, the swim coach at the University of Texas, Austin, says he's never in twenty years had his team do the same workout twice. Vary the type of stroke, the number of lengths you do with different strokes, and the speed at which you do them. Spend some time just kicking, the next time out, use just your arms.

Simply repeating the basics of swimming can also enhance coordination and aerobic conditioning. Learn to take your breathing to your stroke; discover the most efficient way to move your limbs in motion to propel your body through the water. Try treading water for twenty minutes, holding on to the side of the pool or a kickboard if you need to. Set an alarm

clock near the side of the pool and tread water with a friend. Or place a tape player nearby and keep moving in the water throughout one side of a cassette. The object is simply to increase your heart rate and maintain that higher pace.

Swimmers swimmers should check their times and paper their workouts with speed for maximum cardiovascular benefit. Pick a workout set you feel comfortable with, and strive to do it faster each month. You'll realize more aerobic benefits this way than by putting in long distances at a plodding pace. If you decide to swim laps, do a minimum of thirty minutes a day, at least three times a week. As your endurance increases, you can work up to an hour's workout five days a week. Whenever you choose, begin gradually. Don't want to plunge into too much too soon and forfeit your enthusiasm.

Beginning swimmers should start out without attaching a float to swimming trunks. Gradually, the resting time should be shortened, and the lap-by-lap workout increased. For instance, the swimmer might swim twenty seconds, then rest twenty seconds. Next, he or she should shoot for forty seconds of swimming, with twenty seconds of rest. The objects to link together in many laps as possible, with fewer, longer time-outs. Don't drop one of your first few laps to the wall; leave you looking breathless. Few people are fit enough to swim ten minutes without stopping. Be even gentler for this milestone. With consistent practice, endurance is one of the easiest things to increase.

Water plays an unobscured space to limber up in, to spy your muscles loose, and

enhance flexibility. So do your stretching in the water: up to your neck in the pool, extend your arms and cross them slowly in front of your chest; do intensely scissor kicks, touch your toes under water.

Some competitive swimmers lift weights; you might choose to supplement your program with some time in the weight room, too. Don't lift more than three times a week. But remember that you can build your muscles, and your strength, at the water's level, swimming, with its constant resistance against light resistance, is similar to any type of weight lifting.

Try using props that create more drag. Swim with small rubber tubes around your ankles, which look something like pulling a ladder behind you as you swim. Or wear hand paddles. They increase the area of water you pull back with each stroke, giving your arms more to do. You'll have plenty of opportunity to walk; swimming allows you to operate at a higher workload with a lower heart rate than when you exercise on land.

For most people, a pool will probably be the convenient place to swim. But don't overlook opportunities to plunge on lakes, river, or across swimming. Each holds its own charms and challenges. Cold water slows water. Still water. But although swimming in unglazed water can be exhilarating, always swim with someone, and never swim in an area you know nothing about. Even the most skilled swimmer is powerless against a strong current.

The rewards you find in your swimming program will reflect what you put into it. Like many regular swimmers, you may become a pool jockey, a nod who can't function without a day in the water. Or you may find you only like to show yourself in the water about six times in your water year. Whatever schedule suits you, you should be consistent. Coach Eddie Reese says, "Remember that you're training for life. You don't need to train every day. Just stay with it. Three or four times a week is great, two times is good, one is better than none. When you swim for thirty minutes and spend another ten minutes just kicking, you're doing a whole lot of good for your body—more good than you can probably imagine. It's just a matter of getting started."

SWIMMING

Aerobic ★ ★ ★ ★

Flexibility ★ ★ ★

Strength ★ ★ ★

Coordination ★ ★ ★

RACKET SPORTS

On getting fit while becoming a better tennis, racquetball, squash, badminton, or paddle-tennis player than you are

by Leonard Gross

See a man in street clothes carrying a racket and you can make certain reasonable assumptions. He's trying, at least, to find a balance between work and play. He's physical and needs to express himself through action. He's careful of his health and is in tolerable shape. And he probably knows that no matter how he played each hour, he did his mind and body some good. Particularly the mind, because no one who gets the word out like a personal coach on the courts.

Not to say that we who play the racket sports don't flagellate ourselves in the process. But errors tend to lie in the heat and frenzy of the game, particularly if the tempo is fast and the opponents are well matched. What lingers long after the match is over is a memory, more in the body than the mind, of a moment, perhaps several, when it all suddenly came together and we played out of our skills, baffling without thought, anticipating returns, seeing the ball so clearly that it seemed almost to follow them, sending our opponent.

As singularly pleasurable as such memories might be, they leave a residue of uneasiness. If we can play like that some of the time, we wonder, why can't we do it always? Sometimes neither we there must be a better player just waiting to get out.

We're right. We can be better than we are. It happens to me; it can happen to you if you follow the same procedures. It doesn't matter whether your game is tennis, racquetball, squash, badminton, or paddle tennis; the procedures are applicable to all racket sports—do all sports, for

LEONARD GROSS is the coauthor of *Cracking Tennis*, to be published in October by Doubleday.



Tennis, once the languid pastime of aristocrats, has evolved into the fierce exchange of ninety-five-mile-an-hour missiles. This modern warrior ranges the net, stalks the flying ball, and hopes for a kill.

that matter. Nor does it matter at what level you play; the procedures are in pertinent to the A player who wants to move up to the championship flight as they are to the rank beginner.

There are actually two sets of procedures. The first set has to do with the way you learn. The second set consists of a series of performance techniques that are used consistently by champions and occasionally, if ever, by the rest of us. To illustrate both sets of procedures, let me put them in the context of my own animal experience.

Some years ago I had the good fortune to spend a year as the private pupil, in

effect, of one of the foremost authorities in the field of human performance, Lucianne E. Morehouse, a physiologist and professor of kinesiology and the founding director of the Human Performance Laboratory at UCLA. Morehouse and I had previously collaborated—he as the mentor, I as the writer—on a book called *Bad Players*, and our publisher had asked us to do a sequel, to be called *Morehouse Performance*.

If Mrs. Morehouse's contention that every one of us has the capacity, with only a modest adjustment of our habits, to

move with greater agility, endurance, and graceful economy, minimize power, im-

prove speed, learn faster, learn higher, and win more often.

As we began our second book, I asked Morehouse, who had coached his share of world-class athletes, if he would conduct an experiment, using his principles to see whether he could bring out the better athlete I was certain was in me. My motives were twofold. I wanted to prove to my own satisfaction that the principles worked, so that I could write about them with conviction. And having reached the point of desperation in trying to become a tennis player, I wanted some expert help.

My particular problem was that I was a left-handed person who had played golf eight-handed since the age of nine. In acquiring a golf club, I'd appropriated the left-handed's tennis backhand in one of thousands of times, which meant that I could hit a reasonable backhand on the day I switched from golf to tennis. But in trying to hit a forehand, I was as helpless as I would have been had I tried to play golf left-handed. I looked and felt like a paralytic. Any C player could beat me by playing to my weakness.

Morehouse agreed to the experiment and named one of his graduate students, Gayle Godwin, to help me. Before we started, Morehouse set down some ground rules:

- I was to give up all competitive play until my new racketer was completely groundless. No matter what the sport, he said, any effort to move to a new level of skill must be done during a period of several weeks specifically set aside for that purpose. The pleasure of competing is replaced by the pleasure of improving. If you try to compete before your new skills have been mastered, you'll immediately revert to your previous habits.

- Rather than attempt to cure existing defects in my game, we were to concentrate on learning. "A good lesson doesn't deal with your errors," it returns you to fundamentals and rebuilds on the firm basis of the sound principles.

- We were to reject my "idiosyncratic movement" in attempting to make an analogy to skilled tennis, well-meaning teachers have probably hurt more than helped. We're all different; it allows that each one of us will perform the same motion in at least a minimally different manner.

- Only points teaching was to be used. I was never to be told or shown what I was doing wrong, only what you right. "A student should be told what he should do the next time, rather than what he did wrong the last time," Morehouse said.

- Body parts were never to be mentioned. The body responds better to suggestion than it does to specific detail. Movement

comes from the suggestion of how it's going to feel and what the result is going to be. That integrates the whole organism, gets it synchronized and brings forth the proper coordination. It takes care of personal adjustments." For example, instead of saying, "Send your legs," Godwin was more specific: "Step low," or "Play from under the ball."

A month after Godwin and I began our sessions, I had a strong, reliable forward. A month after our training play, I had advice from a C to A level club called "Bridy. I play as a high 80 at an extremely competitive club and am completely comfortable in A-level circles."

What had made the difference was not just three sound coaching principles, but a serious performance mindset that Morehouse called "Super R's," kinesiological secrets used by champions. Whether we worked on footbonds, backhands, serves, or volleys, the Super R's were the heart of everything we did, and they are applicable to any sport, at any level of play.

1. Use as much of your body as the motion as the play allows. A major objective in any racket sport is to impart maximum velocity to a ball, which is best achieved by whole-body action, rather than by the action of a single body part. Overreliance on the arms is a common error at almost all sports that involve a strike or a swing, and particularly so in tennis. Using all of your body—feet, shoulders, hips, and legs, in addition to your arms and racket—can add fantastic power to your movements and also permit you to refine your motions, rather than strain to execute it.

Watch the players on the courts the next time you have a clinic. You'll see that the best players are the most fluid ones, moving all of their bodies, whereas the inferior players are swinging at the ball statically with their arms.

2. Move your center of gravity. For men, the center of gravity is near the waistline; for women, it's closer to the hips. It's where that center of gravity rotates that you get the maximum force into your shot. To obtain that force, you must first rotate the side of your body first toward the target, and then the rest of the body follows away from the target, beginning with the feet. The force from the legs flows to the hips, which impart force, in turn, to the back, shoulders, arms, and hands.

3. Give each foot as a movement enough power to break. If you move just the forefoot (Bogus, My 250) that will sound familiar. It's what the kinesologists call "sensational forces," and it means that you take your movements, so that each one, in turn, imparts force to the next one. Many beginners, anxious about their performance, move each body part too soon. Move the hip too soon, and they won't receive maximum force from the legs. Move the back too soon, and not benefit from the force coming from the

hips, a force that's already been segmented by the legs. Move the shoulders too soon, and you'll dissipate the force coming from the back, a force that has been segmented in turn by the legs and hips. The late is as bad as the too soon, by then the peak of the force has passed. What you want is an elegantly timed chain reaction.

4. Take a window that puts your motion as a stretch. You wouldn't think of shooting a rubber band without stretching it first. That, in effect, is what you're doing when you feel to turn your back to the ball before swinging through. It's the turn of the back that stretches the back muscles—and, at the same time, puts the arm and wrist in a proper striking position.

5. Stretching against motion. Morehouse suggests that you think of your stroke as the framework for all the body's actions, somewhat like the handle of a ball-whip. Arms and legs whip from the trunk when it's held stable and even brought to a stop. Imagine, thinking that whip, first drawing the arm back, then moving it forward, then stopping the motion abruptly, so that the whip snaps forward.

6. Let your head control your movements. The reason it's imperative for you to keep your head steady and your eye on the ball is that the head and neck are the control center for the body's all motion. The head and neck should be the reference points of the body's movements. The body follows the movement of the head, so your head and your body will follow the same path. Watch the ball and you won't have to worry about picking up your head.

7. Keep your body relaxed but together. One of the most important lessons I learned from Morehouse was the difference between relaxation as action and relaxation to repose. When you're moving, you need to be relaxed, so that your muscles don't impede your motion, but if you let go entirely, as you might like to when you're meditating, your movements will become discouraged. The ideal is a state that is somewhere between a rag doll and a soldier.

8. Keep a tight grip. This one is problematical. I recall being told repeatedly by the experts that I got my serve by tightening my grip at the last instant, but I'm doubtful of Morehouse's warning that you need great strength in your arm and wrist to avoid injury, jarring in the process—especially in tennis, where the force of ball hitting racket is so great. The weak, unstable player would be well advised to use a lighter grip, sacrificing power to arm his arm. Old-center hits, which are common among novices, will create an additional racket shock.

9. Finish the stroke. The last third of the stroke is the one in which the novice usually quits in order to get ready for the next shot. If you quit early, you have taken something off the stroke in progress.

10. Stay as low as you can, consistent with your shot. We all swing when we stand, from side to side as well as backward and forward. The one thing you want to avoid in racket sports is to be caught swinging one way when you need to move the other way. Your arm should be a clock's wrist; your shot, one foot half a step ahead of the other, with your weight on dead center and your knees slightly bent.

As we progressed, there were still other breakthrough ideas that were certainly new to me. I was asked to visualize a perfect shot every time I prepared to hit the ball. "The body follows the mind's suggestions," Morehouse explained, "because the whole motor nervous system is geared to the visual signal—visual meaning not just what you see but what you conceptualize as well. This environment concept is what organizes the nervous system to make the muscles respond in a coordinated way to accomplish your objective. Think of the result, not the process; it's the thought of the result that organizes the execution."

The most surprising advice of all had to do with practice, since I had learned a movement, I meant to practice it repeatedly. Endless repetition, Morehouse said, not only takes the controlling muscles to the point that they begin to perform in an awkward manner, but puts one's attention in the wrong place.

A peak of effort came with all of Morehouse's advice. It had to do with clothes, and effort, and winning. And what a refreshing viewpoint it was.

You should never give 100 percent, because when you arrive to your utmost your muscles contract so powerfully that they actually repulse motion. For the body to move most smoothly and fluidly, you must feel relaxed, as though you're functioning with only a modest amount of effort.

To enhance your chances of winning, don't think about winning. As paradoxical as it seems, I got ahead in hand with the idea that striving to your utmost always diminishes your performance. "Just never want to think of the score, or your past mistakes, or the next opponent," Morehouse said. "At a moment, you must control yourself by the precise moment and movement in which you're engaged. Relax. Enjoy it. Focus on it. Feel the harmony that exists between you, your opponent, and the arena in which you play. The game will be over almost before you know it. You'll have had an intense and pleasurable experience. You'll have played as well as you could, consistent with your condition and training."

The final point, the one that usually wraps it up in the player's mind, has nothing to do with winning at all. It's about satisfaction and how to handle an opponent but from concerning him less with self—when he proves to himself that he can be better than he is.

That is—it can be—your

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An Ultimate Fitness Program for RACKET SPORTS

Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could combine the superior fitness condition we call Ultimate Fitness just by playing your sport? The old tradition that you can't.

Racket sports, as a rule, don't tax the body to its utmost. On a scale of 5, they get a 3 for aerobic, a 3 for flexibility, and a 3 for strength. Certainly, racket sports, to be sure, take higher than others, racquetball and squash, for example, require up to twice as much aerobic capacity as does tennis and tennis requires a high degree of strength (particularly in the lower arm) relative to the other racket sports. But none of the racket sports require as much aerobic capacity as tennis, or as much flexibility as dance exercise, or as much strength as body building.

Playing your sport doesn't even put you into the best condition to play it. If you do, you want all that each time you played, but not every match is as challenging as it would need to be to give you an appropriate workout. The ideal training regimen is one that gets you in shape for your sport and combines it with all-around fitness at the same time as you sharpen your skills. But first, let's review some basics.

If you're like most recreational athletes, the moment you hear "get in shape," you put on your running shoes and head for the jogging path. But jogging—as much as it promotes aerobic fitness—is not the way to train for racket sports, or any sport, for that matter, unless the sport is jogging. The best way to train for any sport, especially racket sports, is to engage in movements specific to that sport, for a period of time equal to the time you expect to play, and in the same mode and speed as those you'll use when you play. The experts call this kind of training specificity.

If mixed fitness is your event, you don't need the stamina, strength, or flexibility you would need if you wanted to play tennis or squash. If you've got just ball as best three days a week in which to run to exhaustion playing racquetball or squash, you only need to equip yourself to play ball as best, plus a small amount.

The quality of your play is another variable in determining how much training you need. As a general rule in racket sports, the better you are, the greater your need for top conditioning.

To get into top condition, you have to have a reasonable idea of what you need to ask yourself at this point: what kind of shape you're in. You don't need a professional to tell you. If you think you're out of shape, you probably are. On the other hand, if you're reasonably pleased with what you see in the mirror and you can sustain a demanding physical effort for a minimum of twenty minutes, your condition is probably good.

We'll assume, for these purposes, that your condition is fairly good, and that you'd like to take it to the level that will enhance your athletic performance. What you must do is identify and analyze those aspects of physical capacity that are most in demand in your sport.

All racket sports require two types of endurance. Muscle endurance is the ability to control the muscles over and over again, for as long as required, without their becoming unduly fatigued. In racket sports, you need muscle endurance in the arm especially, when those muscles are called upon to go with those. Next is cardiovascular endurance, which gives your heart and lungs the ability to keep you moving at an adequate pace.

Racket sports may not require a lot of strength, but they do require power, which is, as we've said earlier in this section, the ability to apply strength very quickly. To develop power, use specificity. The body recruits specific muscle fibers for each event. Only neurological training can recruit the muscle fibers to the demands that will be made on them. If you train by playing, your muscle fibers simply respond when you go to reach that punting shot. You've got to try for that punting shot even after that other one.

If you have the time and the money and the good fortune to find a guy who knows how to condition the body, he can get you into shape for your sport at the same time he enhances your skills, through a series of demanding drills. But this means three days a week at anywhere from twenty-five to fifty dollars a shot, and a great commitment of time. Most of us need something more modest.

According to Morehouse, the best—and most realistic—way to increase muscle endurance, cardiovascular endurance,

and power, and hone your skills at the same time, is to apply the "shadow-boxing" principle.

Pick an area approximately equal in size to the court on which you play. If there's a mirror, or a window in which you can see your reflection, so much the better. If not, you'll have to make your own mirror out of your mind and imagine that you're on the court, playing a very tough match.

Let's suppose it's tennis. First, you'd serve, then you'd hit a series of forehands and backhands, swinging your racket the amount of time it would normally take for the ball to return. Next you'd move to the net to let a series of forehand and backhand volleys, drop back for a lob, and finally use the power with an overhead. You wouldn't believe what you've tried how physically challenging one such point can be.

In between points, instead of standing there crying to each your friends, do what you'd do in the court, moving about as though to remove a ball, then positioning yourself for the next point. Only do it a little later, to create an aerobic benefit.

The ideal workout would proceed in the fashion and for the duration of the toughest match you could imagine that realistically, such a workout is a fairly order. It's not only physically challenging, but time-consuming as well, and it can get pretty boring. So try to continue at a fast pace for twenty minutes, and do the workout three times a week. Being in that kind of replicating match conditions in the afternoon, especially, it will be extremely beneficial in helping you gain specific fitness for your racket sport.

What about those other Ultimate Fit-

RACKET SPORTS

Aerobics ★ ★ ★

Flexibility ★ ★ ★

Strength ★ ★

Coordination ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ness ingredients that it won't give you? Strength is one. Flexibility the other. Both are present in the workout, but not in sufficient quantity.

By using the strength and flexibility components up to five, you need to spend only about thirty minutes extra after each shadow workout, half of a lifting weight or using the weight of your own body in such exercises as push-ups, chin-ups, sit-ups, and crunches, and the other half in long, slow, relaxing stretches. In this way you can achieve balanced fitness along with improved performance.

And here's something extra for the tennis players among you, because we first present shows that there are three times as many of you as there are racquetball, squash, badminton and pickle-tennis players combined. That being the case, here are some playing tips from Vic Braden, tennis player—the Vic Braden Tennis College in Torrance, California—graduates some five thousand to seven thousand students a year.

When makes the Braden system so impressive is the biomechanical research that backs it up. You've been taught to swing the ball high when serving. Forget it. You're lifting a weight dropping between sixteen and thirty-two feet per second, whereas a ball travels only to the highest point you can reach with your racket seems to hang there for an eternity. You've been taught to take the racket straight back? If so, you're starting forward with less racket speed, whereas if you looped your backswing, your racket would start forward at approximately eleven miles an hour.

Other Braden points, all he cautions: • Keep your palm and racket face turned down at the end of your forward backswing. The first time you try it, you may hit the ball at your feet. But you'll soon discover that it's this way to generate a racket face vertical in the ground at the moment of impact. This will also help you on your top spin.

• When taking a shot in contact with the racket it helps to transfer power.

• Use your arm as a whip to gain maximum power. Most players run their shoulders on the follow-through as if they will go. Stopping the shoulders at a right angle to the net will make the arm whip through. This motion, which requires a loose arm, applies to forehands, backhands, and serves. It's my opinion that that works. One evening Braden was taking a series of unbelievably fast serves in a demonstration for the class when he suddenly announced he to the court. Until that moment I'd considered my serve fairly competent, but after I'd hit one ball, Braden said, "Loser, that serve didn't move twenty miles an hour faster." Two runs was later I hit a serve twenty miles an hour faster, and I haven't since since.

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THE ART OF LOVING COMBAT

The power of aikido flows from a paradox: to get off the best throw, you need to welcome, in some sense even love, your attacker

by George Leonard

The hours between 6:00 and 8:00 a.m. hold a special enchantment for me, especially during that time of year when the days are short and the nights are long and cold. I'm a homebody at heart, and the air's cooling once, after the day's efforts and alarms are past, then to build a fire, grab a Raito beer from the refrigerator, and listen to a record or maybe play the piano.

So most nights at about 8:00, a choice has to be made: to go to aikido class or to stay home and (a) ways assure myself good enough night. The choice couldn't be closer. Home offers warmth, comfort, and ease. The dojo (training hall) offers an ambient air temperature equivalent to that of a refrigerator set on low, a training mat so hard it rattles your bones if you don't land exactly right, long sewing-physician over time, a gas-inhaled resistance of unmovable pins, and the distant possibility of injury.

Nevertheless, more nights than not, I find myself parting on my training outfit and heading off toward the dojo. When I first arrive, it's always the same, just circling the two lights of outside misters makes me wonder how the hell I can expect to do the warm-up exercises, much less the strenuous throws and falls that will follow. I open the door, bow respectfully to the large photograph of aikido's founder, Morihei Ueshiba, on the front wall, and enter the dojo.

An hour or two later I walk out of the same door a different person. My whole body is tingling, suffused with energy. I feel I could easily run ten miles. I stand on



Beneath the photo of aikido's founder, the author demonstrates *kokyu-nage* (breath throw). The art of aikido depends less on muscle power than on an understanding of *ki*, the life force.

the landing and breathe deeply. The sky glimmers with numbing stars, each one of them now connected with me and my life and, miraculously enough, with everyone else as well. I am completely happy and comfortable, at home in the universe. What goes on during that interlude between entering and exiting the dojo that can change not only the way I feel but also the way I perceive the world?

Start with the entrance. Aikido is a Japanese martial art, descended from *budo* (the way of the sword) and *judo* (a form of unarmed combat that uses the attacker's force against him). It bears a surface re-

semblance to the more familiar arts, such as karate or judo. There are the quilted white practice uniforms, the colored belts, the surrounding slaps of open palm on the mat, the Japanese terms ("Shuwan waku sono mae") that roll off the Western tongue with such exoticism yet innocent charm. But the differences—the characteristics that set aikido apart from the other martial arts—are crucial.

The dojo is a sixty-by-fifty-foot left with exposed rafters. On one wall is the over-size photograph of the founder, on another are two racks for wooden swords and staves, and a large wood carving of the Japanese character for the word *arise*. Most of the floor space is taken by a dark-green training mat. On this particular night, some thirty students are seated along one edge of the mat in *arima*, the Japanese formal sitting position: knees wide apart, feet beneath the buttocks. The sensei (teacher) for this class is a woman in her late thirties, wearing a white gi and black hakama, the traditional floor-length divided skirt of the traditional *sumo*. At five five and 135 pounds, with slim wrists and ankles, she might seem delicate, even fragile, except for an unmistakable presence in the way she moves.

The teacher gestures to one of the students, who rises instantly and moves swiftly toward her. He is six feet tall, slim build, with a muscular chest, shoulders, and arms. Like his teacher, he is wearing the Aoshima, which marks him as of judo-kae (black-belt) rank. The teacher points calmly to her forehead, and in response, the student rushes forward and delivers a powerful, open-hand chop, as if to split her head down the center.

But the teacher is not there to recover it. At the last possible instant, she has moved toward the attack and slightly to one side, at the same time turning her head and body with the blow so that it misses her by an inch or two. This graceful wheeling motion is accompanied by a sweeping gesture of one hand, similar to that of a ballfighter who uses his tape to evade the charging bunt to go past net stay close.

[illegible]

Seen for the first time, most of this movement, which has taken approximately two seconds, would be only a confused blur. The attack is close enough, as is the momentary merging of the two figures and the attacker's acceptable fall. In two cultures we have become accustomed to watching the propagandistic impact of forces, a pro-fetted cornerback flying in to force a running back, two stars men slopping it out to a harmonical symphony of knock-out music. And in this case, the whole teacher didn't seem to do much at all.

But now the attacker has risen from the mat and is rushing toward the teacher again. He strikes even harder, with a audible exhalation. Again there is that amorphous, intimate joining of the two figures. The teacher is pivoting and slipping under the attacker's arm—somehow she has him by the wrist—then drawing him in the direction he's already going, causing him to make a graceful diagonal somersault. On the next attack she unbalances her attacker by taking one of his hands in both

bars and sweeping it in a large vertical circle while applying an outward twist to the wrist. He flips in water and comes down with such an impact that it might seem he is badly hurt; but at the end of the demonstration he is completely unscathed, smiling aggressively at the teacher as the two of them bow to each other.

This behavior is a signal for all the students to copy off, how to one another, take to the cut, and start practicing what the teacher has demonstrated. The score that follows looks like a guess twice: thirty people varying widely in age, sex, shape, size, and skill taking turns at attacking each other, striking, wailing, throwing, felling. With all those flying bodies, it could seem a riotous scene; but there are no collisions. Even stranger is the fact that most of the people on the mat are smiling and occasionally exchanging friendly remarks.

Altschul isn't for the person who is interested in getting a quick self-defense fix or acquiring an instrument that has super aggressive appeal. Though the students have seen along the attacker's route, the staff is not as aggressive as it seems. It was the attacker's energy and intention to confound, and its ultimate access to peace and harmony. Altschul is on a life-long journey with many various twists and turns, with opportunities for patience and humor. Even though he is not a "being in the zone" person, he has periods of character and the "mastering skill" construct is a self-reflecting process. Analyzing the physics of Judo in the July 1980 *Scientific American*, John Walker concludes that "it is the most difficult of all the martial arts to learn. It is the most complex, and being more than a study of physical body."

All this being so, why should anyone dedicate himself to this art? It offers, first of all, superb ball-around physical conditions.

by activating the elements of strength flexibility, coordination, balance, relaxation, and concentration. The word *transcendental* can be ascriptive or attributive. In the latter sense, it is a descriptive term in practice. Research in contemplative practice has shown that it contributes greatly to self-confidence, just lasting the fully demanded of the athlete's role—transcending the ordinary, the everyday, the ego of the moment. It is a state of mind that is not on life's sometimes transient path. It provides the kind of regular, once-every practice that is rare in our culture—something that is not done for doing, never-ending, just transceding. Finally, *transcendental*. Transcending it becomes a powerful and highly effective form of associated self-education, perhaps the very best, because it moves the mind to a higher level of awareness, consistent with only a few words: transcend to go some protection from nature, rather than through physical technique but instead through a change of attitude toward one's self and the world. The transcendental moment will come. —M. ROSE

that there are only the extremes of this mode. Beneath surface appearances, however, neither matter, nor form, nor substance—no essence, beautiful, colorful, fascinating. From the beginning, the founder of modern aikido, Morihei Ueshiba, conceived of the art as primarily spiritual. The word *spirit* translates literally as "breath" or "energy," or, more poetically, "the way in which the spirit of the universe." Master Ueshiba saw his art as a way of tailoring the individual's mind and body through the subtle workings of the spirit-power or creative life-force the Japanese call *ki*, and thus of attuning individual to with the *ki* of the universe. He sincerely believed that it is possible to transcend the physical realm of *shikata*, to become one with the universe, and, in that state, to be unaccompanied

Perhaps even more than other martial arts, aikido takes inspiration from its founder. Ueshiba was born in 1883 and died at the age of eighty-two in 1969. Early in his life he became highly skilled in classical Japanese swordsmanship and jujutsu. In the 1920s he practised his own independent form of the martial arts, which he gradually developed into modern aikido.

Master Jeshi's life was filled with the kinds of episodes from which legends are made. Once, on an expedition to Inner Mongolia with members of a religious group, he was ambushed by Chinese soldiers. Facing a hail of bullets, he discovered, according to his own account, that by remaining absolutely calm and concentrating in his mind and body, he could see "pockets of white light flashing just before the bullets." Indeed there by "bursting and turning my body." On another occasion, he was surrounded by men with

When they reached in time, he
utterly disappeared, only to reappear
on a float of stars some distance away.

A slender, innocuous face, the
kind and buster of the martial arts, a
small, dark, and somewhat of a
beard, the face of Uchida seemed in
contrast, and many of them are
having been witnessed by reliable observers
or recorded on film. Most of the films
were shot where some kind of secret
or cryptic, and they are truly remarkable
in their own right. The first of the
films was a story about a man who
till with a sword which had been
and had been a long time. In one
film this distinctive figure is surrounded
by five powerful young martial artists building
around him. As they rush in to strike
him, he is "disappeared" and the attackers
are left in a state of confusion. The
story is based on the other side of them.

In another, Uchida is seated in the
Japanese formal sitting position. Three
young women try to sneak him by passing on
the front of his head. He remains relaxed
and unresponsive, then gets a sort of strong
reaction. The attackers are
believed to be the same.

Ueshiba took obvious delight in jiu-jitsu demonstrations. In footage, however, simply showing the standard inches with incomparable grace is matched by three masterly belts, he sends them flying again, like chips from a wood. It is not physical force that is being used. It is physics, yes, but watching the films, a trained eye can't miss the master's uncanny anticipation of the intention and the mind of the attacker.

Albino is directly descended from the same tradition, but it is about that tradition—less dogmatic, less idealistic, from war to peace, years Master Dislike suggests better enemy and opponent. Ultimately the only opponent Albino needs was encouraged to stick with Albino's spirit he founder's words, "that of love that of peaceful reconciliation techniques become more broad, and at the same time more powerful." It was a passion, based on love, dedicated to the unification of the world.

[illegible]

As on the training mat, so on the unlikely event of a street-deflected substrate, having a limited repertoire of responses is like using the car that would quite self-destructive while causing possible harm to the attacker—and thereby move it, in an surprising and, at best, so creative a stunning change of course the probability of harm to the attacker. Thus a wise use of nonphysical attacks. It is

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many, Mark

Porter points out a subtle but hardly unexpected gap. We asked him to join him in a classroom I knew nothing about and had never heard of and was soon captured by the intimacy of his physical move—the reach and depth of his pull, five years of training I passed over in a moment. A year later I was in a similar position, following students. Weedy, brawny and soft in the neck, he stood at the head of the class, and Richard Le, the student, and I, the college adviser, were on the other side. Over a year, several hundred students passed through our school, and those who were persever-

As for the three of us, we're training, thinking of ourselves as teachers, not as students, in a bit of an art that can never be taught. Each of us teaches twice a week as a student, two or three times a day, on certain cold winter nights, little slowly and reluctantly at first, then we are still awarded that ordinary night of school good as anything ever gets.

And then, once a very dense net of emotions is formed, all of them placed in a percentage of the total, you can name others. Such names can come when you least expect it when you're not feeling bad, when you're near contentment, when you're not sure there are any in the calm or storm, with battle attacks very best to grab you, strike you down, and you have neither the time nor the energy to move away the attackers' on without looking, hearing without knowing without thinking, or really not have orders. There can be a moment when you don't even have to think, you just know the words for your own name. And words and thoughts, they are another world, another life. We know, it is always me and

Then it's over, and you come to, breathing very hard, the air very bright. How long was it? Ten or thirty seconds. Not long enough for a glimpse into how he, here, in essence, things are experienced you can't be sure you always have.

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THE NAKED SPORT

FOUR FOR THE CORNELLIAN

Gymnasts once performed nude. Even today there's scarcely any protective clothing or equipment, only body and will, pushing at the limits

by Geoffrey Norman

The circus in Pader Pavilion was dazzling. Thunderous. And the tension and excitement that had produced all that noise were palpable. You could feel a shingle first on the back of your neck, and then all through your body, as though you had been wound up to an electrical outlet and somebody had flipped the switch.

It was the 1964 Summer Olympics, and the American gymnastics team had a shot at the men's gold. Everybody knew it, and they also knew it was close. Every move—every move, within every routine—was critical. The Americans needed everything they could get.

Adolescents were performing on five different apparatuses as well as on the floor. It was impossible either to focus on one event or performer or to follow the flow of the action. Everything was, literally, up in the air.

But on the floor, one American gymnast, Mitch Gaylord, knew that what was needed was a big score in his last routine. An average performance would mean the gold was gone. His coach wondered whether or not to give him permission to go through with the big trick he had in mind—Gaylord had missed it in the trials, making his score as well as making his body. But the coach didn't want to say no, either. So he turned away from the athletes, whose response was to say, "All right! Go for it."

It was a very 1960s in a catchphrase after the fact. But the article "Gymnastics: Four for the Floor" appeared in the December 1964 issue



The gymnast is gravity's playmate, attempting feats no other animal would dare to do. There is something so pure and elemental about this sport that it seems forever beyond either corruption or adornment.

Gaylord went to the high bar. He began his routine, and everyone knew he was going to try the Gaylord II, the maneuver that only he did as a competition and that even he did not always complete successfully. The crowd was near a sort of emotional limit when Gaylord released the bar, went into a double flip over the bar with a half twist after the first flip, and then reached out and caught the bar—Unfinished.

It was the decisive moment, the one that won it for the Americans. It took a fraction of a second, and it contained just about everything that makes gymnastics the sport it is.

There was great strength in that manue-

ver. Almost volcanic strength. But it was made to look effortless, as though all the power had come from somewhere other than the gymnast's own body. It was an athletic work of art in that the viewer saw all the beauty and none of the effort and strain that had gone into the composition. And that is what the sport is all about.

To the Greeks, who got the credit for creating it, gymnastics was "the naked sport" (the word *gymnos* means "nude"), and the phrase manages to be both evocative and correct. There is something rare about gymnastics, something so elemental that the sport seems beyond either corruption or adornment. The athletes do not work against an opponent or against some artificial measure of time, distance, or weight. The gymnast works, instead, against the body's natural limits, with little protective clothing or equipment to help him when his courage or his talent fails him. The apparatuses of gymnastics are basic and symbolic, nothing more than artificial low bars, low handstands, and horizontal bars. When the sport advances, it is that the most part) because a single athlete is able to make his or her body do something that no one has ever done before.

Over the last twenty years there has been an explosion of such progress. So

ATHLETE'S FOOT?

much as that some experts are wondering whether the athlete might not be as competitive—however imperceptibly—as their old and limber self.

Consider this: At the 1976 competition for the World Championships, you could count on the fingers of both hands the number of female gymnasts doing double-back somersaults. Only one woman, a Russian, did a double back with a full twist, a stark contrast today. In those days, double-backs were done in a back position. Soon after that, the athletes went to a pike, a position in which the body is bent forward at the hips while the legs are kept straight. And in 1983, Chinese Mary Lou Retton did a double-back in the layout position—her entire body flat.

Dan Petric, who coached the 1984 women's Olympic team, says, "I don't think anyone on the 75 team did the same kind of work they were doing then, would have even been able to make this last team." The level of performance has gotten that much higher.

Not all of the progress—the historic progress—can be traced to better athletes. There have been some improvements in the equipment, particularly in the floor portion of the competition. When Eric Hughes, now's gymnastics coach at the University of Washington, landed the first 6-foot in 1962, he had to perform two consecutive aerials—a back backflip floor and a floor covered with the wrestling team's mats. "We didn't have one large enough to make a forty-by-forty-foot square," he remembers. "So we had to use some of the mats and tape together." Performing on mats was a relatively new thing then, many gymnasts still liked the bare floor. But after that, the mats were replaced by Rebounders covered by a carpet, and now by a floor that is really like a spring floor. So when the athlete is in the air, the floor underneath him is like a spring floor; it is no harder than a single wooden board has been on a bare wood floor.

But if you go to a clinic and watch the gymnasts working on their floor exercises, you will see that there is a lot more at work than a trick floor. In fact, you will see a jump in the floor, it doesn't feel that responsive. There is a little give, but it is a trampoline. And as you watch the athletes push across the floor, then launch themselves into their routines, jumping straight up like Doctor T. and a big jump, and then push themselves through trampolines that in the first move you want to turn away because they look so dangerous, then you know that there is a lot more to the new kinds of the game than a springy floor.

And here have the athletes had better performances in the other events as well where the equipment has not been im-

proved as dramatically, if at all. Changes in the parallel-bars grip also cause concern for the ability of gymnasts to perform a somersault where the legs circle in one direction while the body twists in the other, something like the old trick of rubbing your stomach and putting your head at the same time, but raised by several orders of magnitude.

Gymnast's dramatic release was not made possible by any improvement in the bar. Gymnasts did begin using handgrips, with a "down" grip seen in just prior to the 1976 Olympics. It helps, no doubt, since before the appearance of this grip no one was doing over-hauled releases, which have become common today that the Gifford II wasn't made possible by something as ordinary as a handgrip.

Consider the vault. Gymnasts once did backstepping vaults with a somersault, then somersaults with a twist. Then with two twists. And then they did the somersaults piked. Now there is a Russian who does them with his body straight—a very tough skill, according to the experts. And the equipment is just helping, the bar isn't.

Eric Hughes sounds almost incredulous when he talks about what the gymnasts are doing these days. "I thought that we had reached the limit about twenty years ago. The kids were doing some fantastic stuff that I couldn't go beyond what we were seeing. And then, five years later, they were still doing more. And it has just gone on. My common sense would say they've reached the limit now. But looking to the future, I have to think that maybe that curve will just keep going up. It doesn't seem likely, but maybe it will."

But there must be some limit of limit, you think, and Hughes says that yes, he thinks right now we might be seeing the body of the gymnast go "so much more physiologically" can do. "The proof of that, he says, is not in the frustrated sighs of the athletes today some difficult trick but in something much more prosaic—the injury list. "You look at a coach who has ten gymnasts now, and five of them will be on the injured list or not working up to pace. That is a pretty high percentage. The sport of gymnastics is more demanding, perhaps, than most other sports. What the shoulders are being asked to do, for example, is almost inconceivable. The release of that shoulder."

Jack Blackwell, a trainer who trains the U.S. Gymnastics Federation, agrees. He is director of physical therapy at the Santa Rosa Sports Medicine Center and his office is in the field for thirty-two years. "We're seeing an increase in injuries. Primarily we're seeing symptoms. In practicing certain techniques, like walking off in mid air, or doing the double on the floor, we're seeing some minor surface overuse injuries. And we're seeing some overuse injuries used to see it a lot in backstretching, which would run up and down that wood

floor seventeen thousand times. Now we're using it in fourteen- and fifteen-year-old gymnasts. Girls and boys, who are working out five and six hours a day, doing the same thing repetitively.

Just in the last year, I've come into contact with some older gymnasts, in their forties and fifties, and examined them on a very anatomical basis. I've palpated some shoulders, and they are some very easy-looking, and something about them out there from all those dislocation measures."

The problems here is twofold and points something about the possibility that the sport may be reaching some kind of limit. In the first place, the awesome, crowd-pleasing maneuvers that win competitors and that are shown over and over again on the television screen in slow motion and stop action—the "big tricks"—do not just come to a gymnast. He or she practices the trick hundreds of times to get it right the first time. Then there are another several hundred repetitions to perfect it before it is even sent in competition. Repetition is the main key.

Mary Lou Retton was quoted on the subject in Sports Illustrated. "Here's what it takes to be a complete gymnast. Someone should be able to stand up and drop you out at midnight and push you out some strange floor, and you should be able to do your entire routine sound asleep in your pajamas. Without one mistake. That's the secret. It's got to be a natural reaction."

And you don't put them easily, as Retton well knows. She dropped out of school to train five or six hours a day under the demanding regime of her coach, Bela Karolyi. Karolyi trained Nadia Comaneci in his native Romania before debuting to the U.S. As Karolyi says, "With this, it is a repetition and repetition and. You can do it, you can do it," and then it is, we're doing it. "Nothing escapes him."

But if the trick is difficult enough, the repetition curve will eventually intersect the injury curve. The training will have to stop until the athlete can recover. Then the training starts again, with that same time limit. A gymnast's competitive life is brutally short, and too much time on the injuries is fatal. Mary Lou herself was told by one doctor that she could not compete in the Olympics this year one month before the opening ceremonies in Los Angeles. Her knee had swelled up. But she went to Richmond, Virginia, for arthroscopic surgery, and the next morning she was on her way to practice her competition except to repeat the routine, over and over, and the stress of the repetition will lead, inevitably, to injuries. And beyond certain narrow limits, a gymnast cannot play while hurt.

This is the second aspect of the injury question, and it is in no way a slur on the courage of gymnasts. It is just that any



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spacy in gymnastics is a serious injury. Don Peters says, "I don't think gymnasts are injured any more than—and certainly not as seriously as—other athletes in other sports. But the gymnasts work without any support to their body. They generally work in bare feet. Or in some kind of this little slipper thing that doesn't give them any support. They don't have any protection, and they must work very close to their anatomy potential. Any minor little injury really affects them a lot. They're very fragile in that sense. I remember at the Super Bowl a few years ago, when the Rams played the Steelers, and Jack Youngblood of the Rams played with a plastic splint on his leg. He had a fracture of the tibia. A gymnast wouldn't be able to perform with that. Jack Youngblood could limp. He could tackle somebody and nobody cared that he was limping. In gymnastics, your limb and your execution are so vital to the scoring that you couldn't do that. If you sprain your finger, you can't hold onto the bar."

Gymnasts have begun to train with weights to build their strength in order to both perform better and resist injury, the Cheneas, particularly, are using this technique. But even if there are injury-proof athletes, ones who are either lucky or exceptionally fit together—or both—can you train without hurting themselves, where do they go from here?

Well, some experts think they may not go for the big trick as much as they have been. There may be something more subtle that goes to the essence of the sport. "You're not so much different skills to learn," says Fred Turell, the men's gymnasium coach at Temple University. "It's tedious when you think about it. The men have six different events and have to do eleven movements in five of them, plus the vault. So you have to learn just as a beginner, at least fifty-five different elementary movements involving motor skills. That's before you learn any of the difficult skills. By the time you are an advanced athlete, competing at the elite level in the Nationals, you've learned several hundred different motor skills. Hopefully to perfection. And you've learned how they go together."

What Turell means is that the gymnast knows what might be called "a feel" within the skill. "You're to adjust," Turell, who competed at the national and international levels, says, "I know in my own career that I had to adjust many times in the course of a routine. I had to cover up, and that became a skill."

The gymnast also learns to control his or her body in flight. To know, all the way through a maneuver, just where the floor or bar is in relation to the body. Whether the legs are straight and the head erect. How the body is positioned relative to the floor, or how the legs and the parts of the body are in relation to one another, and

whether or not they are in proper position for the next maneuver within the cycle of the trick. A good gymnast will tell you just how he or she knows how the trick is going, how it looks, and also what to do, what corrections to make within the maneuver to keep it clean and maintain the momentum. "There is so much going on out there that a lot of spectators don't see," a former member of the U.S. team that went to the 1970 World Championships told me. "You are always making adjustments. Trying to give the maneuver a little more, get it a little closer to perfection. This is why I think that a lot of this talk about lexis is misleading. We might not ever do a quadruple, but it takes a long time to learn to do a double, and there is an awful lot that you still have to learn to do within that double once you've learned to do it. And then there is a lot to do of that double. You put it together with so many other things. So I don't think we are ever going to reach a static situation. There is just too much there. The body can do so many things."

But Lonsky, who at twenty-one was the old man of the U.S. Olympic team, says he changed his four routine just before he went on to Los Angeles. This ability to improve was only one of the extraordinary feats that made this the most successful American performance in Olympic history, and it is one skill that the next generation of Olympic gymnasts will almost certainly have.

Turell also expects to see a shift in emphasis, slight but still evident. "The stress has been on power," he says. "Strength and flight." The rules didn't say the ones that were passed. Increasing airiness. Now it's catching up. Just because someone handles high does not mean that he or she is a good floor exerciser."

Jack Rockwell thinks this shift is already on the way. "The power games is just about at the limit of what can be done. Especially the women. I would hope we are at the point where we are going to go back to graceful gymnastics. To real artistic gymnastics."

That may be. But the memory of the 1984 Olympics is of two awesome tricks: Mitch Gaylord doing the Gyroflex II and Mary Lou Retton doing her incomparable vault, the Tsukikawa—a half twist before hitting the horse, popping off a split front back somersault with a full twist. That is a big trick. The one that did it for her.

So perhaps what we are seeing is a slight pause in the arc of the pendulum. The day of the big trick is not gone. But as the big tricks become almost prohibitively difficult, with respect to both physics and physiology, there will be fewer of them and more emphasis on the subtleties of transition work and dancing and interpretation.

But to the athlete and the spectator, gymnastics will still be a marvelous human as the grandeur of the human body. And the risked sport will only get better.

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A GYMNASIUM OF THE SOUL

The game of golf can be more than you might imagine—a school for the senses, a mystical journey, or an encounter with demons

by Michael Murphy

The constant what-ifs tend to be. Instead of that vast and mysterious life the Indians and Greeks experienced, into which the physical attraction was "lost like a rat in the sea," it is now commonly held to be a tight little island confined for the most part to inside the body uniting deliverance at death. For most of us, the transcendental powers and magnetic vistas it once revealed seem to have faded away, overwhelmed perhaps by our own lights and crowded cities, by our scientific reduction of the living world.

And yet, these are moments in which something otherwise and strangely familiar, something that fits ancient descriptions of the soul, breaks into our ordinary consciousness. All of us have been touched in this way, in flashes and glimpses, perhaps, at oddities and collisions, by omens and synchronicities that call us away from our daily habits and clattering certainties. Indeed, the secret though ever-present reality may find ways to reach us in its activity, trivial or consequential, even in games and aimless pursuits—yes, even in golf, where its effects upon us are agonizing and pervasive.

If this connection between golf and the human soul seems implausible, it is doubtful that you've played the game with the spirit of its truest devotees, through which you would comprehend the serenity of its Scottish ancestors. The game of golf was made a billion years ago—don't you remember? I advise that I raise mine merely to suggest the soul-raising power and



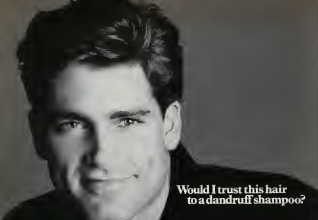
There's a glorious perversity in golf, starting with the fact that the higher your score, the worse your game. This maddeningly ecstatic sport is truly for connoisseurs.

crises. I discovered golf others on, some of which I discovered by accident after writing a book about a golf professional named Shien Ito. Although the book, *Golf in the Kingdom*, isn't based upon my own sense of the game's mysticism, I had no idea when I wrote it that so many others had seen a phantom, felt a presence, or experienced epiphanies on a golf course. After the book was published in 1972, several hundred people wrote to say that golf had made the world a stranger and more beautiful place for them. As one of them put it, "...in the late afternoon light, the green and brown were suspended, and I seemed to be walking on air. Was this the

...many years? Was matter a secret, kind of spirit?" Statements like that from people completely unacquainted in golf or mysticism have convinced me that golf often sharpens the senses, opens the emotions, and alters the mind in ways that defy traditional images of the game. It appears that golf sometimes becomes a theater of the occult and a gymnasium of the soul.

Golf is at times the least earthbound—or, as John Updike said, “the one wherein the walls between us and the supernatural are rubbed thinnest”—and by paying attention to subtleties that golf elicits, you can add new enjoyment to your game and your life.

Nowhere else in human history have so many highly skilled artisans created so many well-tended lawns and gardens as they have far golf. There are more than twelve thousand golf courses in the United States alone, totaling more than 1.5 million acres. And what subtle art has gone into them? To walk a great golf course is to experience the creative genius of architects who have drawn from Zen Buddhist gardens, Scottish heathland, headdresses at Versailles, rock formations at Pabst



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that's good for your hair.**



VICTORY OR DEATH

FOUR FOR THE
COMMONWEALTH

A runner can drop out of a race. Even a boxer can quit. The thing about rock climbing is that sometimes there is no way out

by James Salter

I did my first climbing in Chamonia in heavy shoes and a pair of borrowed pants. We were living in comfort in a hotel. The real climbers, self-confident types from every country, were in campgrounds or up in the shelters. They didn't look hard, worse, they looked nerdy and kind. I learned what various pieces of equipment were—the shoes were filled with things—and I heard my first sample of climbing humor. There were many Japanese, you saw them everywhere; they seemed up the routes. One of them had taken straight down past a British climber, who commented to his partner, "Looks like there's a lot of rope in the air."

We climbed the *Infra*, the *Pinto Veris*, part of the *Gracia*, and the *Flora*, all of them easy and all led in my country. What I do remember is the crowded granite cliff where we went for an hour or two the first day. It was August and hot. I was just not a climber; nervous and interested in a rope. A few words of instruction and we started up. Two feet off the ground I began to be frightened. The sweet poison from me I gripped and fumbled (the binks I wasn't sure would work. Ascent and uncertainty filled me. I couldn't believe I would somehow get through it and it was supposed to be easy. That was what kept me climbing, that and pride. I certainly didn't enjoy it. I suppose I never have.

In its great moments climbing is an ordeal, and the most arduous has the power to lead one to its close. When it is not over,

James Salter is a novelist and story writer whose books include *Salt Pines* (Farrar), a novel about mountain climbing.



Beneath you is nothing but empty air. You're standing on very little, holding on to less. Sometimes you can hear yourself breathing, feel yourself trembling. Even at its most pleasant, climbing is a challenge, an ordeal.

And there is nothing in its place. The knot that is supporting you is starting to shake—now no machine leg. There's nothing to the left, to the right is only that little crack too shallow for the fingers. You've explored it again and again. You must have overlooked something, some kind of hold, some cam-belt, but you cannot find it and you can't go down, down-climbing would be even more difficult. You can hear yourself breathing, feel yourself tremble, you are absolutely alone. No one can help you, and you would give anything, anything at all, would be to be somewhere else.

A runner can drop out of the race and stagger off. The batter can swing wildly, the tennis player snap easily tripping. Even a boxer, at the highest level, can quit. The thing about climbing is that sometimes there is no way out. You simply cannot give up. If Roberto Duran had been a climber, he would have fallen to his death. I think it is this rather than the dangers, which are exaggerated, that makes climbing potent. It is a pursuit, and climbers who rise in some ways to look like monks, or spiritualists, nevertheless seem to have one thing in common, a kind of earned knowledge of their own spirit—character, if you will. Of course, you must dare something for this, you must push yourself. Even at its most pleasant, climbing is a challenge. It is all challenge. Without that there is nothing.



by Vincent
Boucher

Power Play

Think tank: an easy top makes a difference (\$15), by Robert Murrino. At Streetwise, New York; Bodybody, Boston. Cotton-blend trunks (\$35) by Keilon. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE OLD GRAY ATHLETES' SPOUR IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE. TWO SEASONS, HILLARY L'EGLES LINGERED, WITH FLOWING FORDS TO BIRD FLATTERING. NOW LIGHT ON A MAN'S FIT PRODUCE.

PHOTOGRAPHY: GREGORY W. HARRIS AND JEFFREY M. HARRIS



Take a walk on the lunar side: in Lycra-spandex space-landscape-print cycling pants, with ankle and pocket zippers, in fuchsia and black (\$140), topped off with a hot-pink acrylic crew-neck T-shirt (\$36), both by Stephen Sprouse. At Barney's, New York; Ultras, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Leather cycling shoes (\$35) and protective helmet (\$50) by Bronco.



The aerobically inclined have room to develop in a cotton tank top (\$20) by Willwagner. At Macy's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago. Cotton shorts (\$32.50) by Henry Gretel. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles. Cotton socks (\$8) by E. G. Smith. Aerobic shoes (\$42.50) by Reebok. Heart-monitoring fitness watch by AMF American.



Neptune's heir reigns victorious in an electric-blue nylon swimsuit (\$15) by Jockey. At Macy's, New York and San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago. Ring-dyed cotton terry robe with patch pockets (\$130) by Polo. At Scandinavia Ski & Sport, New York; Italia Sports, Chicago; Eurosport, Dallas. Afteling swim goggles (\$6.50) by Speedo. At Paragon, New York.

FIGHTING 101



The Ultra Sport
Die Ultra Sport
La Ultra Sportive
L'ultra Sportivo
PORSCHE DESIGN



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© selected diamonds, see Dealer Directory after page 166.

rilled through a small pile of them that morning, he had found nothing to help him establish Celia's identity, without even after a random looking at graveyards on an hour he felt the need to call off and spend entire hour with a young secretary in the main office, who busidly tapped his name and Celia's into a computer and came up with a schedule of informant dates, press photos and counter plots, that incorporated him.

"Look, my dear," Hecht said to the flummoxed young secretary, "if that's how far you can go on this machine, we have to find another way to go further, or I will run out of patience. This grave is too territory as far as I am concerned, and we have to do something practical to find it."

"What do you think I'm doing, if I might ask?"

"Whatever you are doing doesn't seem to be much help. This computer is supposed to have a good mechanical memory, but it's either out of order or rusty in its parts. I admit I didn't bring any papers with me but so for the only thing your computer has reflected is as if that it has nothing much to inform us."

"It has informed us it is having trouble locating the information you want."

"Which adds up to zero main zero," Hecht said. "I wish to remind you that a last grave isn't a mission unless the one we are talking about. It is a lost cemetery plot of the lady who was once my wife that I wish to recover."

The pretty young woman he was dealing with had a tight-lipped conversation with an unknown person, and the matter on her desk sounded, and Hecht was given permission to go into the director's office.

"Mr. Goodman will now see you."

He entered "Good for Mr. Goodman" Hecht mumbled, and followed the young woman to an anteroom, where he was once and disappeared, as a friendly voice talked through the door.

"Come in, come in."

"Why should I worry if it's not my fault?" Hecht told himself.

Mr. Goodman pointed to a chair in front of his desk and Hecht was soon seated, watching him pour orange juice from a quart container into a small green glass.

"Will you give me a sweet mouthful?" he asked, sipping at the container. "I usually take mineral water this time of the morning. It keeps me balanced."

"That's," said Hecht, meaning he had more serious problems. "Why I am here is that I am looking for my wife's grave, so far with no success." He cleared his throat, surprised at the emotion that had gathered there.

Mr. Goodman observed Hecht with interest.

"Your outside secretary couldn't find it," Hecht went on, regretting he hadn't found the necessary documents that would identify the woman. "Your young lady tried

her computer in every combination but couldn't produce anything. What was lost, well lost, and I am sorry, a woman's grave."

"Lost to posterity," Goodman offered. "Displaced might be better. In my twenty-eight years in my present capacity, I don't believe we have lost a single grave."

The director tapped lightly on the keys of his desk computer, studied the screen with a squint, and shrugged. "I am afraid that we now draw a blank. The letter 'H' volume of our ledgers that we used before we were computerized seems to be missing. I assure you this can't be more than a temporary condition."

"That a what your young lady already informed me."

"She's not my young lady, she's my secretary's assistant."

"I stood corrected," Hecht said. "This must be office."

"Likewise," said Goodman. "But we will go on looking. Could you kindly let me, if you don't mind, what was the status of your relationship to your wife at the time of her death?" He peered over his mail room glasses to check the computer reading.

"There was no issue. We were married. What has that got to do with her burial plot?"

"The reason I enquire is, I thought it might reflect your memory. For example, is this the grave that's missing, the one you are looking up—Mount Jerusalem? Some people confuse us with Mount Hebron."

"I guarantee you it was Mount Jerusalem."

Hecht, after a hesitant moment, gave them facts. "My wife wasn't the most stable woman. She left me twice and disappeared for months. Although I took her back twice, we weren't together at the time of her death. Once she threatened to take her life, though eventually she didn't. In the end she died of a normal sickness, not cancer. This was years later, when we weren't living together anymore, but I carried out her burial, to the best of my knowledge, in this exact cemetery. I also heard she had lived a short time with some girl she met somewhere, but when she died, I was the one who buried her. Now I am sixty-five and lately I have had this urge to visit the grave of someone who lived with me when I was a young man. This is a grave which everybody now tells me they can't locate."

Goodman rose at his desk in a short time, five feet tall. "I will make a careful research."

"The quicker, the better," Hecht replied. "I am still curious what happened to her grave."

Goodman almost galled, but caught himself and thrust out his hand. "I will keep you well informed, don't worry."

Hecht left excited. On the train back to the city he thought of Celia and her various acquaintances. He wished he had told Goodman she had spoken his life

This night it rained. To his surprise he found a wet spot on his pillow.

The next day Hecht again went to the graveyard. "What did I forget that I ought to remember?" he asked himself. Obviously the grave plot, now, and number. Though he sought it thrice he could not find it. What can remember something he has once and let it get out of his mind? It's like trying to grow beans out of a bag of birdseed.

"But I must be patient and I will find out. As time goes by I am bound to recall. When my memory says yes I won't argue to it."

But weeks passed and Hecht still could not remember what he was trying to. "Maybe I have reached a dead end!" He thought.

Another month went by and at last the cemetery called him. It was Mr. Goodman, driving his limo. Hecht pictured him at his desk sipping orange juice.

"Mr. Hecht?"

"The same."

"This is Mr. Goodman. A happy Rebirth to you."

"A happy Rebirth to you."

"Mr. Hecht, I wish to report progress. Are you prepared for an insight?"

"Go on, go on," Hecht said.

"So let me give a better view. We have located your wife and it turns out she isn't in the grave where the computer couldn't find her. To be frank, we found her in a grave with another gentleman."

"What kind of gentleman? Who is God's name is he? I am her legal husband."

"This one, if you will pardon me, is the man who lived with your wife after she left you. They lived together on and off, so don't blame yourself too much. After the death he got a court order, and they removed her to a different grave, where we also had her after his death. The judge gave him the court order because he convinced him that he had loved her for many years."

Hecht was embarrassed. "What are you talking about? How could he transfer her grave anywhere if it wasn't his legal property? Her grave belonged to me. I paid cash for it."

"That grave is still there," Goodman explained. "but the names were erased up. His name was Kaplan but the workman buried her under Kaplan. Your grave is still in the cemetery, though we had it under Kaplan and not Hecht. I apologize to you for this inconvenience but I think we now have got the mystery cleared up."

"So thanks," said Hecht. He felt he had lost a wife but was no longer a widower.

"Mrs. Goodman reminded him, 'don't forget you paid an empty grave for lifetime use. Nobody is there and you own the plot.'"

Hecht said that was obviously true. The story had astonished him, but whenever he felt like telling it to someone he knew, at his next next, he wasn't sure he wanted to.

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The Esquire Review

MAY 1995



ILLUSTRATION: GAIL MCGRAW

Jagger-Watching

A week around town with Mick

by Jay McInerney

"YOU CALLED ME MANLY, SO MASTERFUL..." MIKE JAGGER'S VOICE SWAILS FROM THE SPEAKERS IN THE MIXING ROOM. HE IS STANDING BEHIND THE MIXING BOARD, SHAKING HIS LIMBS AND HEAD LIKE A MAN IN A TERMINAL STAGE OF EPILEPSY. "PLAY THAT BACK," HE SAYS TO THE ENGINEER, PRONOUNCING "PLAY" TO RHYME WITH "TOX." HIS ACCENT A MARSHES-IN-MOUTH Cockney that bides in and out of a more accented version of the King's English over the course of the week that I observe him. He stands robotically still this time, leaning with his head cocked to one side, raring his arms once for a loud roll of air guitar.

*You called me manly, so masterful.
How could me manly, so masterful—
see I over gabble...*

The soaring lyrics and phrasing are classic Jagger, and it is a wonder that he can manage not to sound like a parody of himself. As tense he has. If there was ever a moment when it seemed this voice was going to change the way we loved, that moment has passed. It's only rock 'n' roll. But the energy is still there. This could be the voice of twenty years ago, except that the reproduction, in this compressed studio, is slacker than anything in the days of four-track sessions. The other difference is the lack of Rolling Stones. The word from associates is that the others are not pleased about this solo trip, particularly as timing—the

record will be the first product from anyone the group since their new, four-album, \$30-million deal with CBS.

As the engineer reminds the tape segment, Jagger picks up a flitz, a British sex magazine. The cover says, now to be famous. But Laveill, one of the album's two producers, is hunched in a corner of the room, wearing a gray suit, three days' worth of beard, and a freckled cap. Jagger nods. When the song has played again, he looks up at Laveill. "You've got no more bass drum on the intro."

"It's there," Laveill says. Mick wrinkles his face, moves his tongue around his lips, setting these

the room, but Jagger turns the chore into a performance, winking when the lyrics just look.

You want to baby? Not right now, baby? I've got a headache. You want it right now, baby? Well, I can get to work my hair. You know it's my time of the month.

Ohmy! Ohmy! I'll do what you say.

When he is finished, he says to her, "I wonder how the ladies will react to that." "Isn't it a little late in your career to be worried about that?" I reply, thinking of twenty years of unbridled hypocrisy— "Under My Thumb," "Some Girls," the ads for *Black and Blue*.

"Not worried," he says. "Just interested."

LUSTRAUS, WAITING FOR THE LIMO that Nile has ordered, we watch *The Muse* onscreen. The episode celebrates in Ralph Sledge's admission: "I got a big mouth." Jagger laughs. But he isn't the only one.

The phone rings. Ron Wood is calling. "Ron's back in town," Jagger says. "Why's this I hear about you getting married?"

A studio assistant announces that the car has arrived, but nobody jumps up. We are watching *Star Trek*. After twenty minutes, Jagger says, "Well..." and everyone is suddenly ready. There are six of us: Jagger, Nile, Karlie, the driver/bodyguard, Budd, Nile's assistant, and Barry Bonaguid, manager of the studio. Jagger tells Karlie to drive him to his car and wait for us.

Downstairs, Jagger, Nile, and I climb into the limo. Jagger says to the others: "Maybe we should split up. Little crowded in here. If you don't get going go down with Karlie. We'll meet you."

The limo pulls off. Nile spreads out on the seat. Jagger hunches, looking tired. They talk about Jamaica, comparing costumes-house stories.

"Piercing in the neck," Nile says. Jagger nods. "Blavly said I was held for four hours one time."

The car passes a Kentucky Fried Chicken. Jagger talks about how the Colonel started out on a shooting, with one store, and became a multimillionaire.

As we approach the limo, the talk turns to class. Nile says you can tell the tone of a clubby's life by looking at Jagger's. "I hate those places. You're never going to meet a nice girl at the limo. You meet some dancer from some new *Ragdoll* band, and everyone wants to go on the dance. That's not happy." I wonder what Jagger would want with a nice girl.

At the limo, Nile tells the driver to wait. Karlie and the others are right behind us. Jagger bolts for the door. The doorman says it's a public table, then makes them clear the way. The group enters in, past the gawking customers, people who have

come with the hope of seeing someone like Mick Jagger. A waitress at the door makes a point to him, who enters to sit at the best table in the house. Budd and center over the stage above the dance floor. Heads and bodies turn in Jagger's wake. A young girl, with astringe like Christmas-tree ornaments, comes down the stairs as we ascend, steps drink, her expression slack and vacant. She looks to be sixteen, and then follows. Three girls with astringe enough written all over them are dropping hands to their mouths and hands.

A chair burner is hooked up once the group is seated, and a fifth employee stands nearby, monitoring Karlie, who sits on the outside and watches for signs of overindulgence. A waitress appears immediately and says that the first round is on the house. Jagger orders a Coke.

The girl with the Christmas-tree-ornament astringe is calling, musingly down, her eyes riveted on Jagger, as if she is about to let disappear.

The drinks arrive just as the band takes the stage, an hour late. We are exactly on time. Nile says he has to head to the limo through the first number. Below us, the dance floor is packed. At the end of the number Jagger claps loudly. "They come on strong," he says, "just contagious onstage."

A blonde with Bo Derek hands and a Miss Gisele body tries to talk under the chair. Karlie stops her with his finger. She explains that she is a friend of Nile's, although she is looking at Jagger. Karlie says that he doesn't think Nile wants to be disturbed right now. She retreats.

"What lady?" Jagger asks. He says, after the third number. He checks his watch. "I don't know. They could sue some artists."

The girl with the astringe has introduced herself into the group at the next table. She leans over and says to Budd, Nile's assistant, "Is that really Mick Jagger?"

Budd looks over at Jagger, assumes a thoughtful expression. "It looks a lot like him, doesn't it?"

At 2:15, Jagger nods to Karlie. "Goodbye," he says. He tells me he will call in the morning. I remind him about our meeting date.

ALIVE AND A HALF HOUR LATER WE ARE in a photographer's studio on the Upper East Side. Jagger is having his makeup done for an *Esquire* magazine shooting. It is 2:35. The session was scheduled to start at noon, but because on Mick Jagger's late arrival, he was back a couple of hours. On days Jagger wasn't feeling too well yesterday, so

he stayed at home and I went shopping. Paul Wasserman, the Rolling Stones' press agent, consults with Jagger as the makeup artist works. Wasserman is a huge man who dresses like a lumberjack and speaks like a normal person, rather than a press agent. "Did you read *The New York Times* last Tuesday night?" Wasserman asks. It is Sunday, and there is a review of two new books about the Rolling Stones.

"I saw it," Jagger says. "Certainly didn't make me want to read the Philip Norman book. Fucking journalists. It pisses his ass for the writing style, a young woman named Gloria, whose own makeup is a cat-drawn black-on-white."

Wasserman tells Jagger that first-class airline to Rio is \$1,000. Jagger is flying there next week to shoot the video.

"You gotta be stupid if you take the first price on the video," Jagger says. "Check the Situation. They got some kind of package deal if you stay in their hotel."

Wasserman moves on to the next item of business. "Karlise Stone wants to be on *Seinfeld*."

I think *Seinfeld* is wrong for Karlise Stone. We want to have a bit of fun. Tell them to get someone popular. And interest."

The hair stylist examines Jagger's hair, and then it's wardrobe time. Two young women assist Jagger in the dressing room, as he straps down tools while taking shots. "I charge double for lingerie modeling," Jagger says, seeing the hair of an adolescent, weighs a hundred and thirty pounds. He runs through the racks of clothing, some his own, some on loan, then designers for the shoot. Jagger has the most Jagger hair he has seen.

All the clothing to be from British designers. For the first shot they select a brown-and-black tiger-striped shirt, under a leather trench coat.

Downstairs, in the studio proper, photographer Albert Watson is in his black and white between his hands and camera and Jagger, who is sitting under the lights. "I want you to look angry. Really angry," Watson says, and Jagger obliges. "Perfect." Jagger leans back to change a mask on his face, and Watson seizes him to make for anything more.

"That was wonderful. That was an excellent." Albert says, in his thick Scots accent, after fifty or sixty frames.

Jagger goes back to the chair to change, followed by a break of makeup and costume people.

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BOOKS

A Forgotten Master

Rescuing the works of Paul Bowles

by Tobias Wolff

THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY AMERICAN ABOUT ANDY WARHOL'S IDEA THAT ONE DAY EVERYONE WILL GET TO BE FAMOUS FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES. IT'S DEMOCRATIC AND FAIR. A WAY OF GIVING ALL OF US AN EQUAL TASTE OF WHAT WE WANT MOST WHILE LEAVING ALL OF US EQUALLY UNSATISFIED. WE IN THE LITERARY WORLD ARE

TRYING IN OUR OWN MODEST WAY to make that dream come true. I think we're doing pretty well. We haven't let fifteen-minute stardom rest, but we do have the time down to about a week. If you don't believe me, read the newsmagazines or the book supplement in your Sunday paper. Every seven days you will be treated to the discovery of "another new talent," a voice whose in our literature," the most exciting writer since...."

Full in last week's issue, Hyperbole has, over time, a devastating effect on the memory. And it denudes the memories not only of those who read it, but also of those who wrote it. A novel is printed in one of the best of our generation's magazines, in 1916 more than a generation, had been almost completely forgotten by the time critical establishment just "discovered" him. This happens. It's happening right now, outrageously, to Paul Bowles.

In 1949 Bowles published a novel called *The Shattering Sky*. It is one of the most original, most sensuously worked of fiction to appear in this century and was widely recognized as such when it came out. Edwin Muir perfectly caught the book's pitch when he described it as that rare novel "which does not aspire to the pattern of commonplace conduct that readers of novels know so well, but makes us realize that our life is extraordinary."

The main actors, Port Moresby and his wife Kit, are refugees of a sort popular to our age, affluent, driven, dispossessed, spiritually restless since maturity, severed from the possibility of believing that they can be safe anywhere or, consequently, be at home. In the course of their wanderings they visit North Africa, and this proves a mistake. In the utter emptiness of desert and sky, the town's edge of their absolute isolation from other people comes upon them so violently that it shatters their belief in their own safety

and in the reality of their connection to each other.

Denying this connection is, of course, prelude to betraying it. And betray it they do, in every way, until betrayal grows to attack. Not alone Port in his dying hour and puts herself in the hands of another man. "What delight," she thinks, "not to be responsible...." Later she becomes the concubine of an Arab cousin (Belgiam), and in her complex, subconscious Kit finds "madness, contentment, a state which she quickly grew to take for granted, and then like a drug, to feel indispensable."

When Belgiam leaves against his bet, Kit leaves his house in search of someone like him, seeking that "any creature even remotely resembling Belgiam would please her more in much as Belgiam himself." The identity of others has ceased to

have any meaning for Kit except in their ability to dominate her, because she can define her own identity only in the experience of being dominated. When the French colonialist begins sexually and her, she corrects no identification and does not answer to her name.

The Shattering Sky has been called a masterpiece; the description lets us off the hook too easily, because it implies a loss of the context.

The power of this novel lies precisely in the reality of what it makes us feel—the awareness of that voice in each of us that sings the delirium of being responsible, of making the labor of choice by which we create ourselves. This appetite for the "madness contentment" of self surrender is not a moral failing, but we must be aware of its danger. It is a seductive offering of appearances to satisfy it. We all know the more total human ideologies, totalitarian theologies,

drugs, guru-wishes, mass-market advertising, television addiction, pornography, and just as we won't feel too bad about any of them, detouring psychologists and sociologists that speak of us as products with only a culturally induced illusion of free will.

Our failing resistance to these attacks on our sense of self as individuals in the central drama of our time. *The Shattering Sky* records the struggle with complete fidelity, imaginatively moving every step in the process of surrender. Like *The Snow Asia River* and *Under the Volcano*, Bowles's novel contains a critical internal resistant with such clarity that it has become part of our picture of that moment.

BOWLES FOLLOWED THE SKY, along with a collection of stories, *The Desert Post*, published in 1950, marks



the perception of the novel into even more exotic and disturbing terrain. Here the characters no longer simply experience in their own destruction, they seem to be in search of it. In "A Desert Episode," a professor of languages, presumably an American, travels to a remote Saharan town where he has no connection to anyone—only a vague memory of a childhood lover with whom he'd become acquainted when he passed through some ten years earlier. He has no real reason for doing there, he simply "desires" to. Like the Moroccan's decision to visit the same area, it works out very much to his disadvantage.

The tale never is dead. The Professor strikes up a conversation with the water who gives him this news, though the man is surely contemplating it. He is willing to lose the water's company, the Professor has had to know the purchase from a hostile nomadic tribe of some horses

made from camel soldiers. This involves accompanying the writer on a grueling trek by moonlight to the tip of a cliff. They pass a corpse and are attacked by a wild dog, but the Professor keeps on going. He doesn't trust the writer, he knows that the writer is dangerous, but in spite of his suspicions and his fear, he finds himself becoming a team leader. The writer stands back at the cliff's edge, and still the Professor goes on, descending the cliff alone to the distant floor, where the tribesmen seize him and cut out his tongue and dress him in a tunic made of flattened tin cans, in which costume he is taught to entertain them by jumping up and down and waving his arms. The curiosity seeker has himself become a curiosity, comically and intelligently ignored as the destroyer of his own culture.

The story is a sort of farce, an amusing parable of the weakening of the individual will to survive. The other stories in the book, mostly set in Mexico and Latin America, are equally unflattering. *The Divided Paw* is a bit more of the same sort of thing, beautifully wrought, and beautiful collections in our literature. And it seems like *The Shivering Sky*—calculated as a masterpiece at the time of its appearance.

In the thirty-five years since then, Paul Bowles has published some twenty-five books of stories, books of poems, translations, novels, and an autobiography. He has also done many other

things, writing down the life stories of his writing, his collected notes and publishing them under their names as well as his, a practice which, if generally observed, would leave many revealing about nothing whatever to call their own.

And what books they are! The novels and stories come at you from every direction, tall from the points of view of men, women, Europeans, Arabs, parents, teachers, murderers, revolutionaries, beggars, monks, and agnosts—occasionally several of these presented in the same story, a remorseless mingling of perspectives that has become a characteristic flourish in the Bowles signature. His tales are at once amusing, witty, violent and serious. They move with the inevitability of myth. His language has a purity of line, a power and authority entirely its own, capable of succinctly modulating from force to force without a ruffle and without giving up a single of delight to itself. It never goes on parade.

In short, Bowles has given himself on the evidence of an extraordinary body of writing, to be one of our most serious and authentic literary artists. You would think, given the success of his early work, that the progress of his subsequent development would be a matter of some interest to those who go in to follow such things. No such luck! Despite its consistently high quality, his later work has received very little attention in this country. Until the Seventies, when Black Sparrow and the Ecco Press began to announce that, many of his finest books involving the two acknowledged chance I have discussed here—were out of print altogether.

Last April, Bowles's most recent book appeared in this country: *Points in Time* (Ecco Press) is a nervy, surprising, completely original and distinctive, so original that it can't be related to any previous category of fiction or nonfiction. Divided into eleven sections, or movements, the book presents a series of legends, sketches of popular novel, incidents from history, writings from ancient explorers, all woven together with anecdotal stories and intrusions of pure description. Through these changing forms, each with its own play of vision, Bowles creates an evocative view of the actions of men and nature upon the land that is now Morocco. The unpredictable structure of the book gives you no chance for a drowsy, complacent rest. Instead, you are kept in a state of uncertainty that keeps you actively involved in the book's vivid sensory images and shifting moods. First and page versus it plays on you with the deliciousness of music and breaths incredible images on the memory.

Points in Time is a brilliant achievement, masterpiece in form, composed in a language whose every word, every phrase, line is purposeful and right. "No one," Isaac Bashevis Wisniewski wrote, "can picture the heart with the force of a well-placed period." Of

course this isn't true, as Bashevis knew only too well, but to experience the writing in this book is almost to believe it true. And I see not alone in this respect. In England, *Points in Time* received enthusiastic notices. But in the year since its publication, not a single review has appeared anywhere. Not one.

Why is that? How is it possible that a writer of Bowles's stature should not have his work discussed in his own country?

The answers aren't easy to figure out, but I have a few guesses.

To begin with, most of his stories and all but one of his novels are set in North Africa—the other novel, *Up Above the World*, takes place in Latin America. And we're not much interested in books that have characters named Ahmed or Hassan. We think we're being cosmopolitan enough when we read Garcia Marquez. That's one possible reason. Another, related to the first, is that Bowles lives in Morocco. That means that he hasn't been around to ride the reading circuit, walk the floor at literary conventions, get himself on talk shows, write prefaces in the Times, contribute his favorite images to the Style section, have cutting-edge photographers take pictures of him in his underwear, and generally do the hard thing that is required of literary personages. Bowles has instead, in his life in his writing, been overly self-effacing. In the world of American letters, where hustle and genuine achievement are apt to get confused, reluctance doesn't bring home the bacon.

I suspect another, more troubling reason for this recent neglect of Bowles's work. That is the growing tendency of book reviewers to evaluate writers on the basis of their attitudes rather than their activity. Writers are supposed to be cheerleaders now. They are supposed to be positive and write uplifting books that demonstrate these facts: That the Human Spirit Will Prevail! Bowles would be out of place in this line first. He is notoriously not an optimist. He gives no evidence of faith in our culture to any of his later. He has tried outsiders even in the cradle of his art and found them badly slow on the uptake. He's a party pooper. Forget him.

But his writing has a life of its own, once read, it can't be forgotten.

And I have a feeling that Paul Bowles is not much disturbed by any of this. I don't know him, but I know his work, and there's a telling collection in its attention to flipping signs and street names such as mine. Remember to take the longer way, like the old Arab when Bowles saw him a finger in a track door. "He looked at it in amazement, then quietly scooped a handful of that ubiquitous dirt, put the two parts of the finger together and pressed the dirt over it, saying softly, 'Thanks be to Allah.'"

Points in Time is a masterpiece of form and content, a masterpiece of style. It is the most important collection of stories in the world and is published by Da Capo Press in September.

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